

DELL
COMIC

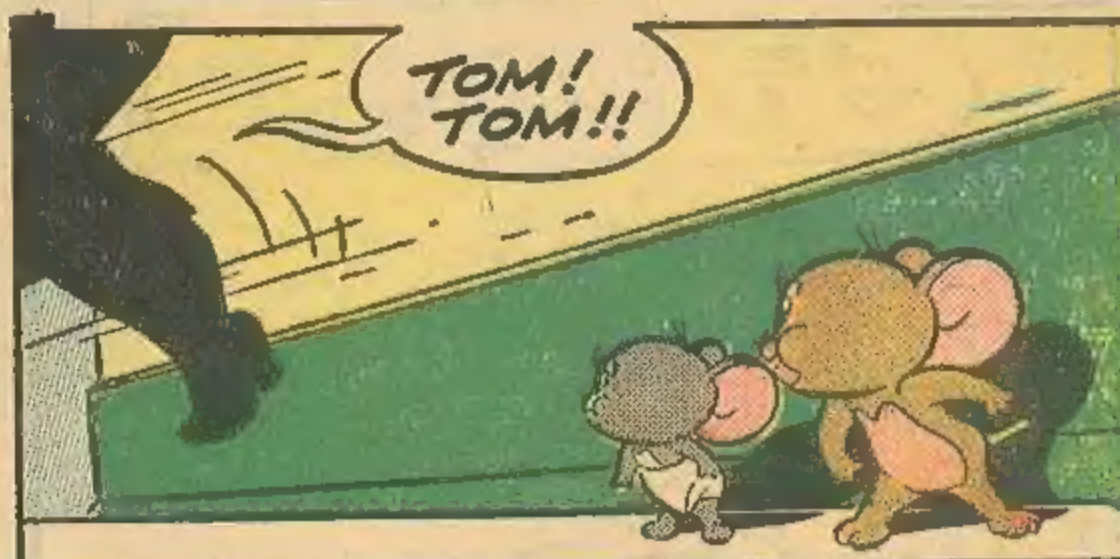
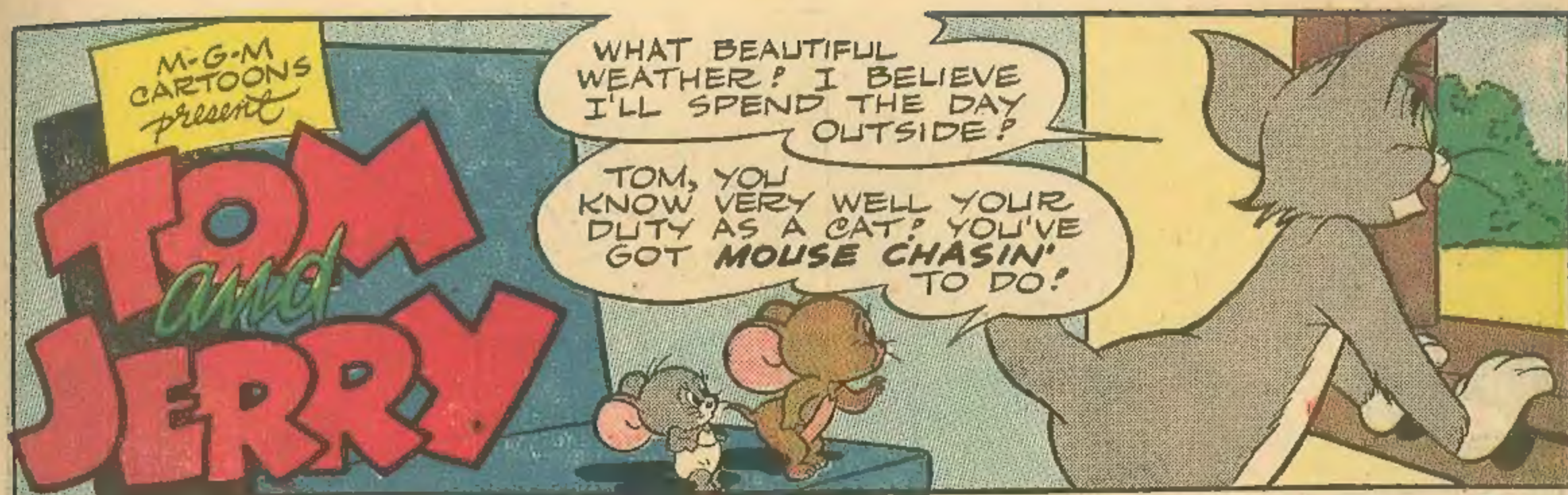
MAY

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Tom and Jerry Comics



A 52 page
Comic
Magazine

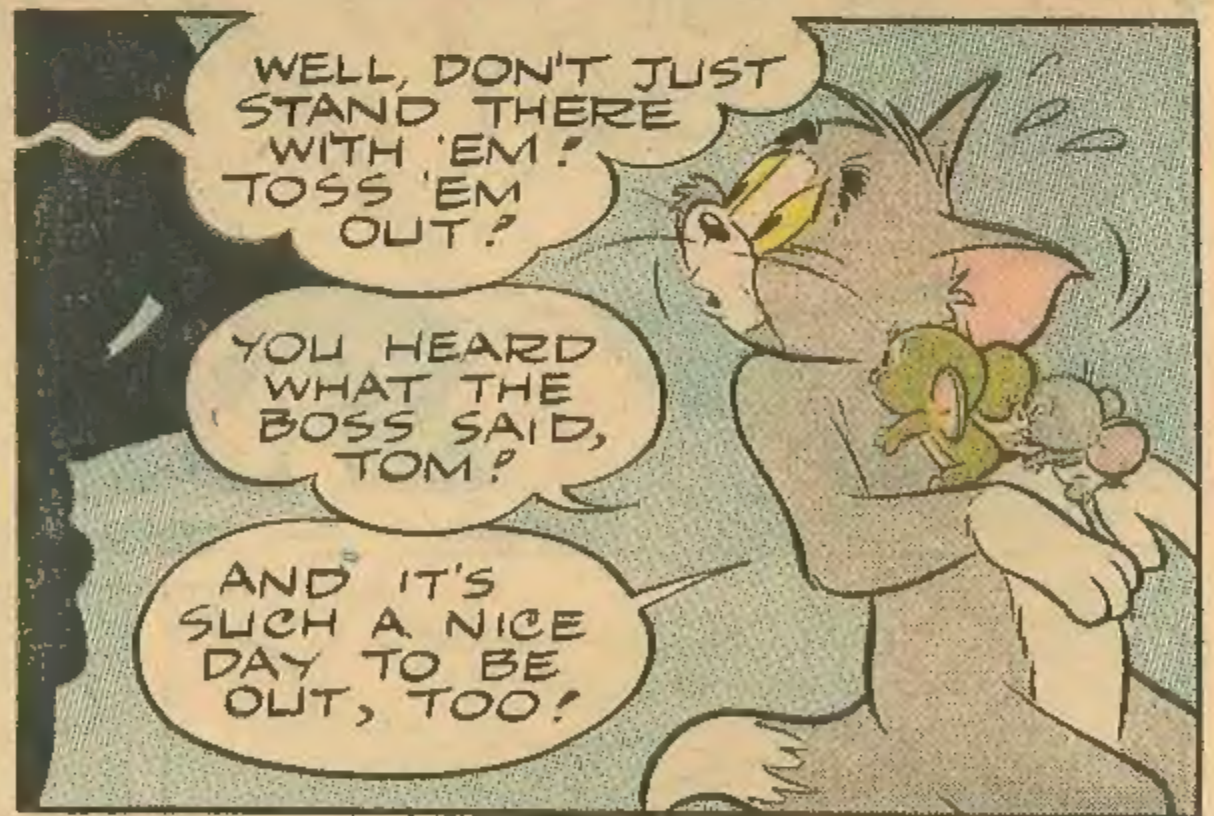
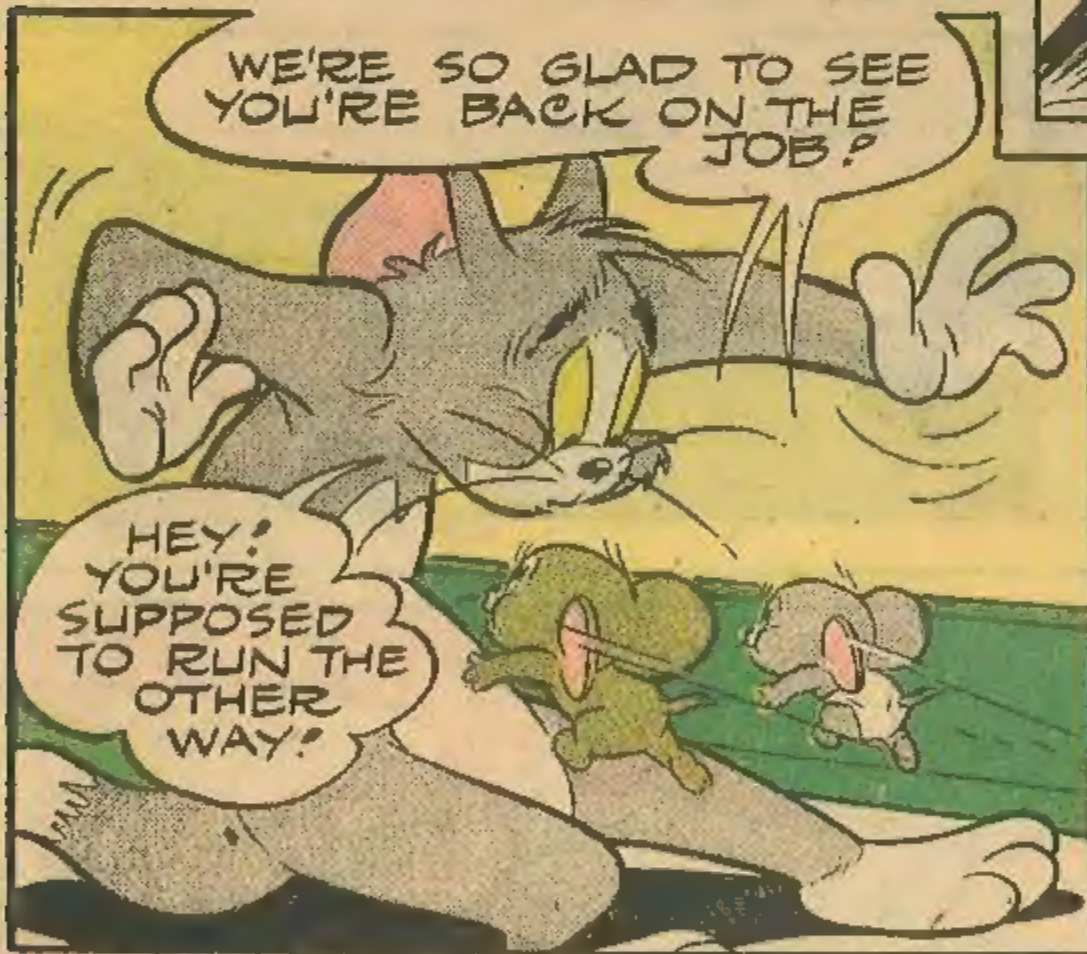
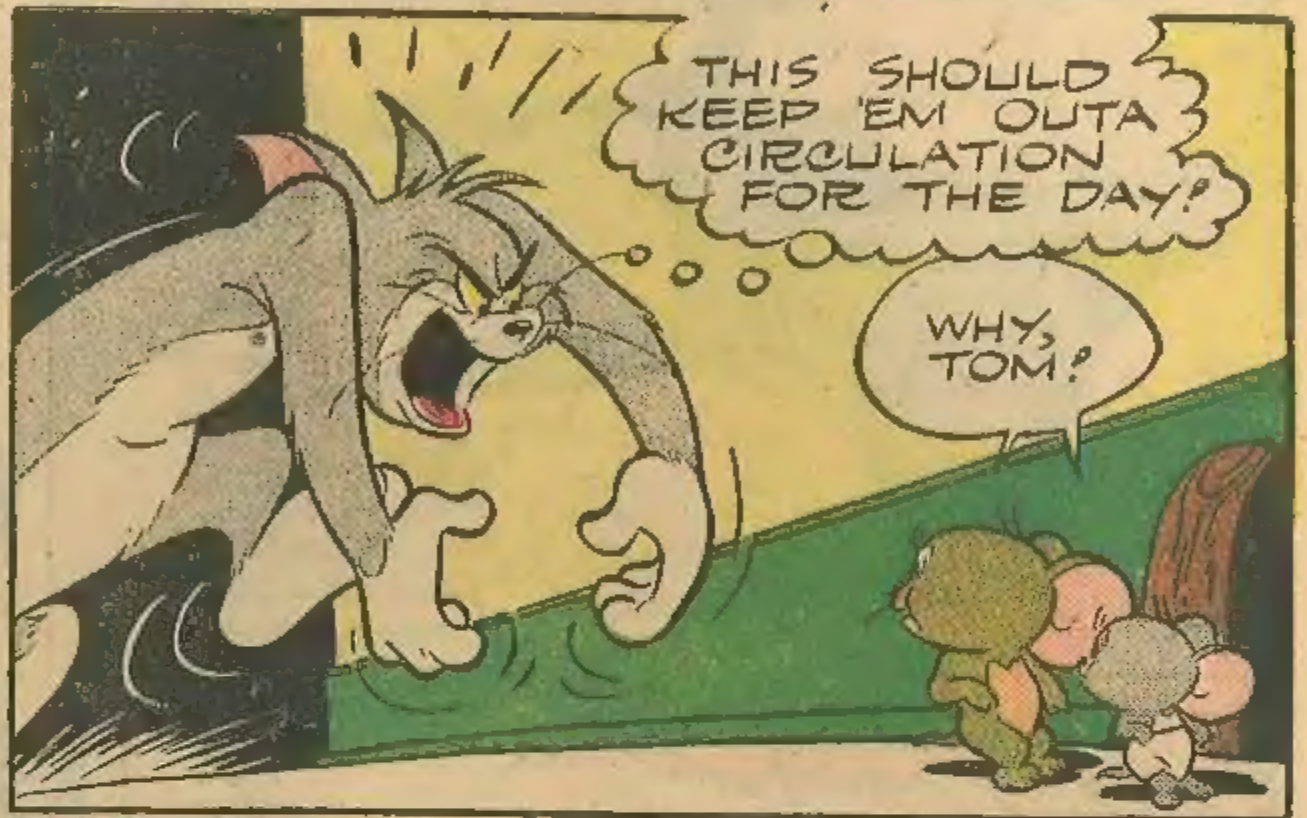
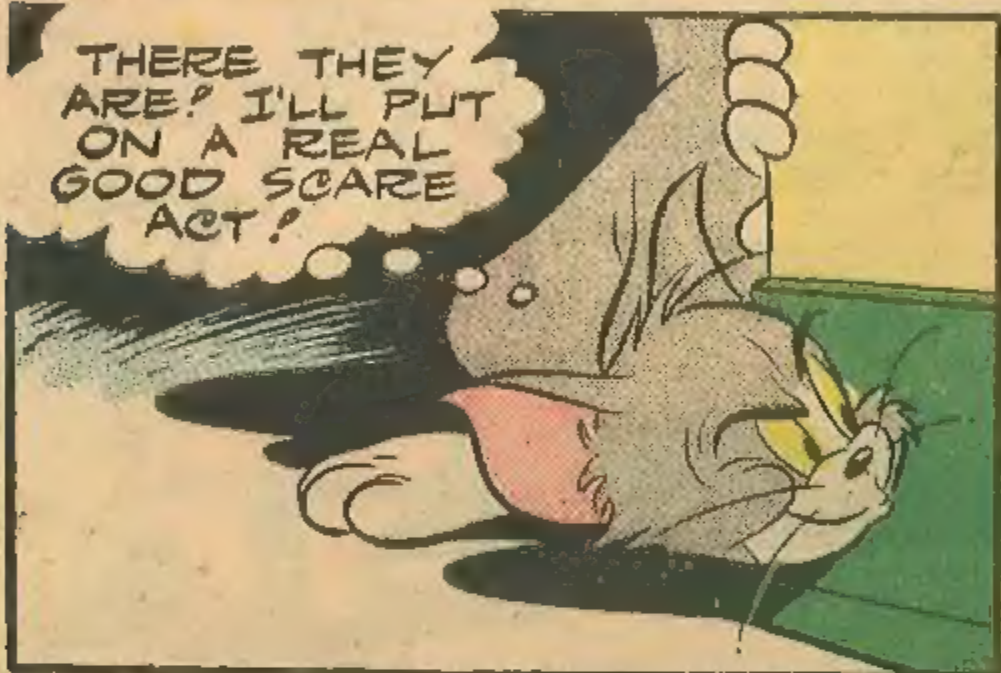
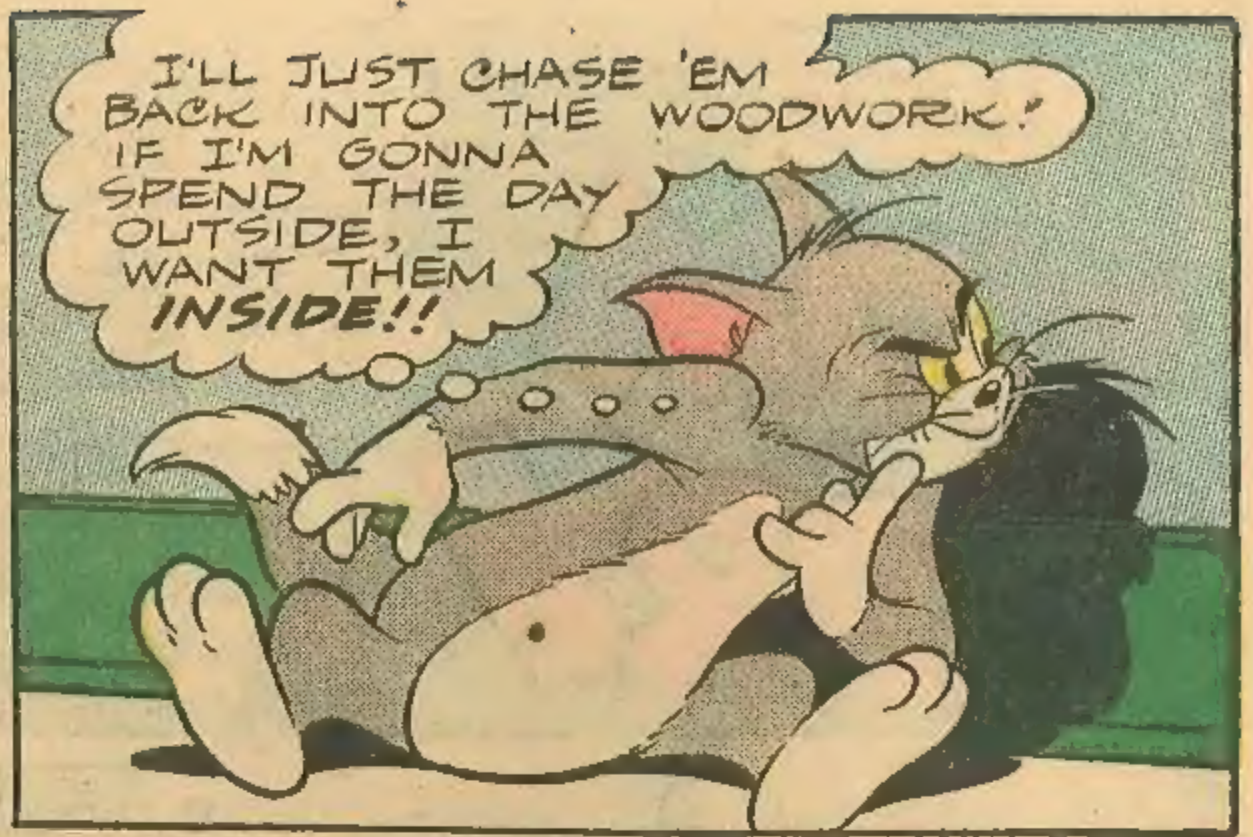
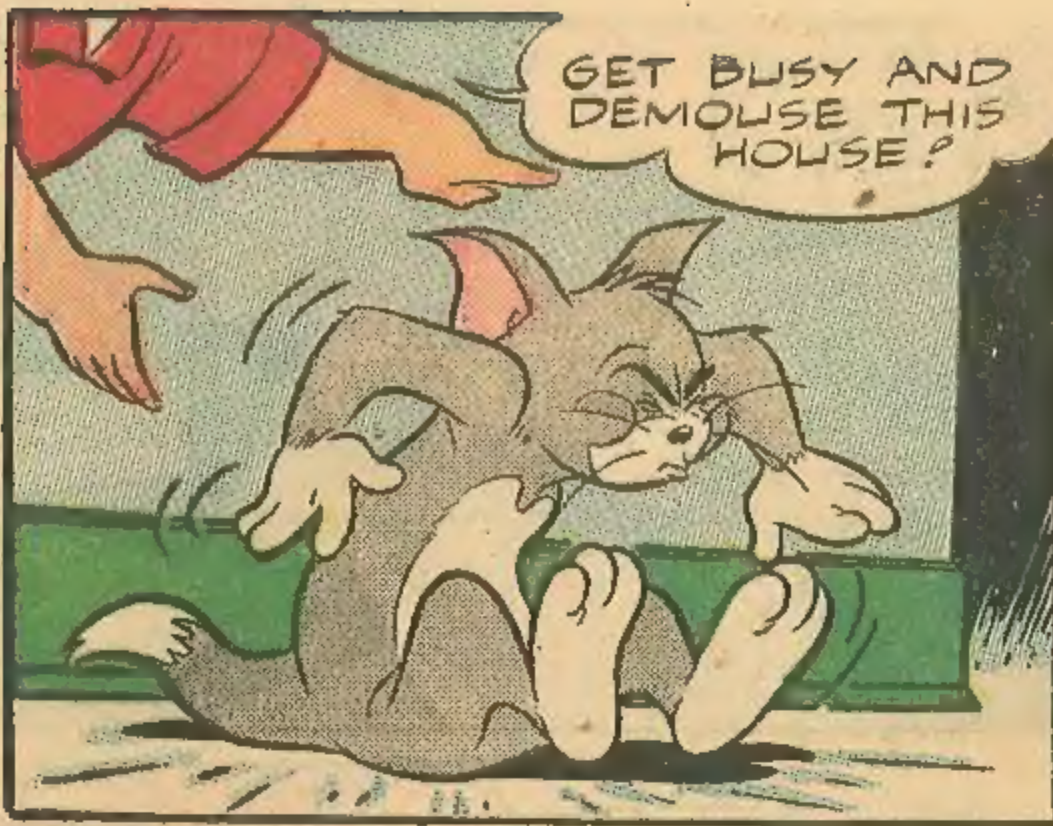


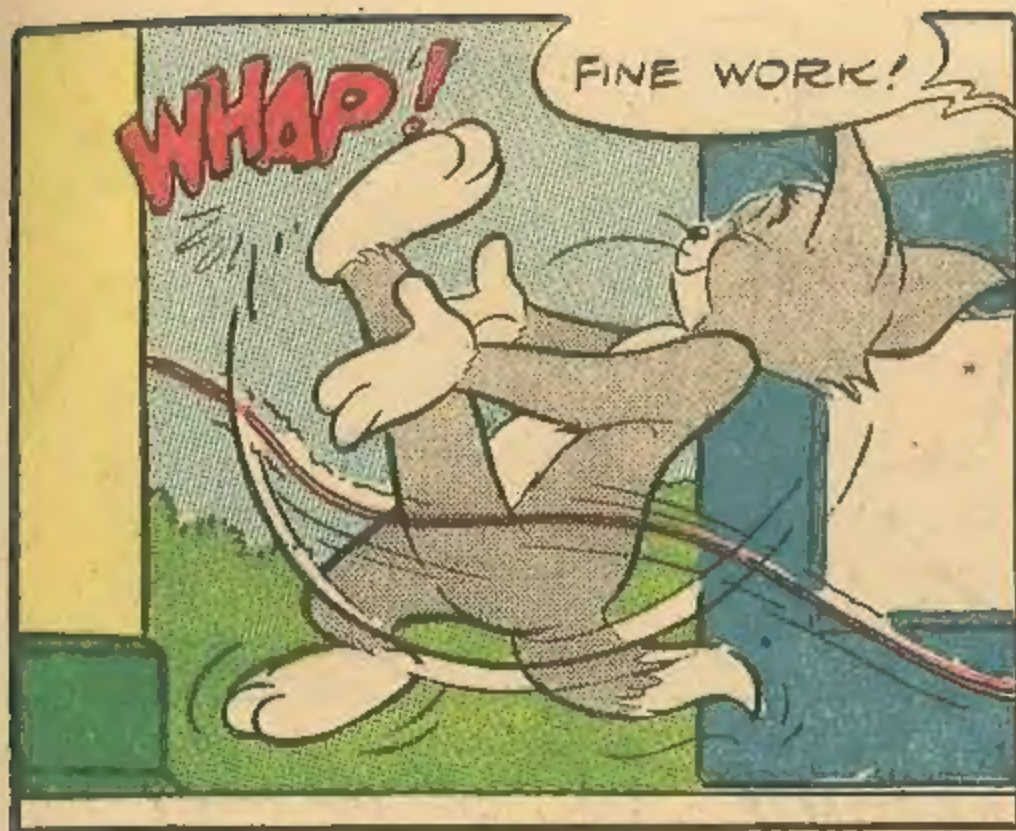
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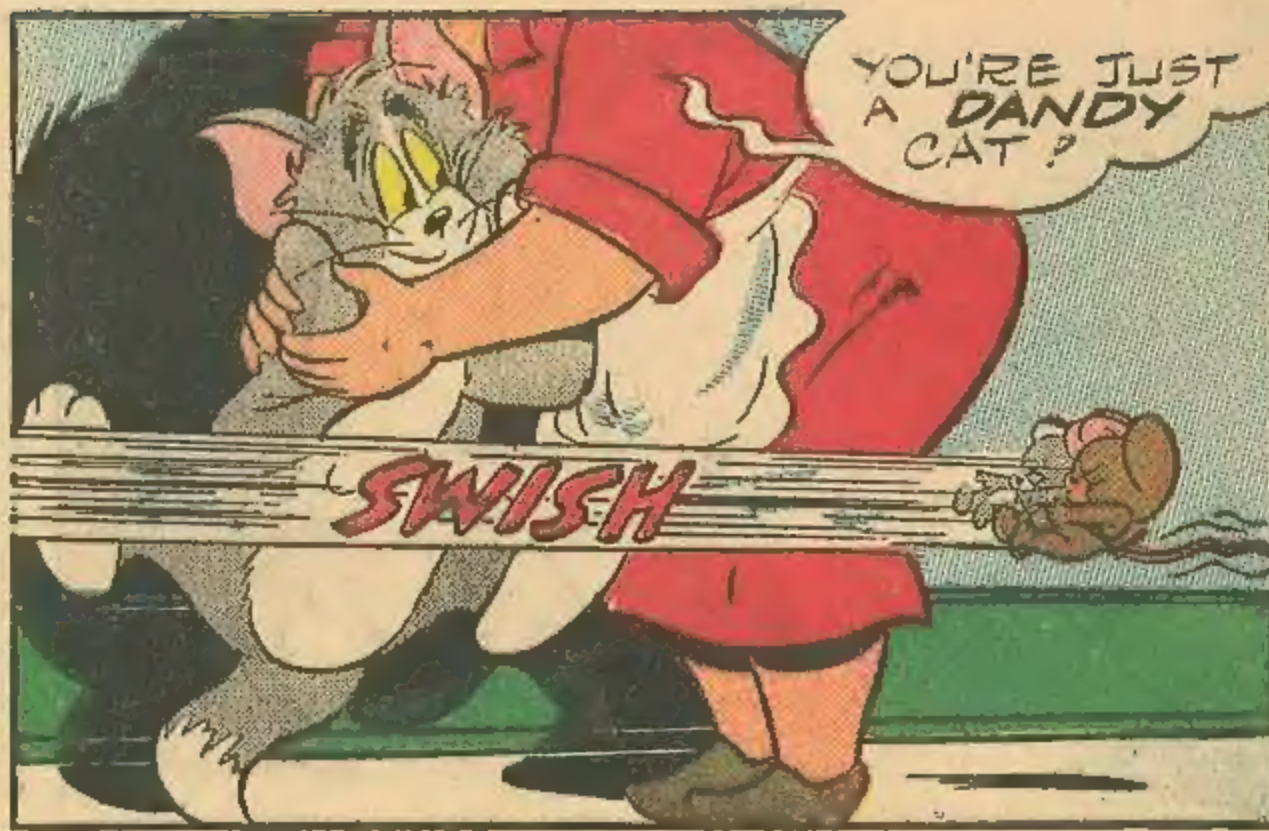
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FINE WORK!



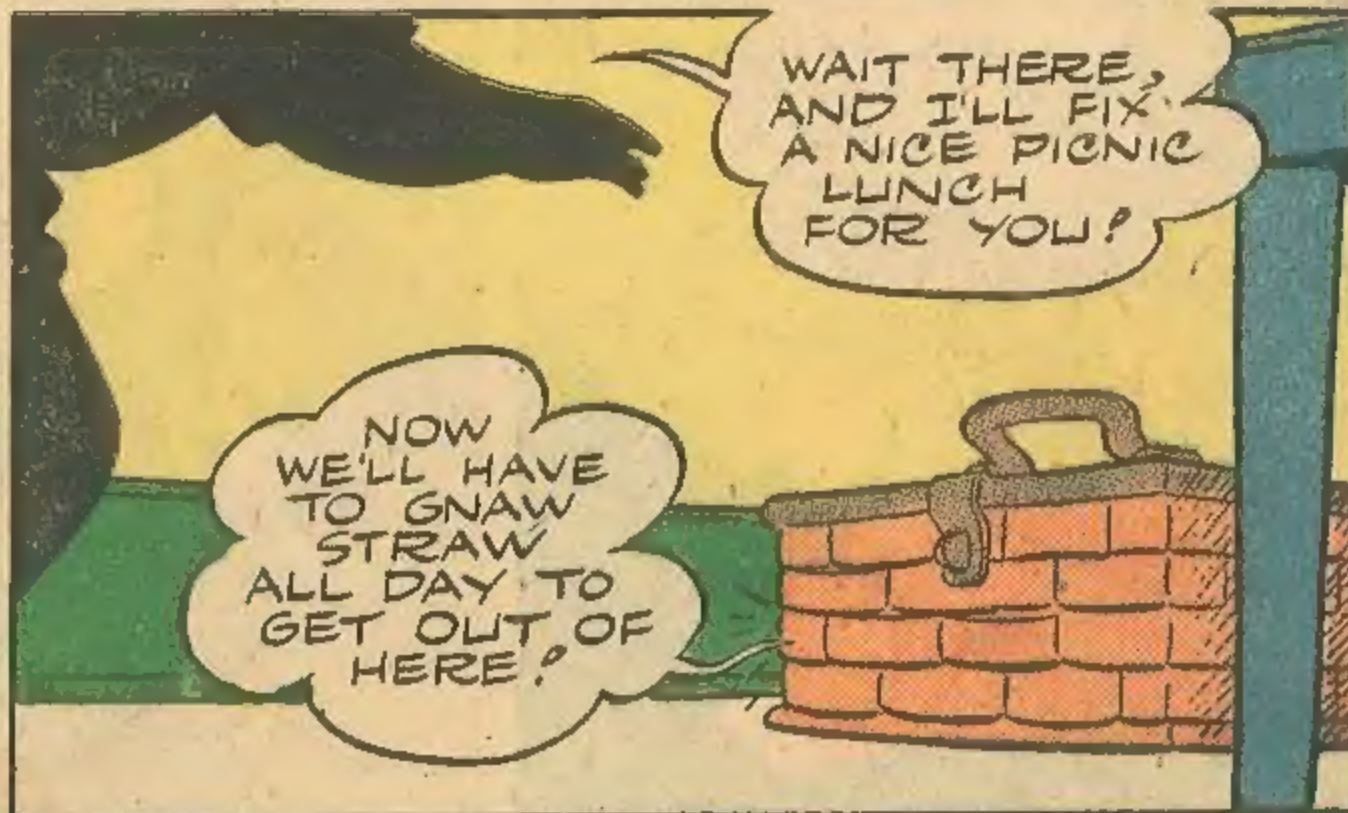
YOU'RE JUST A DANDY CAT?

SWISH



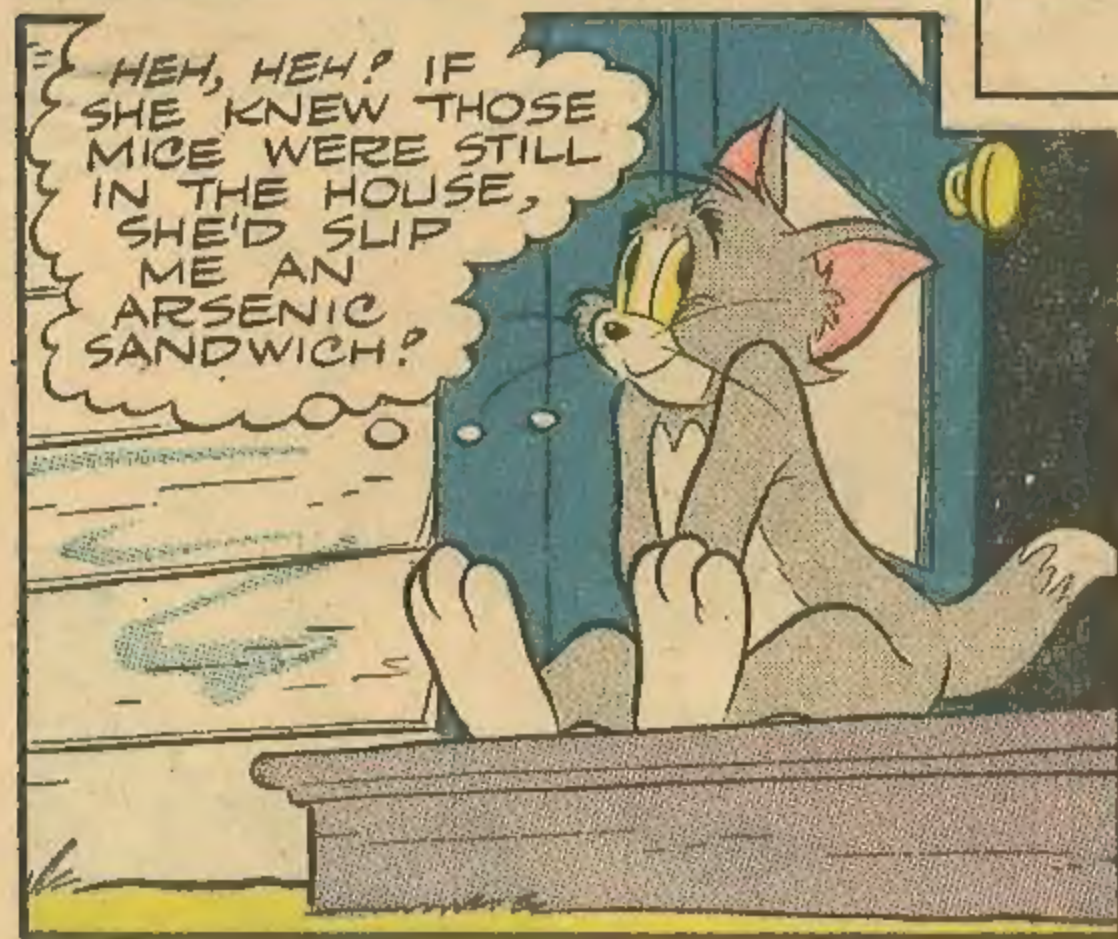
YOU DESERVE A REWARD, AND I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE DAY OFF?

BAP

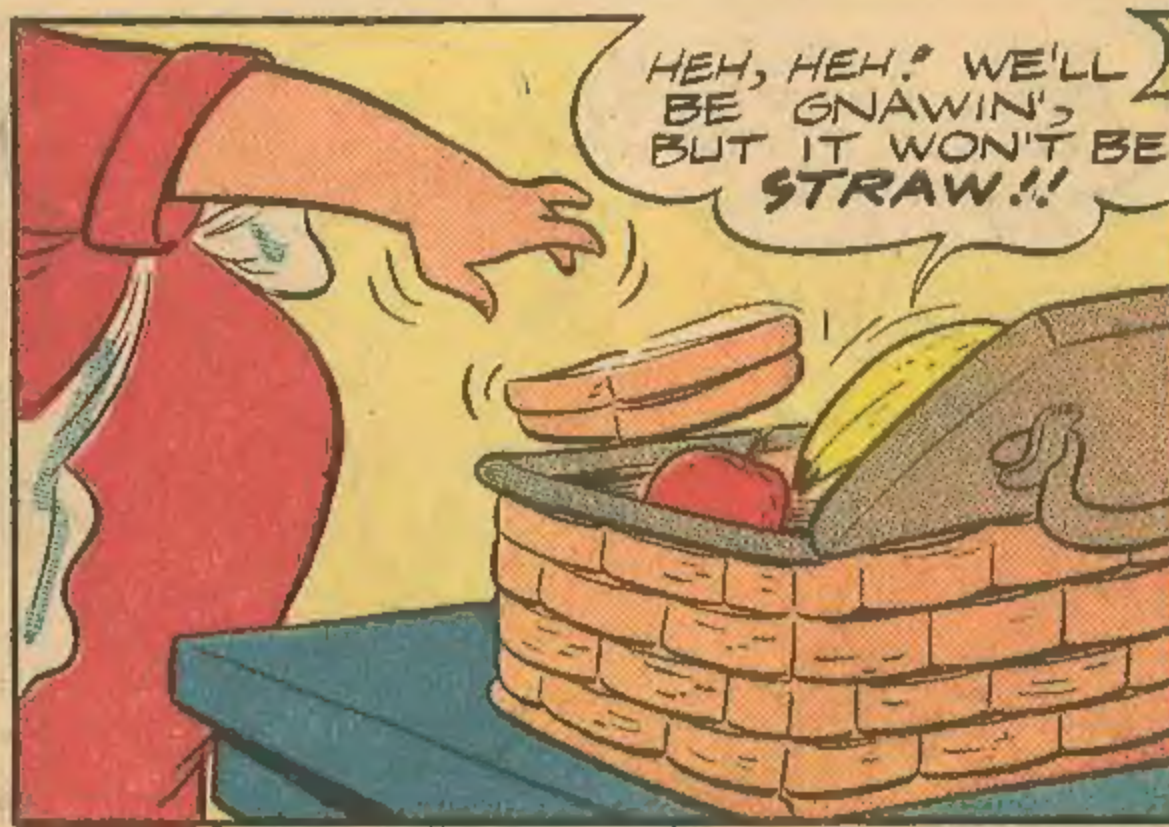


WAIT THERE, AND I'LL FIX A NICE PICNIC LUNCH FOR YOU?

NOW WE'LL HAVE TO GNAW STRAW ALL DAY TO GET OUT OF HERE?



HEH, HEH? IF SHE KNEW THOSE MICE WERE STILL IN THE HOUSE, SHE'D SLIP ME AN ARSENIC SANDWICH?



HEH, HEH? WE'LL BE GNAWIN', BUT IT WON'T BE STRAW!!

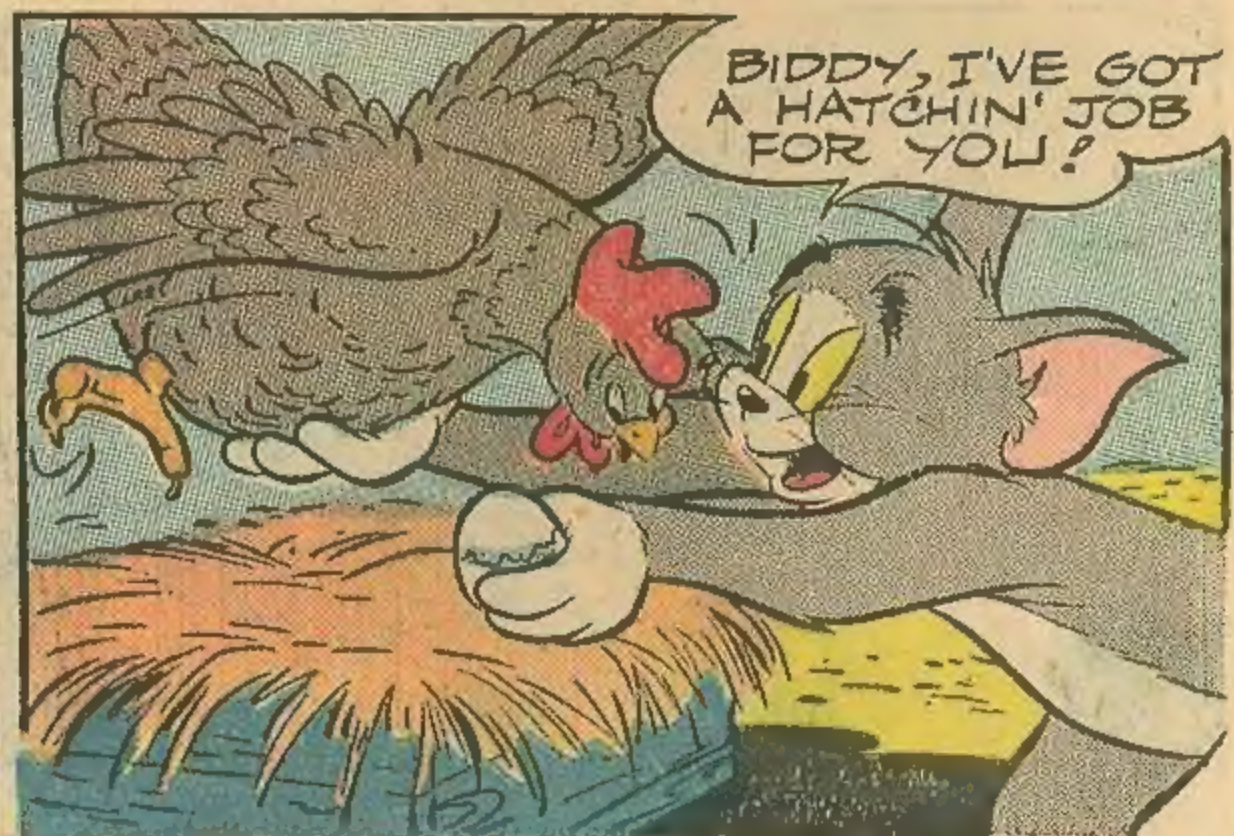
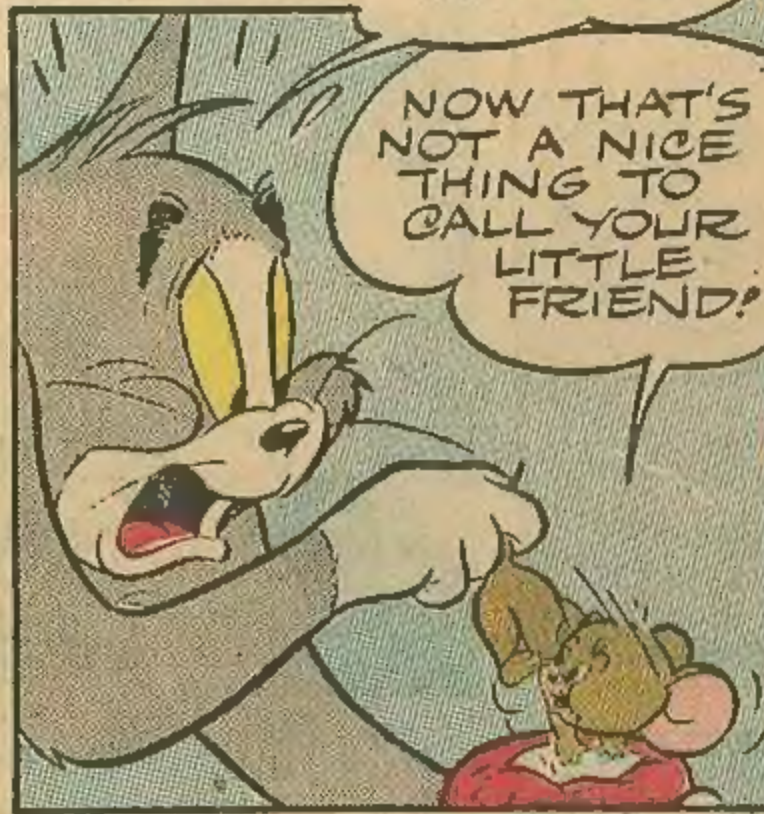
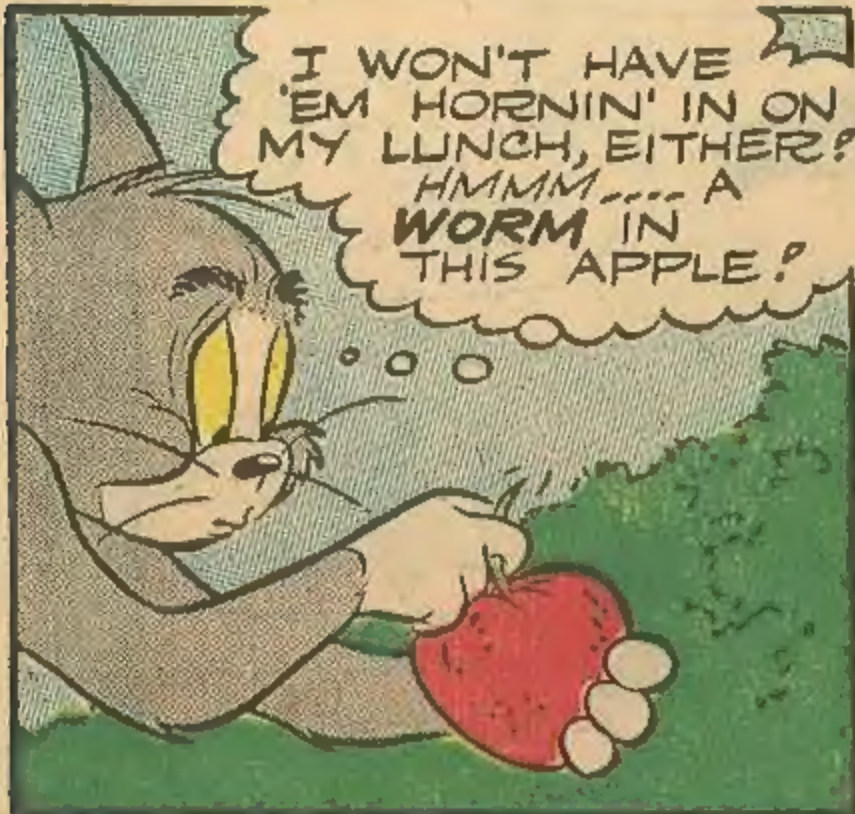
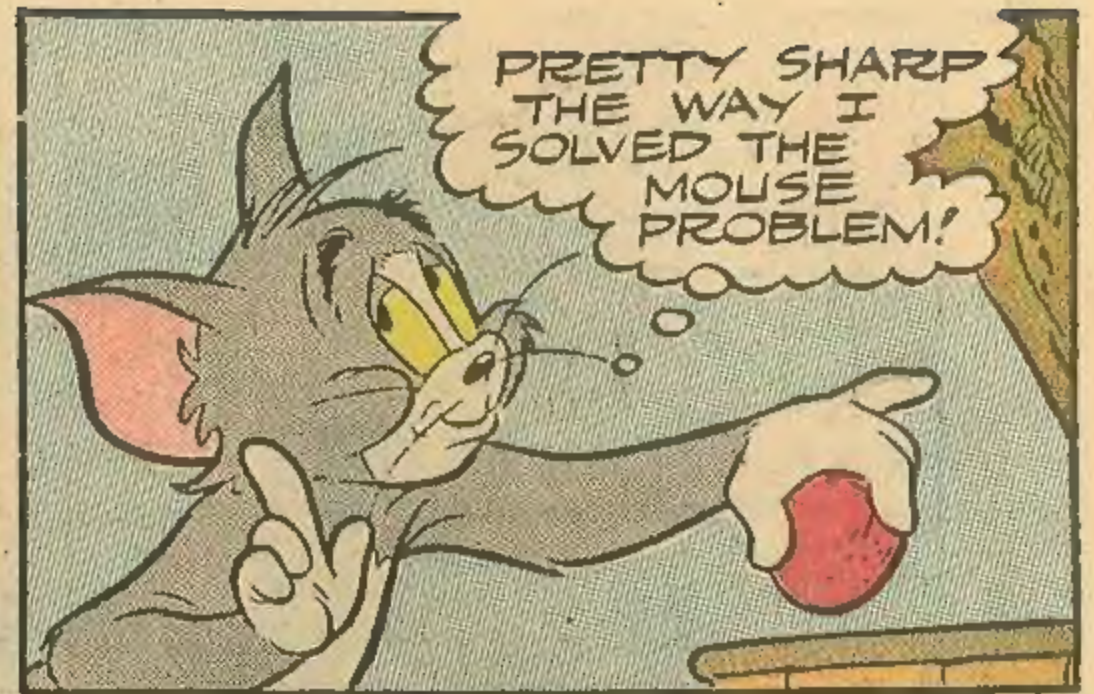
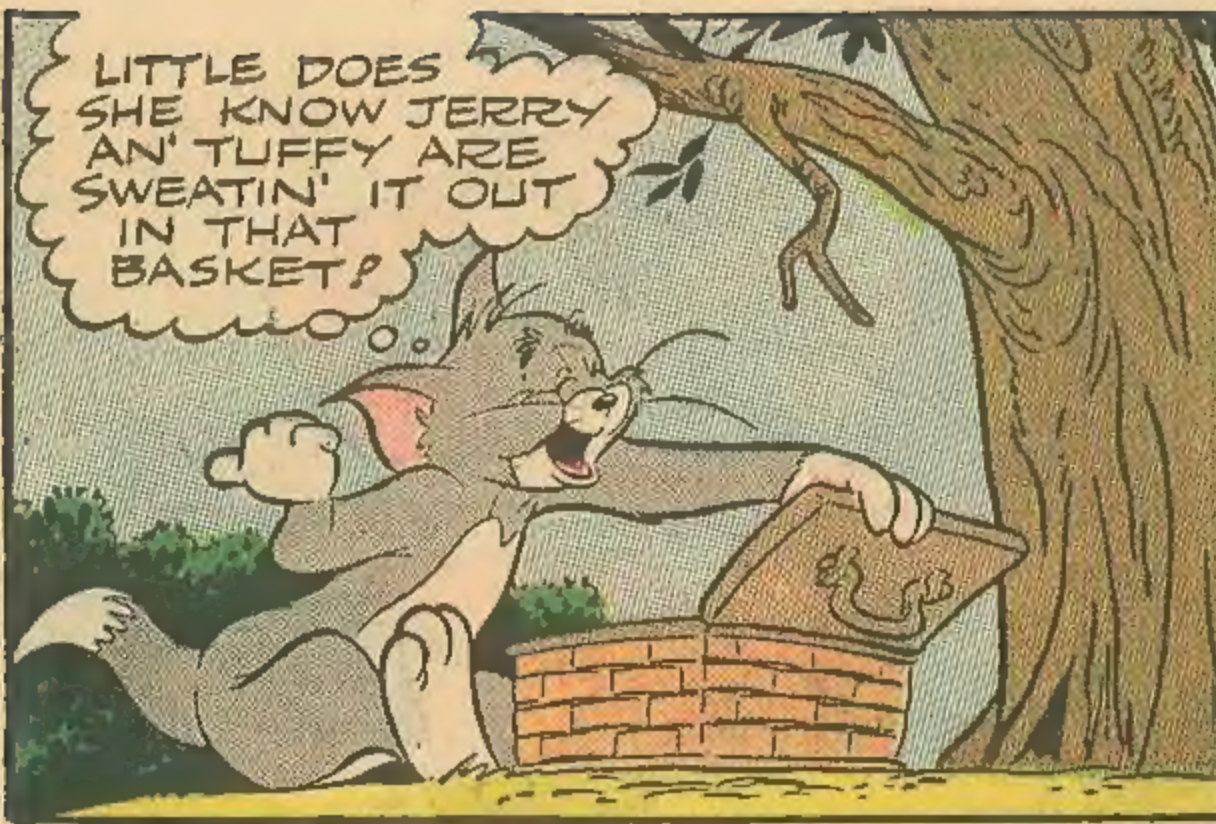


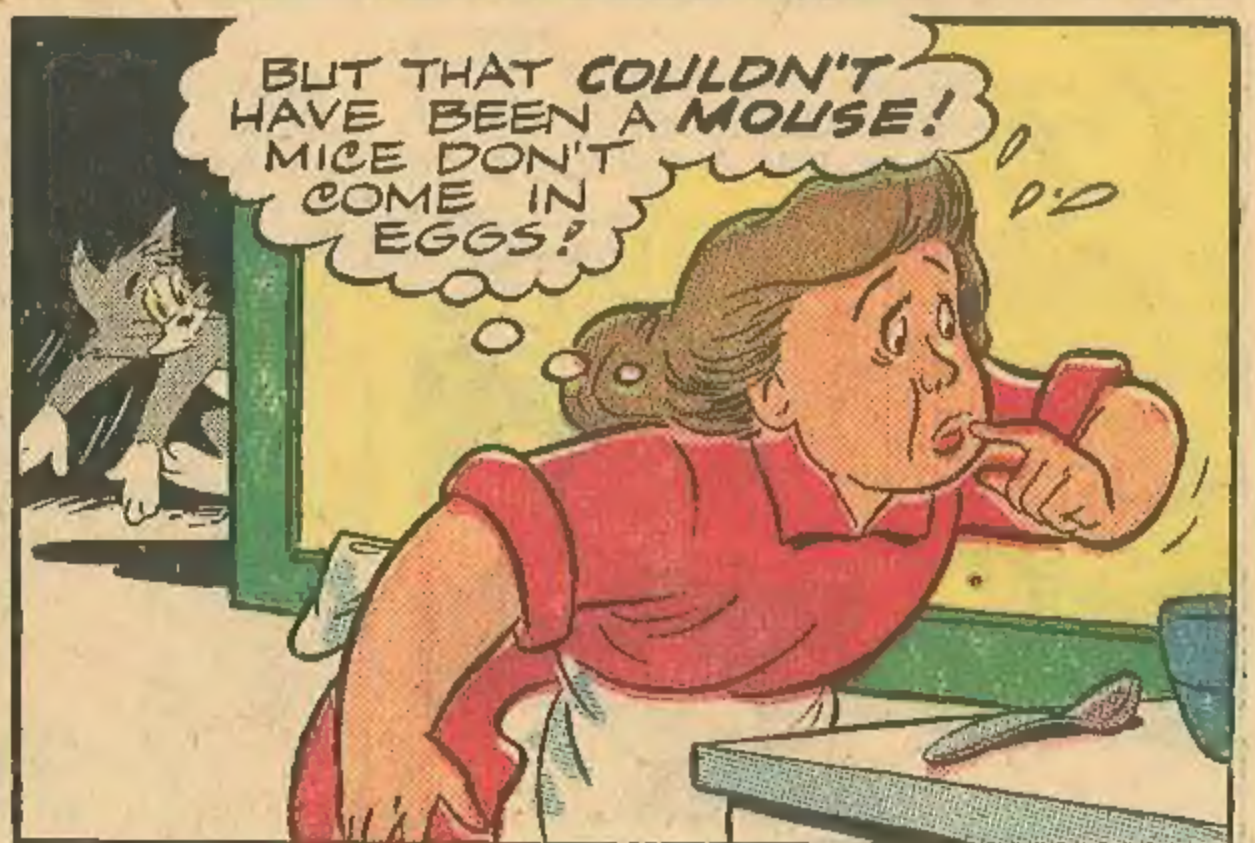
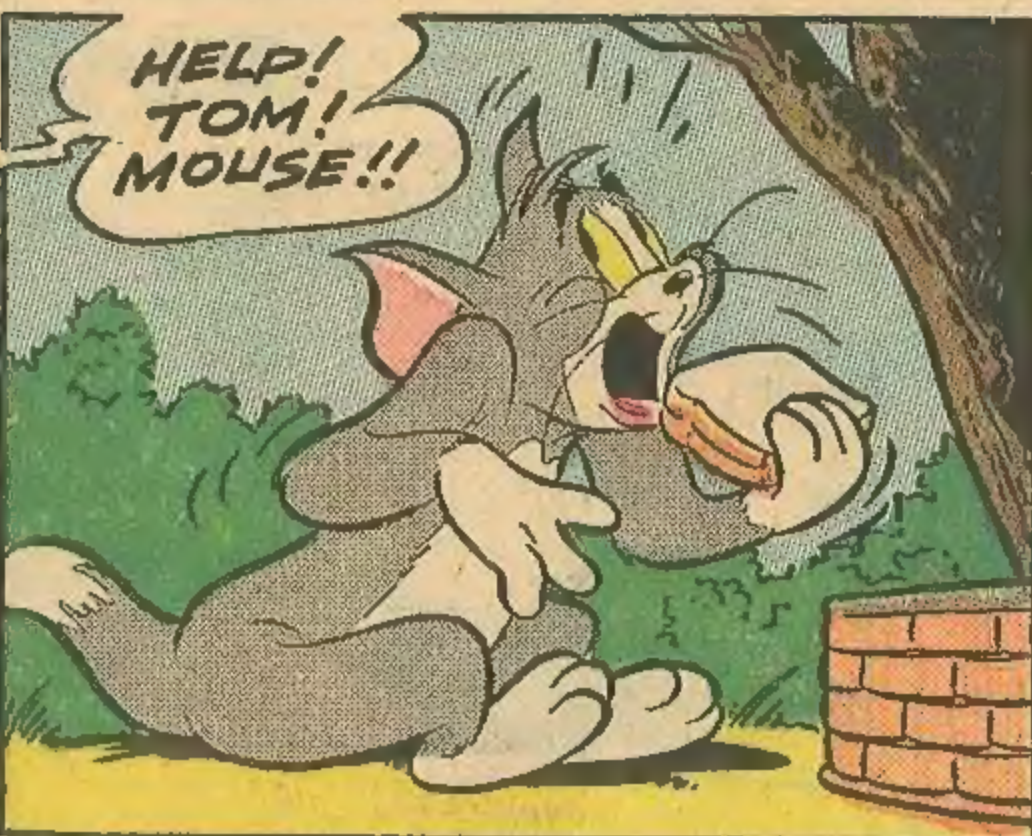
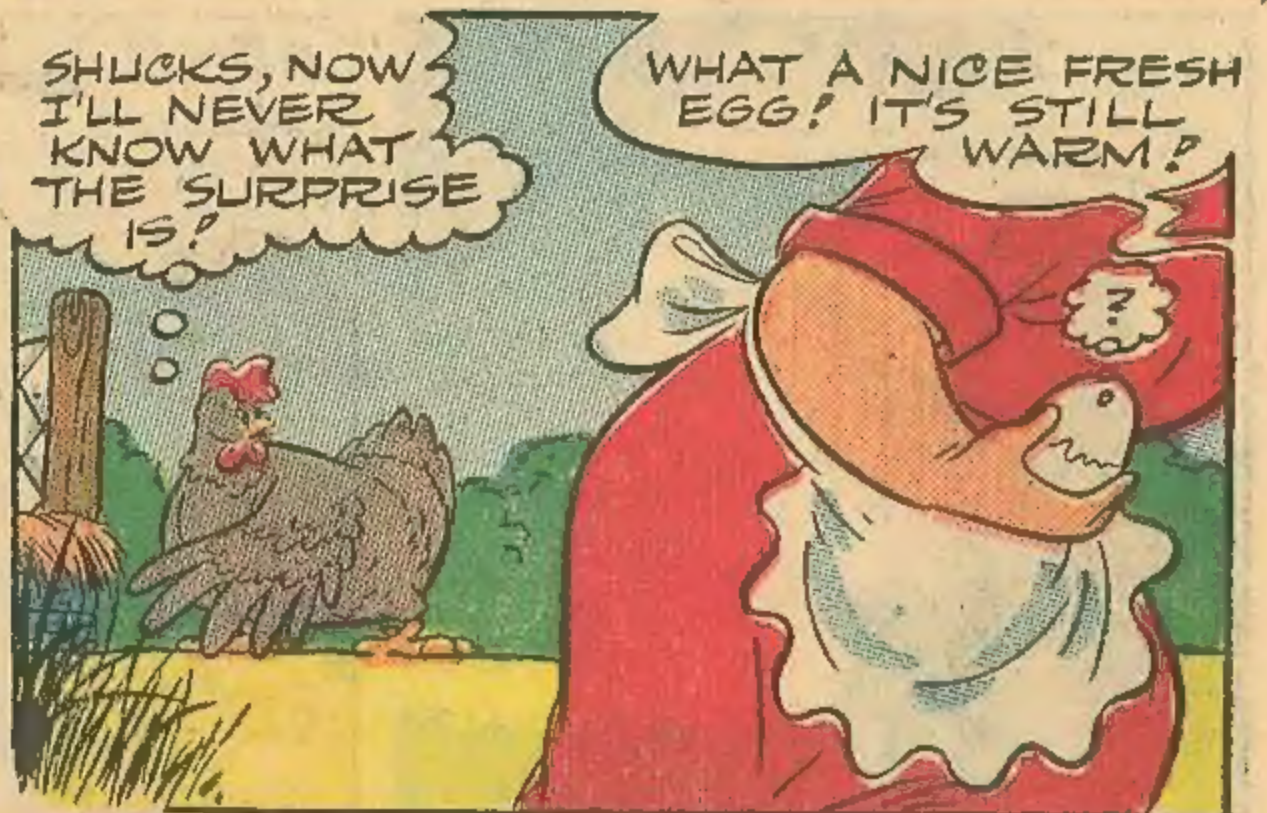
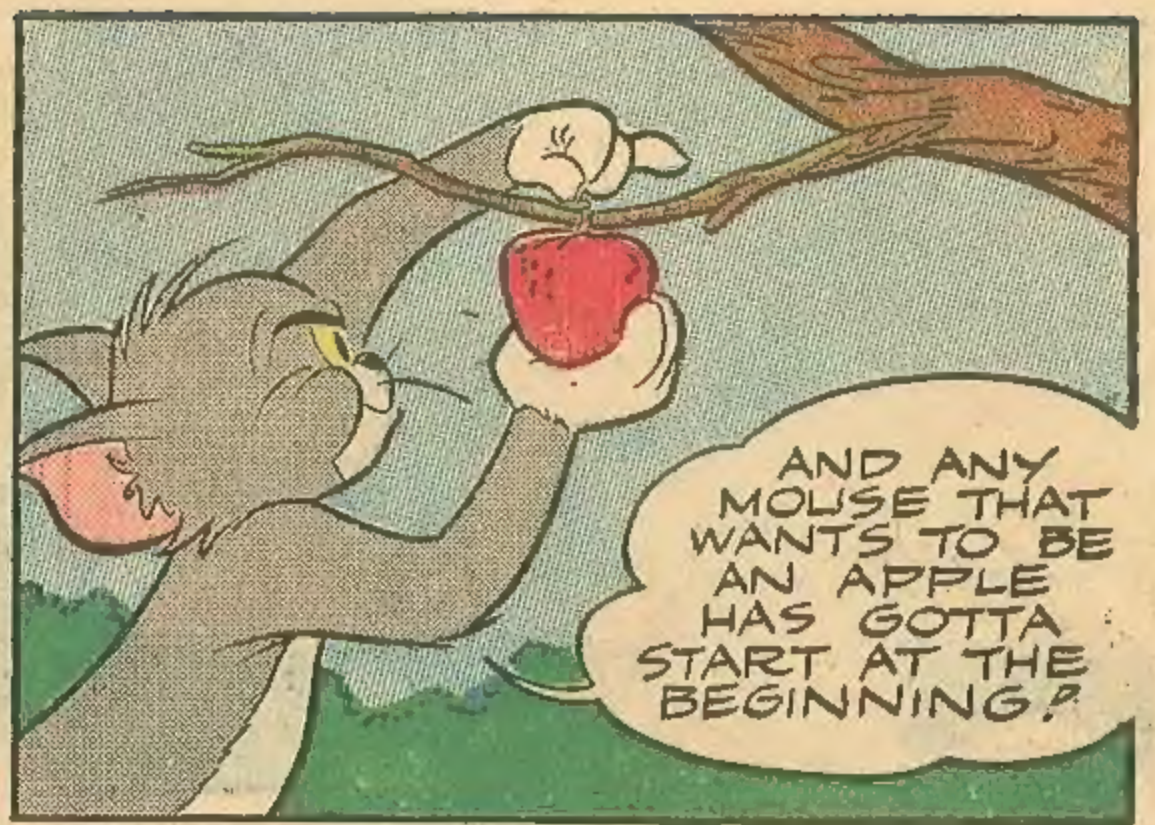
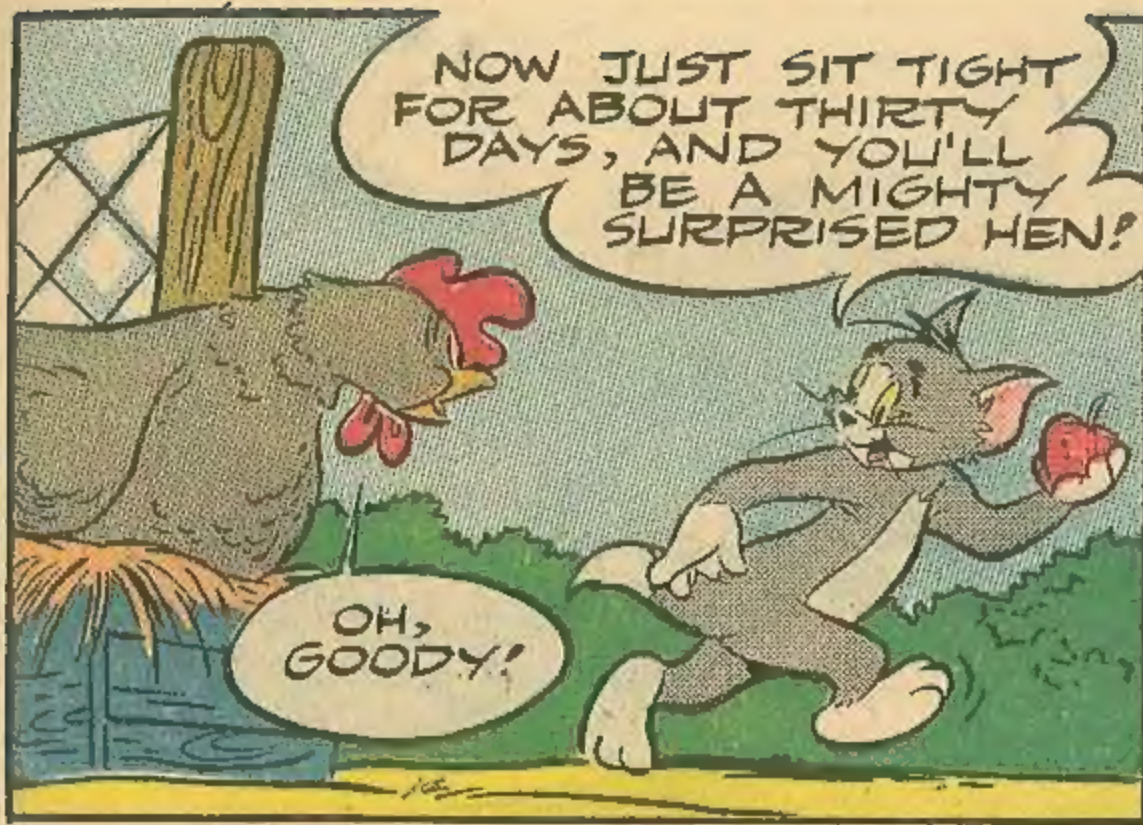
THERE, TOM... NOW GO AND HAVE A GOOD TIME?

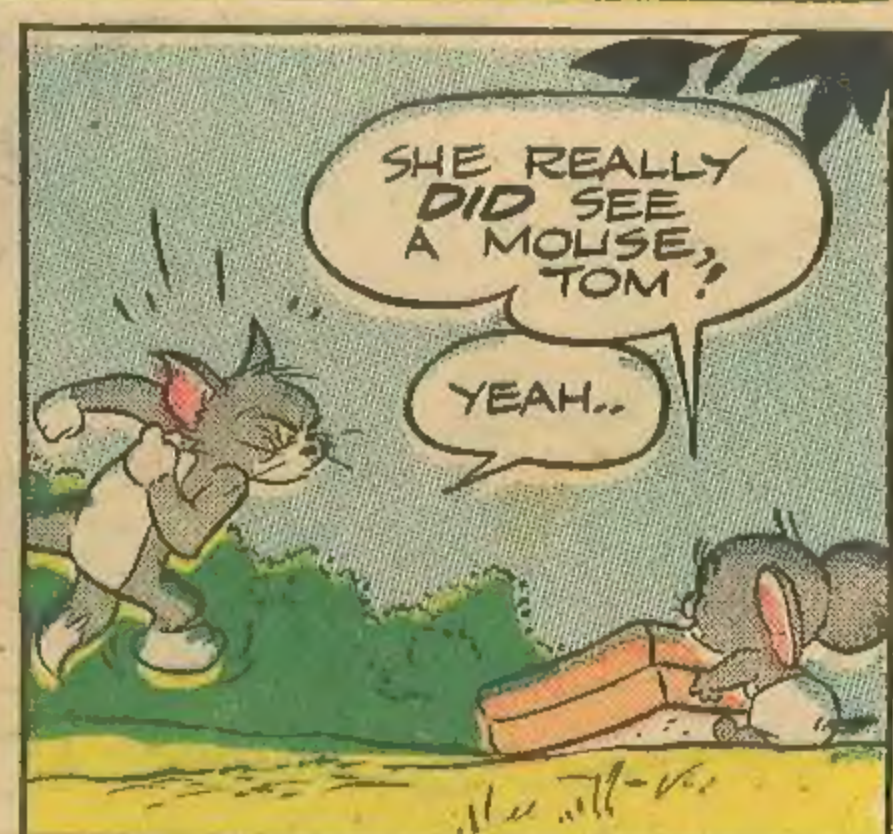
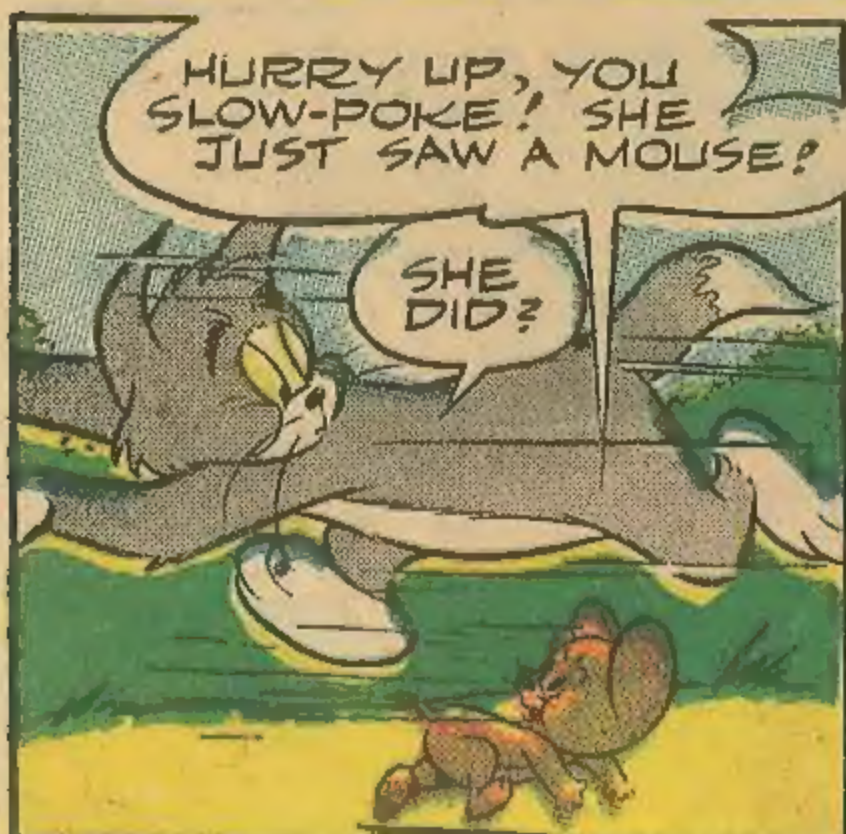
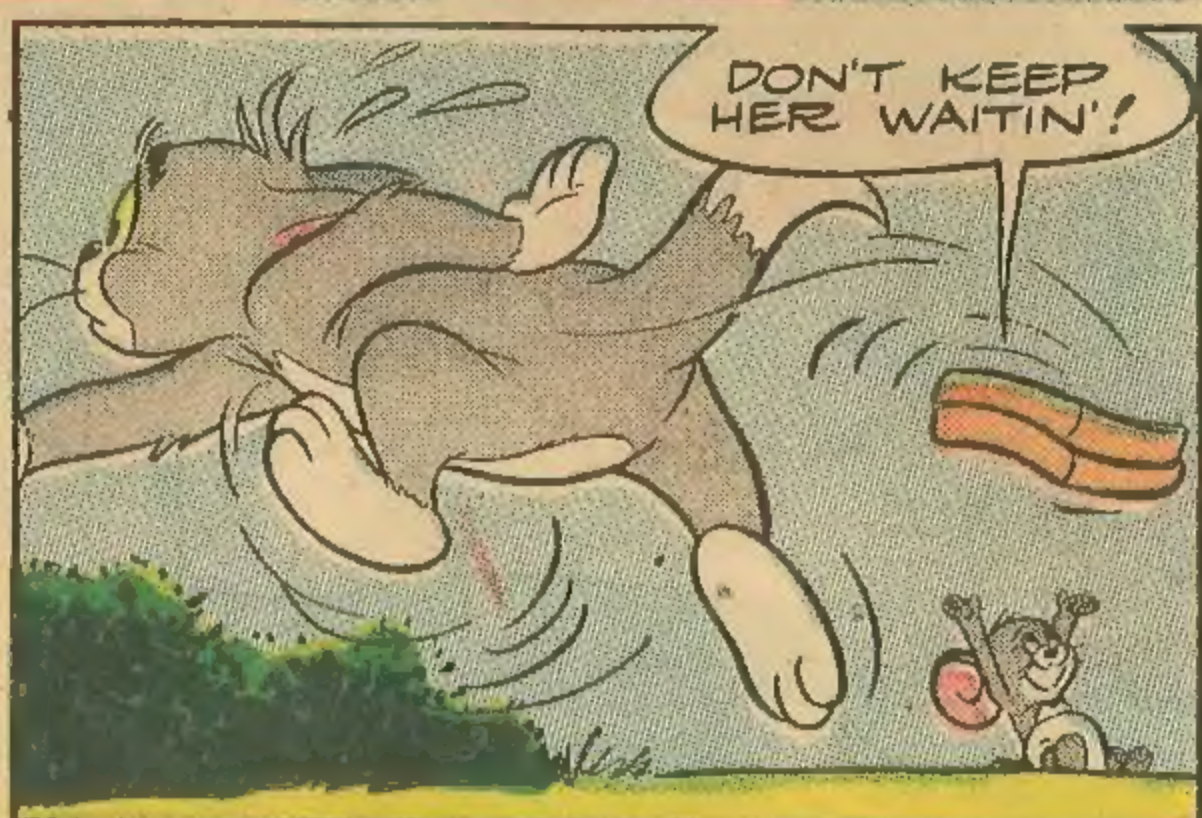
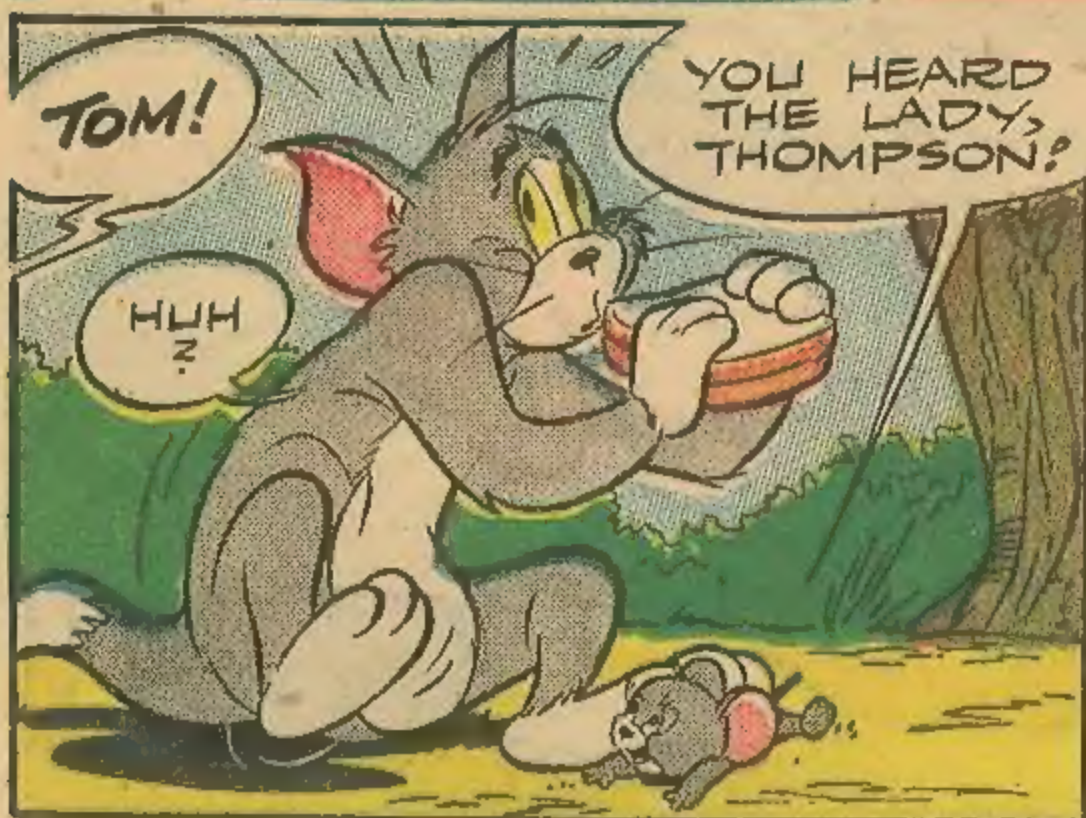
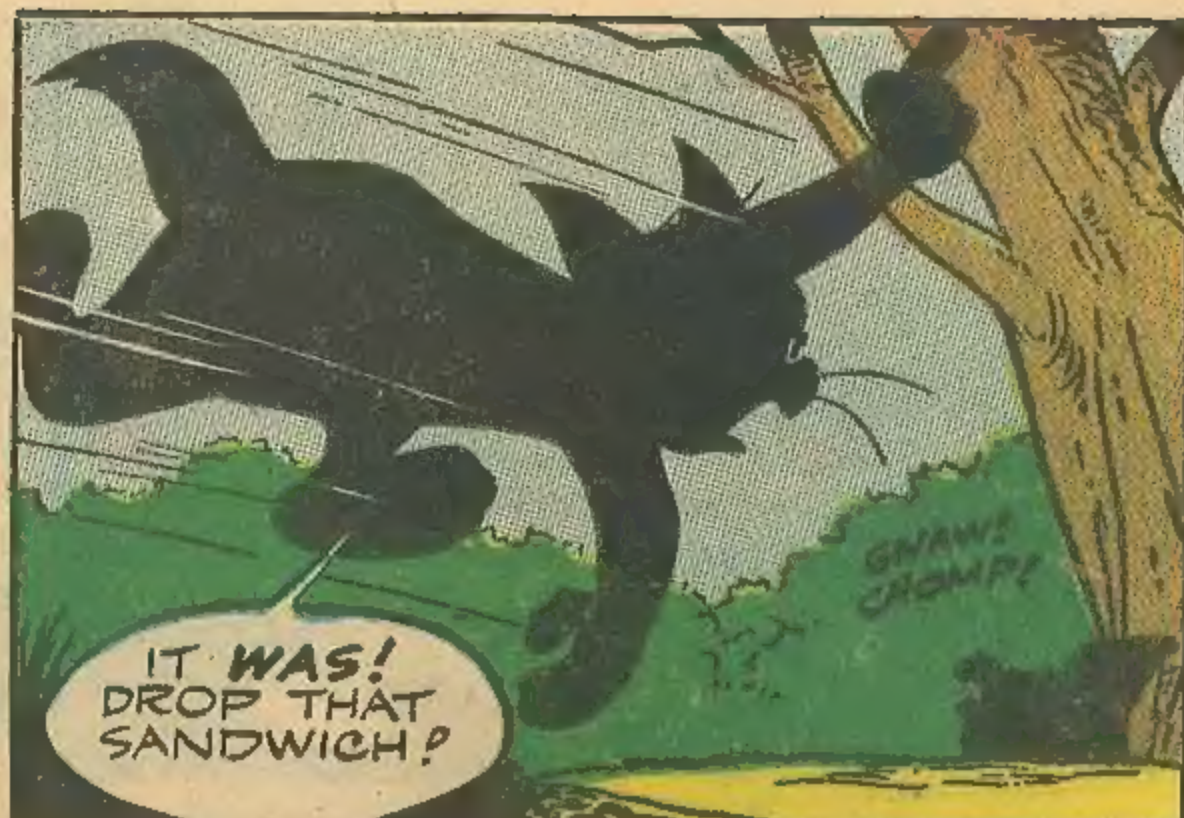
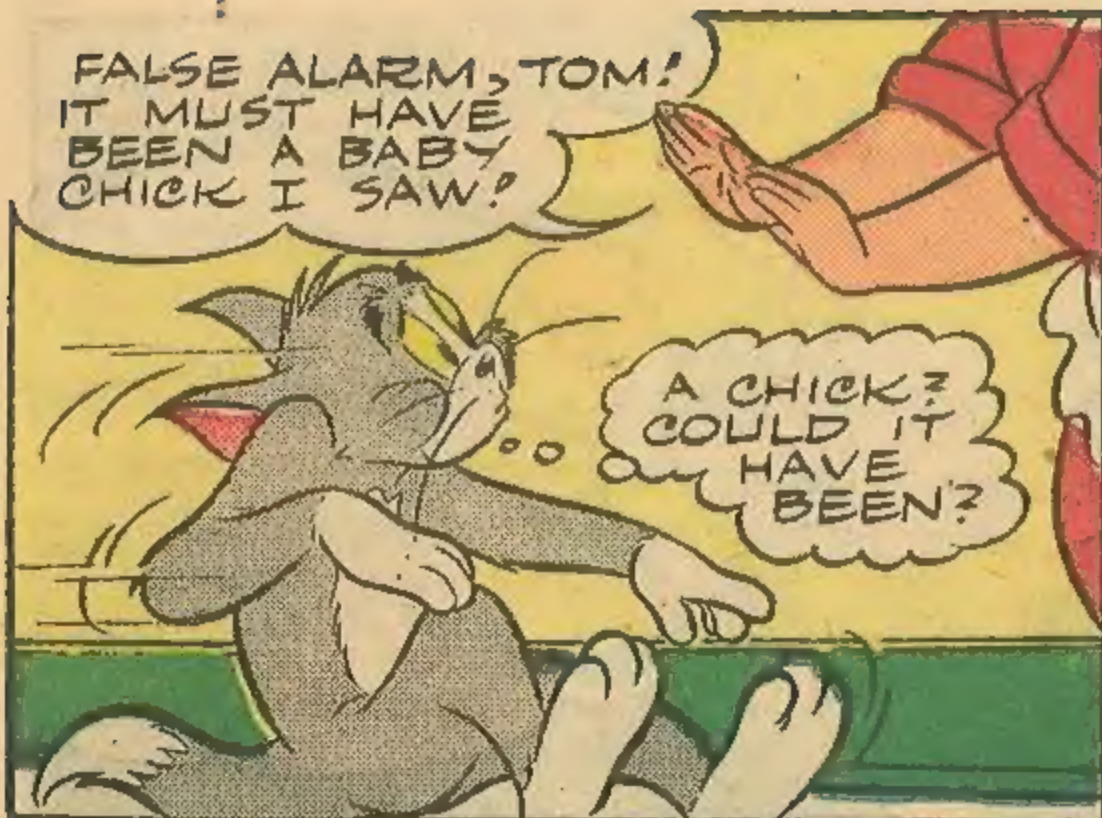


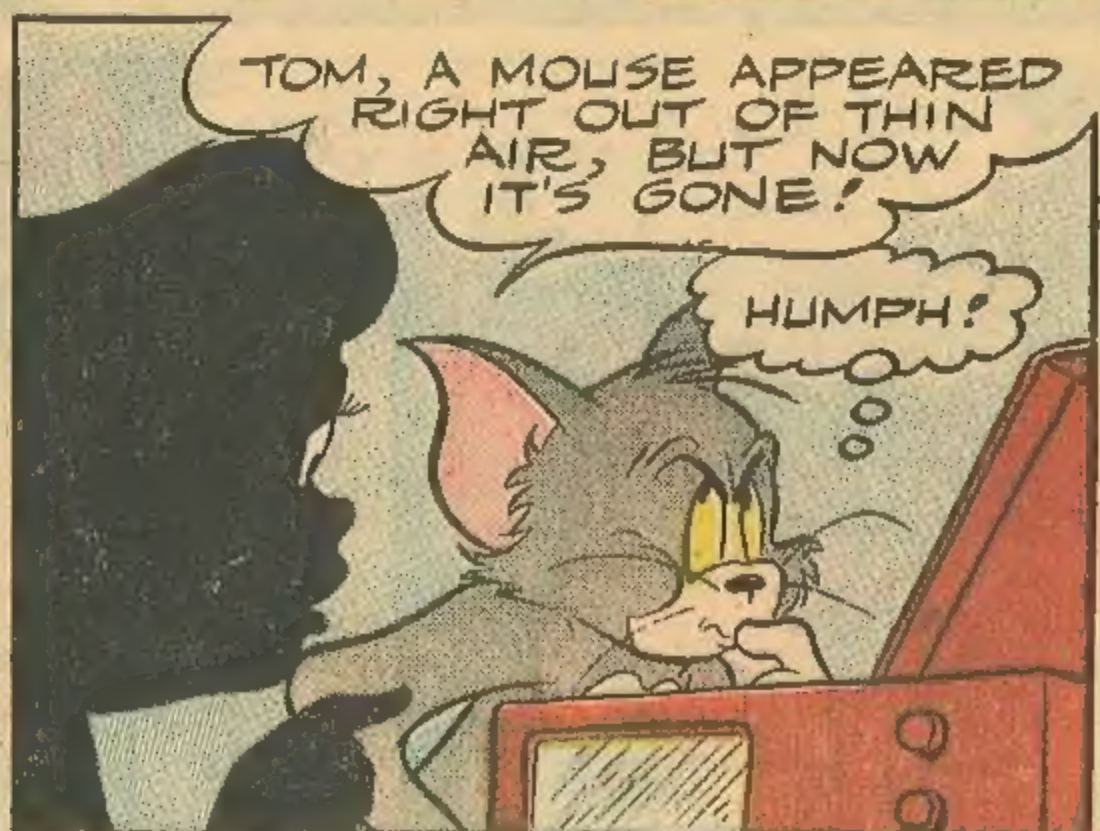
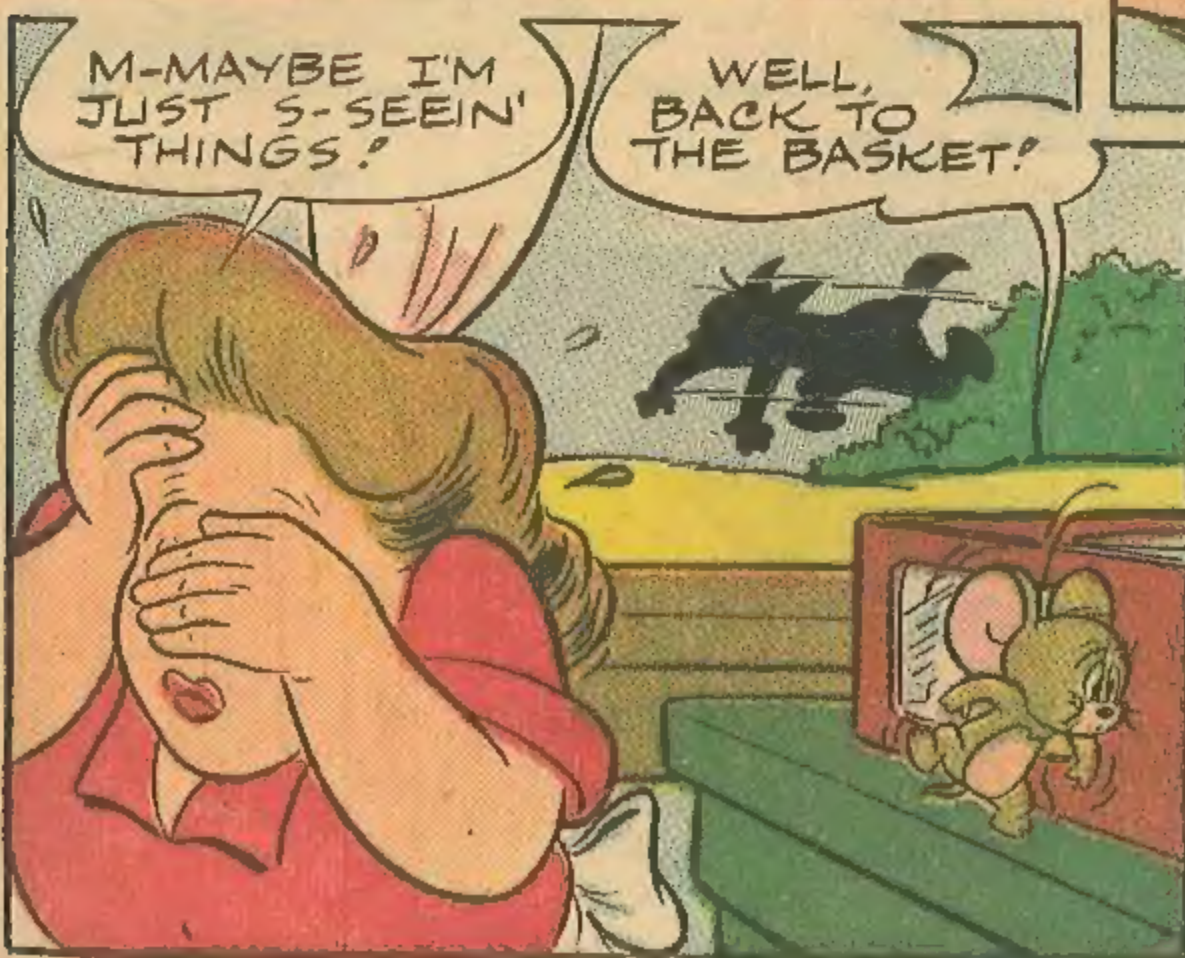
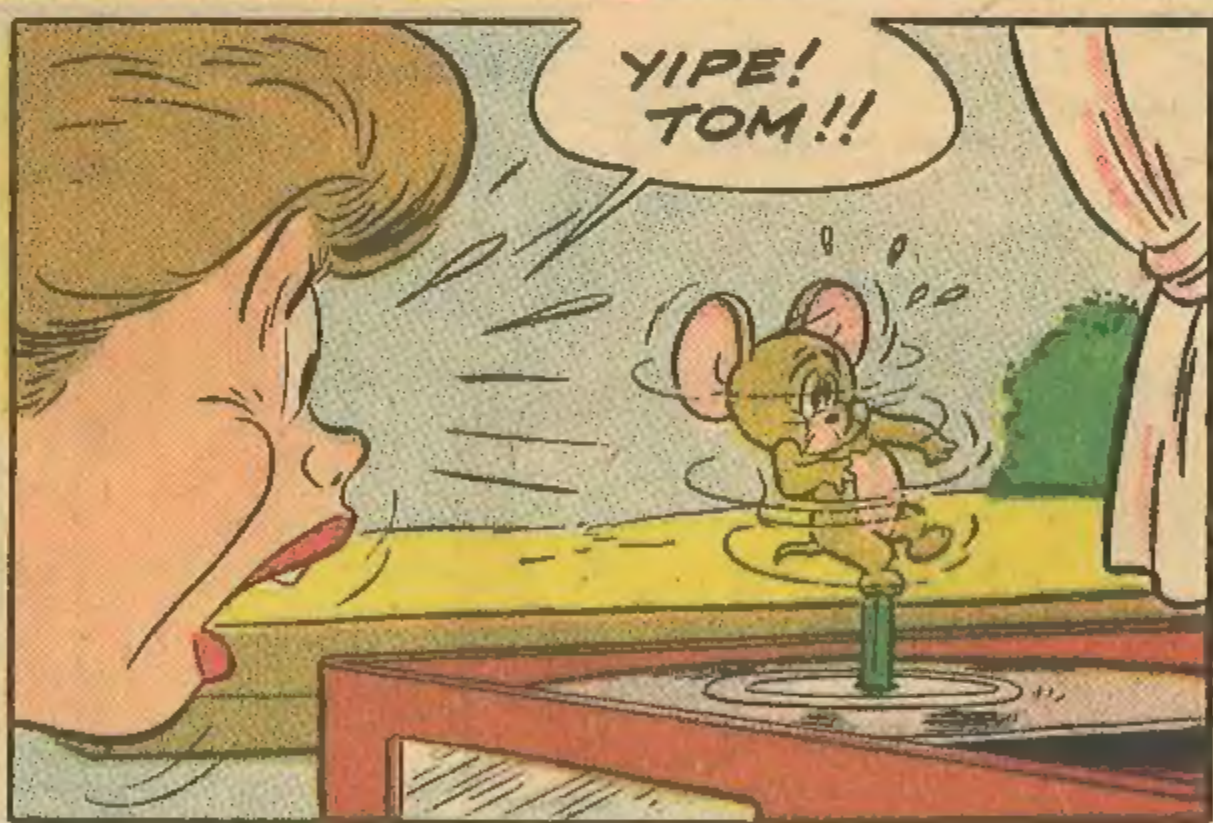
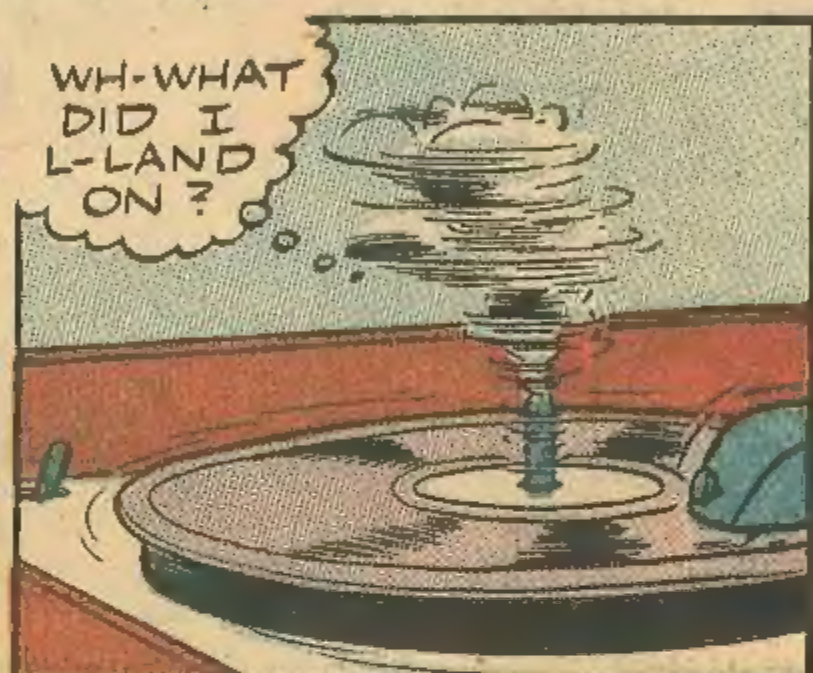
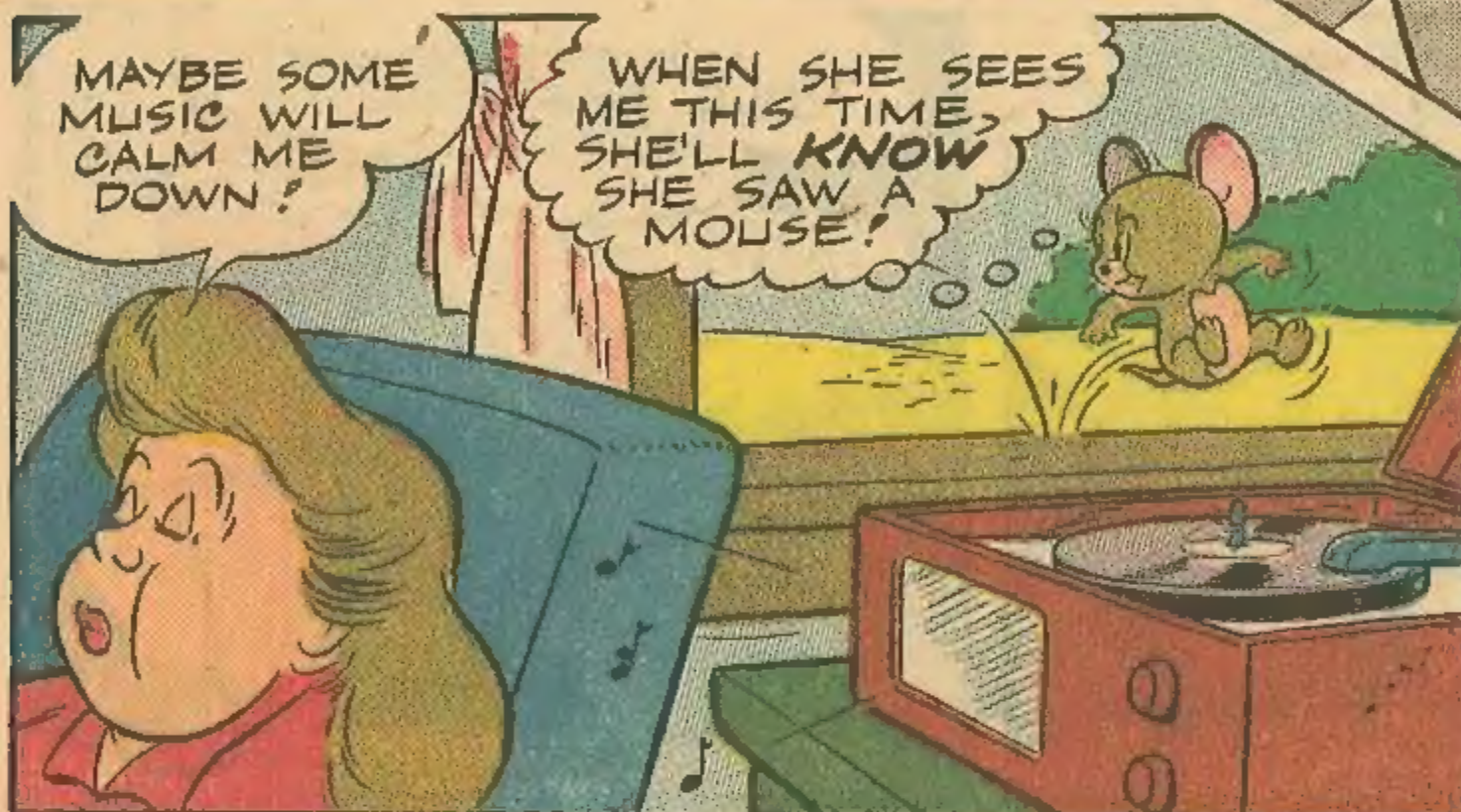
BUT DON'T GO FAR? IF THOSE MICE COME BACK, I'LL NEED YOUR HELP?

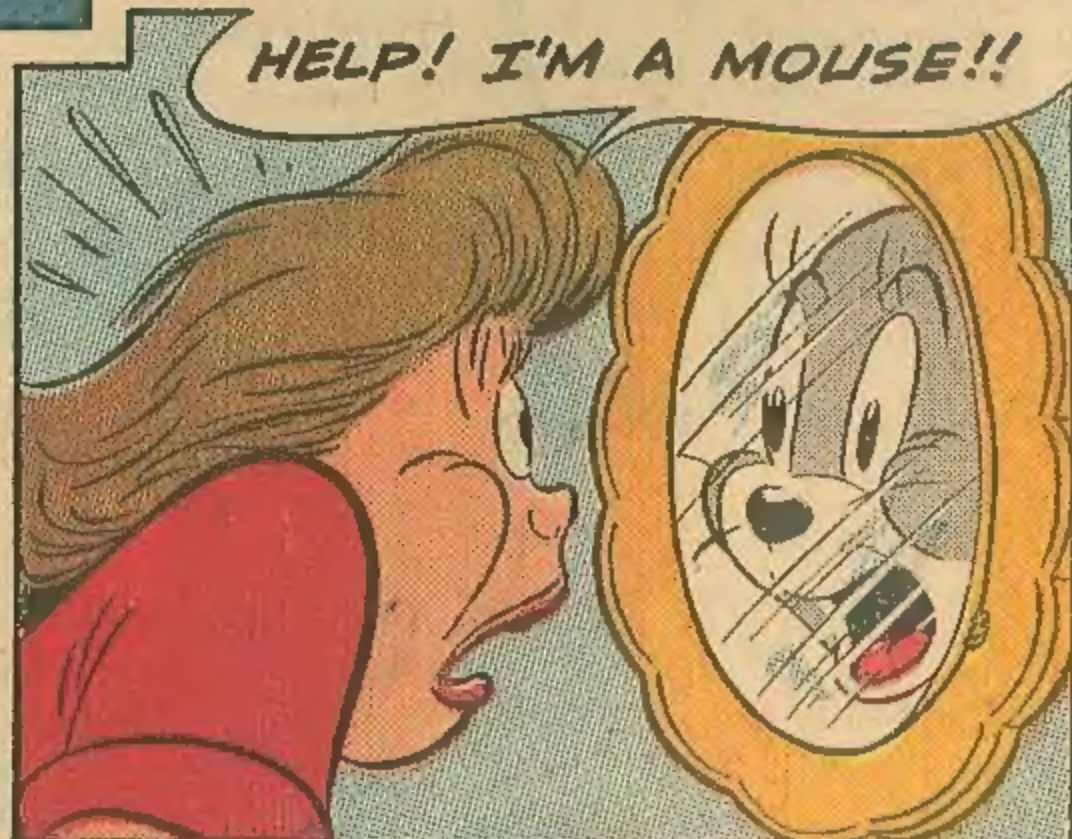
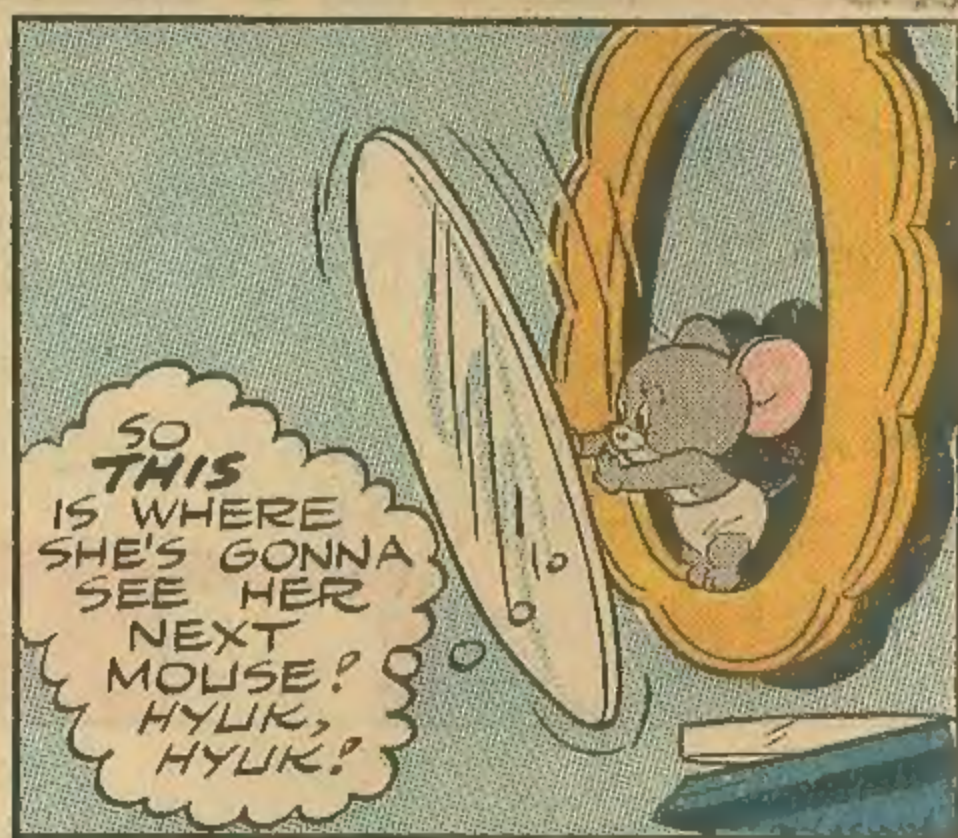
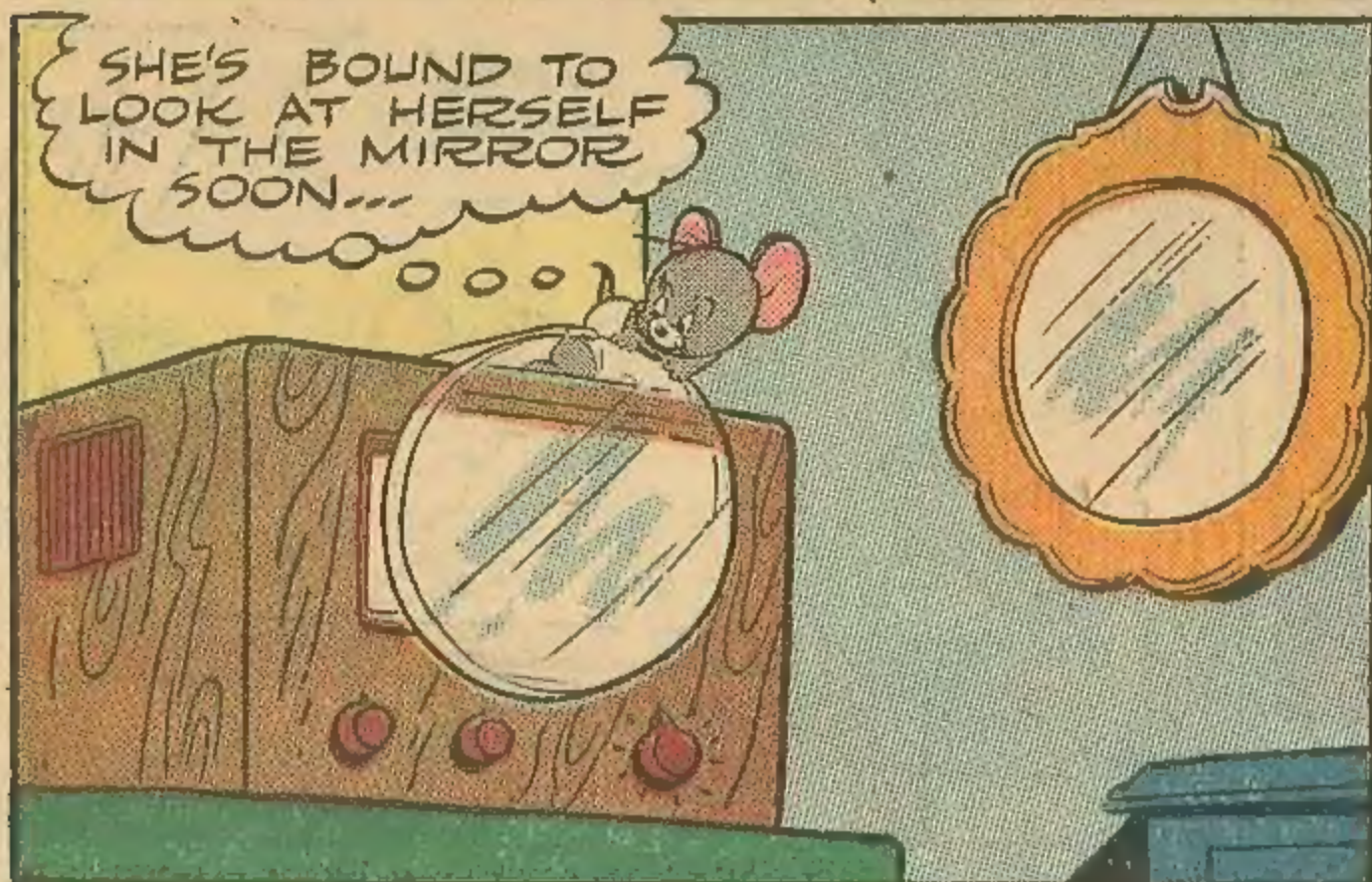
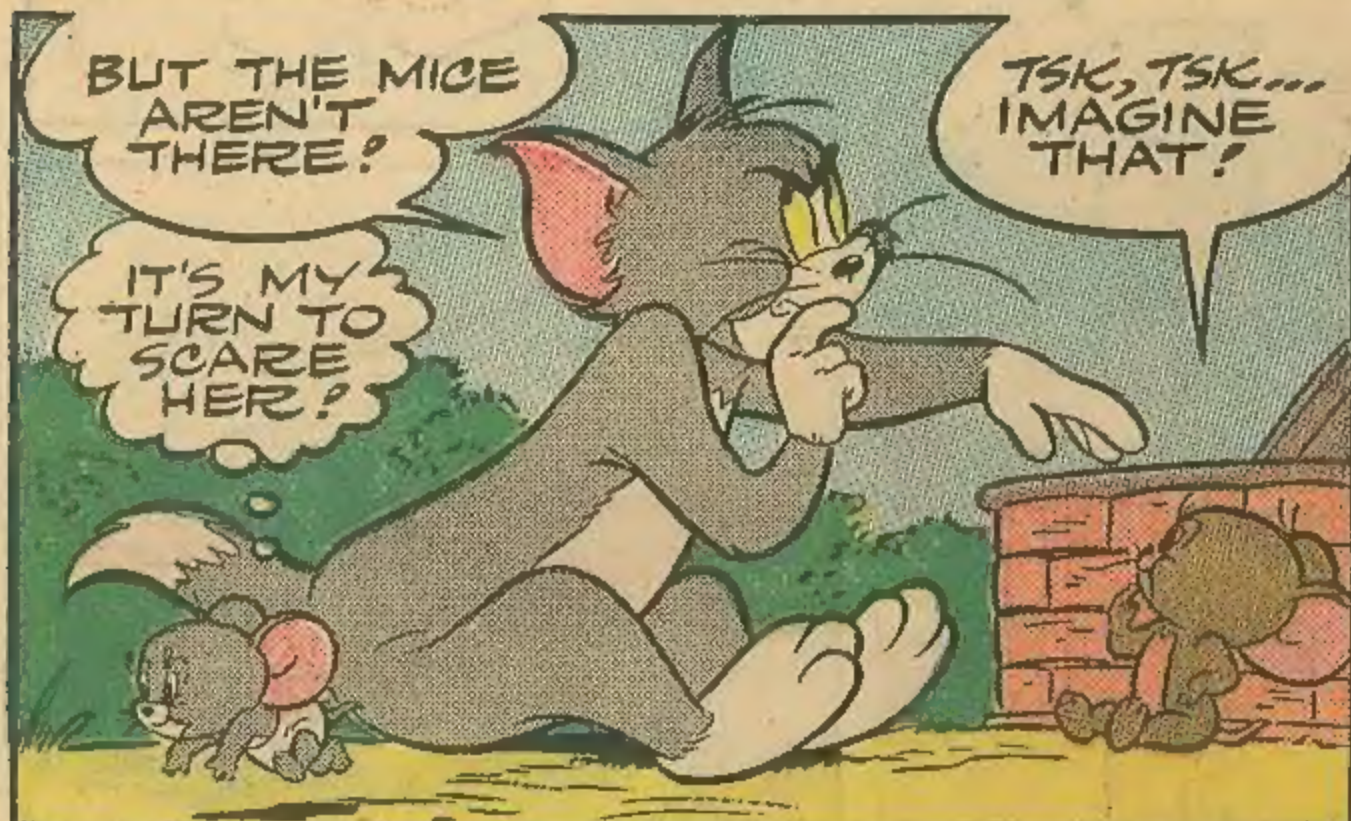
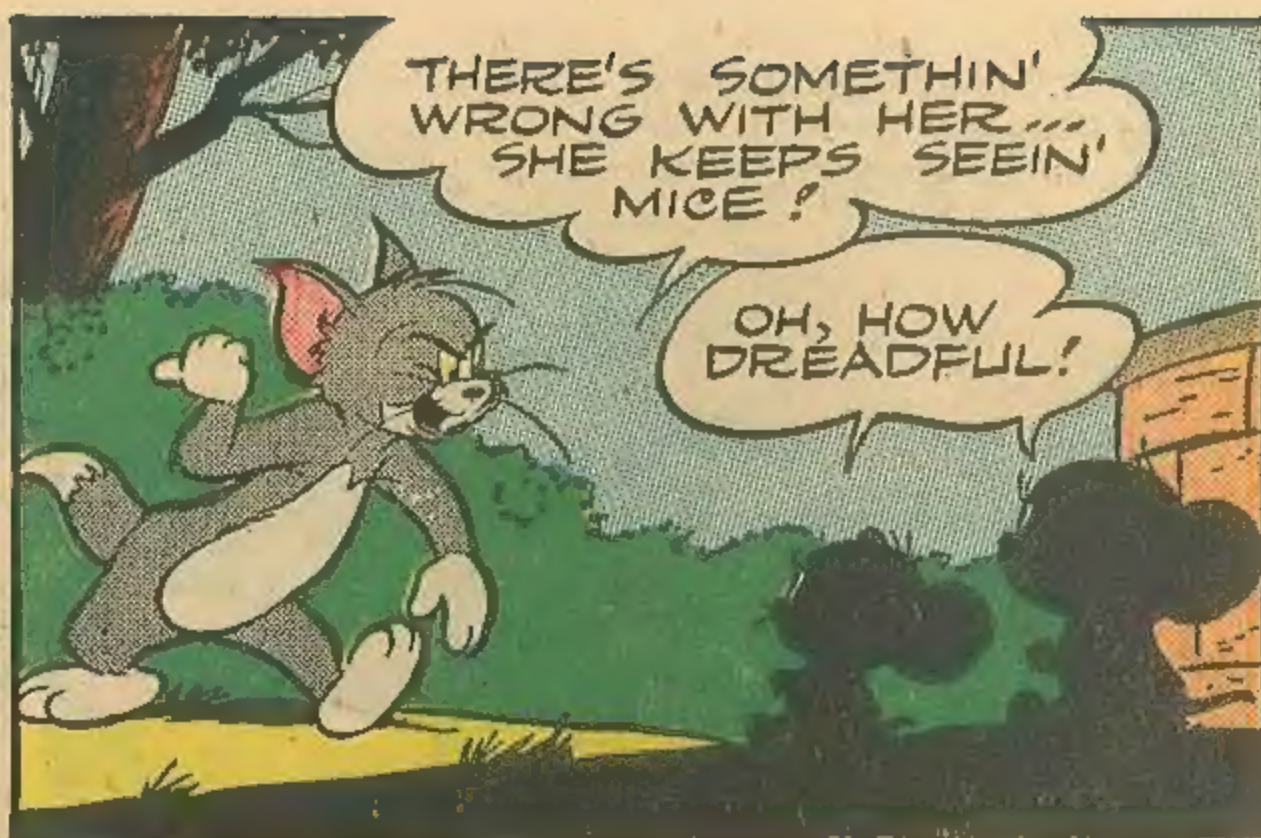
HEH, HEH? SHE WON'T NEED ME?

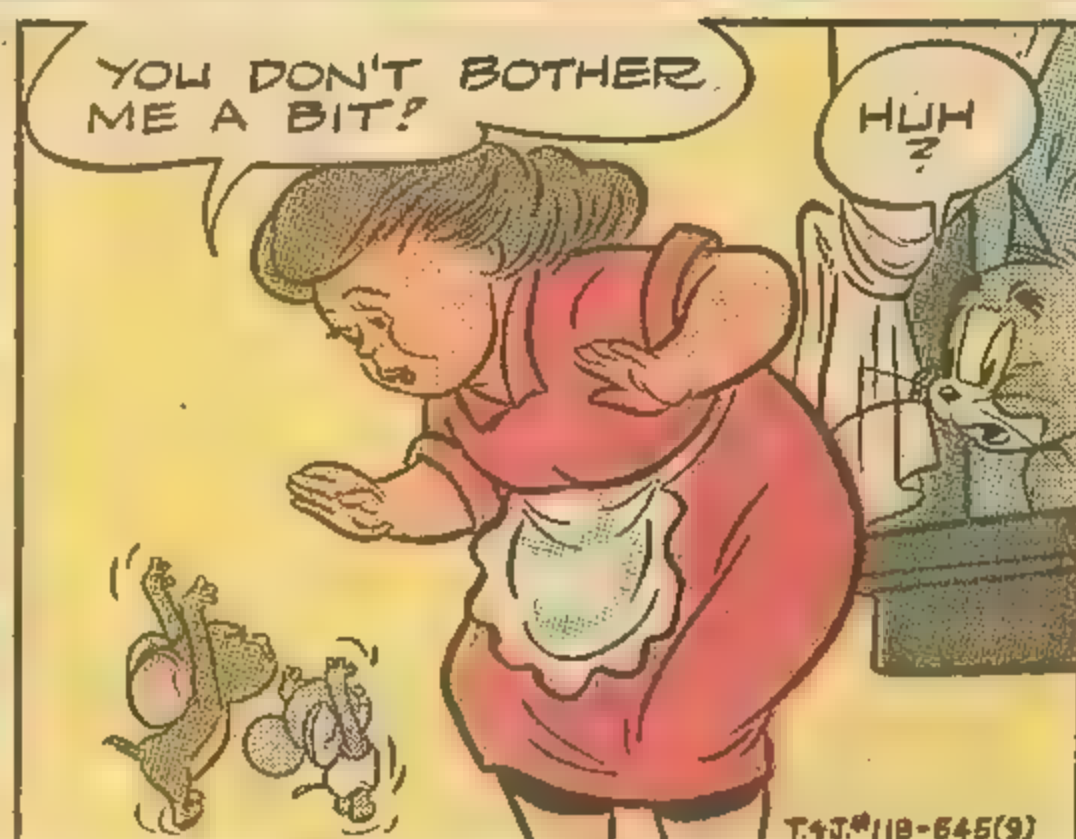
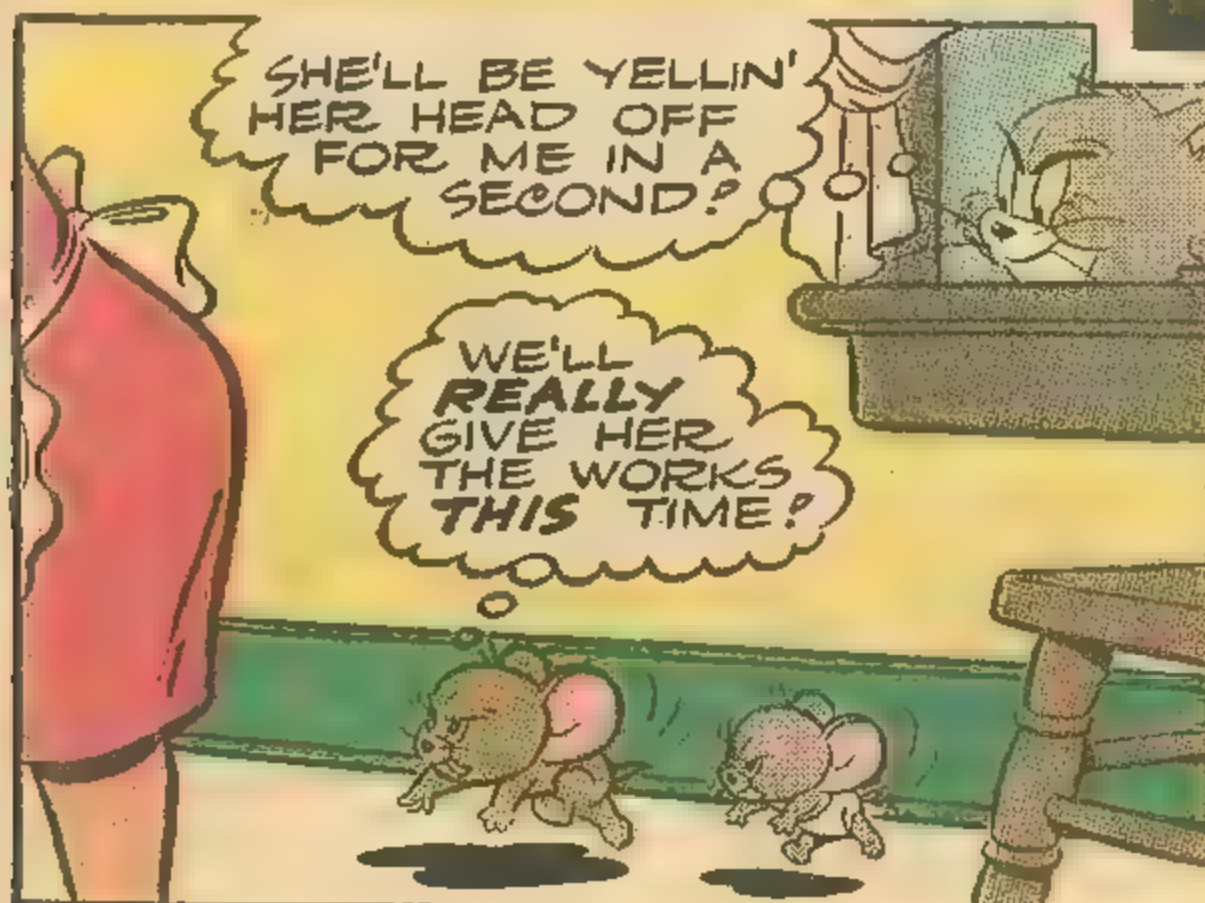
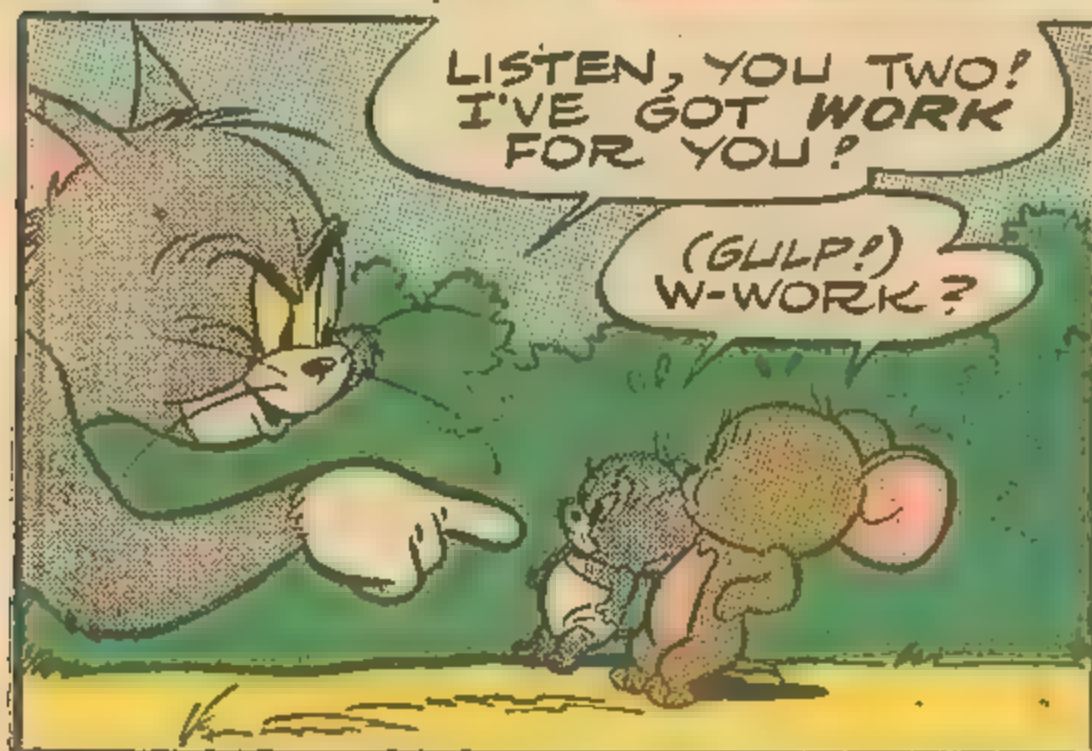
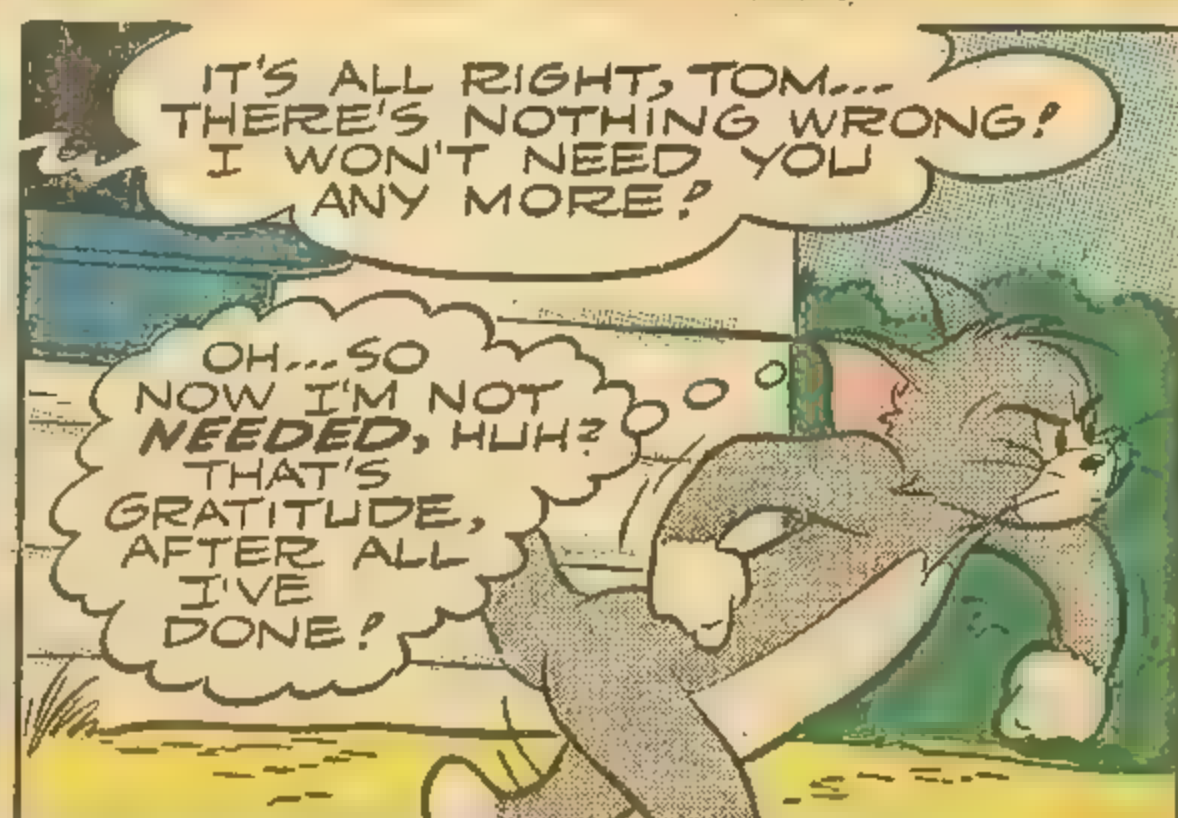
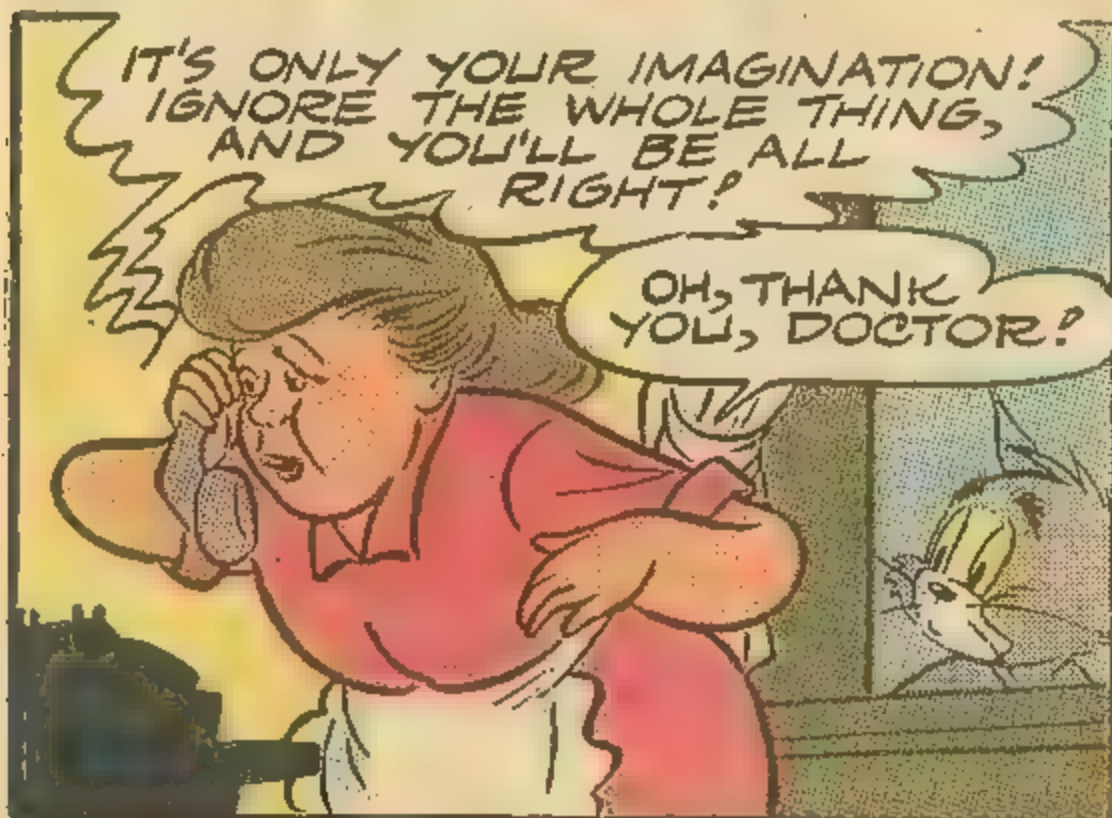
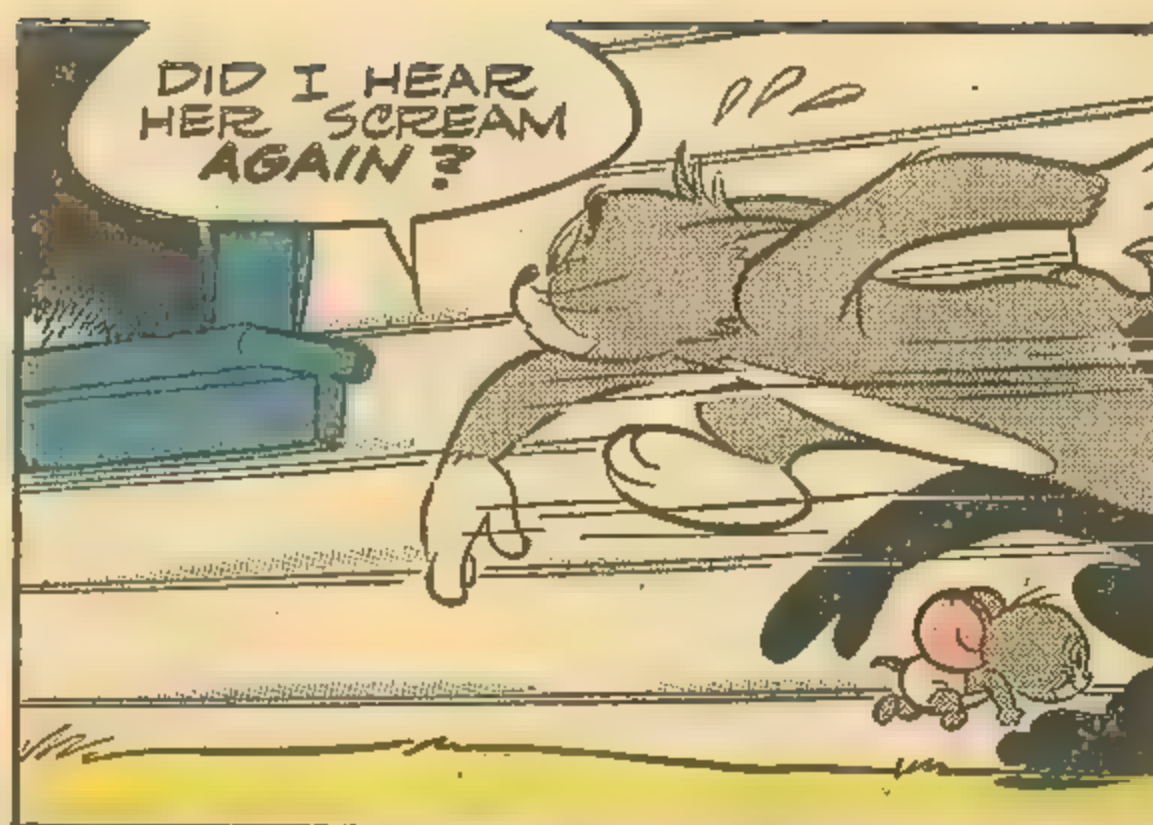
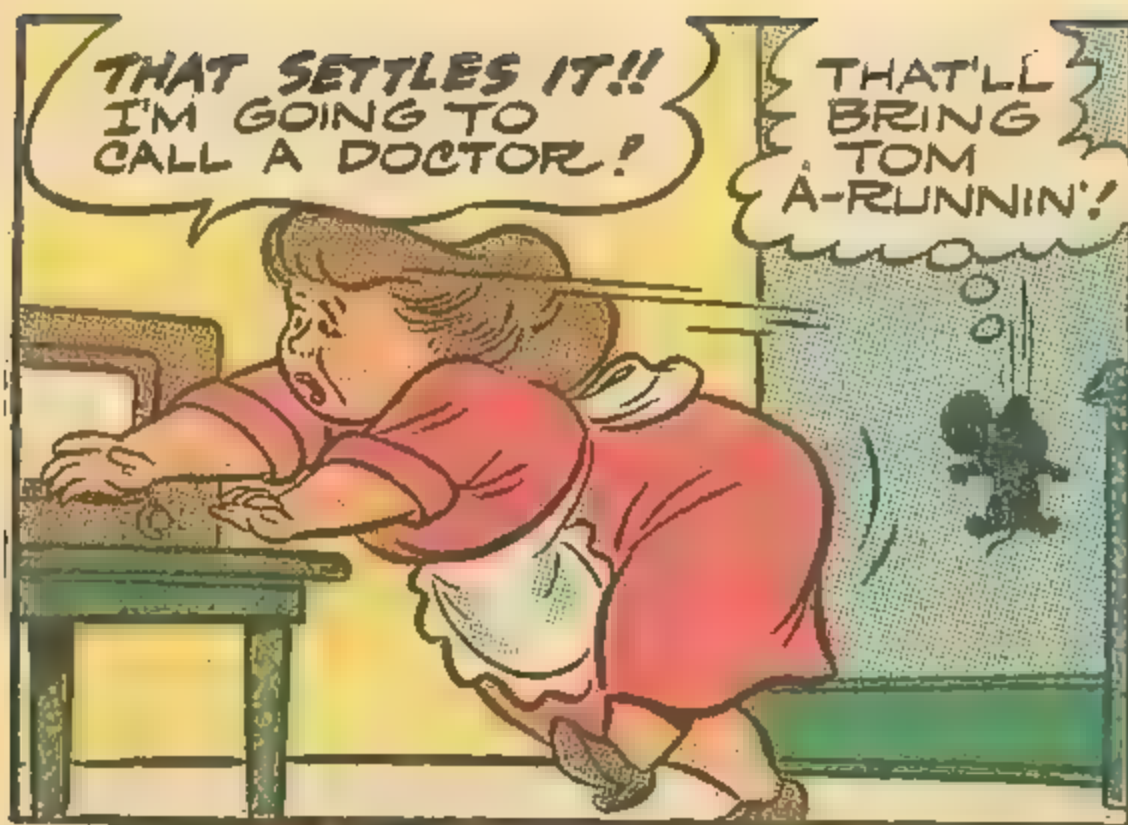


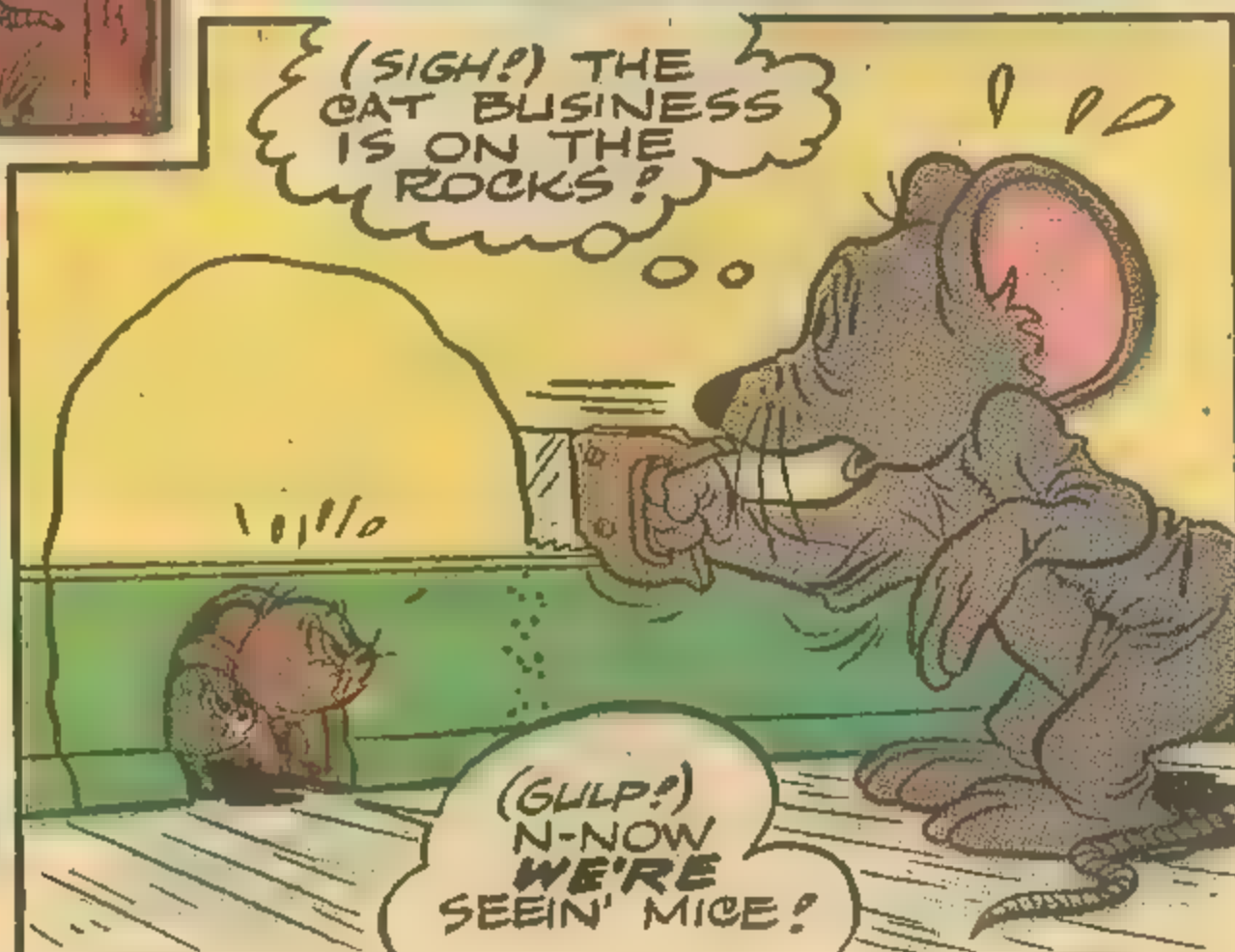
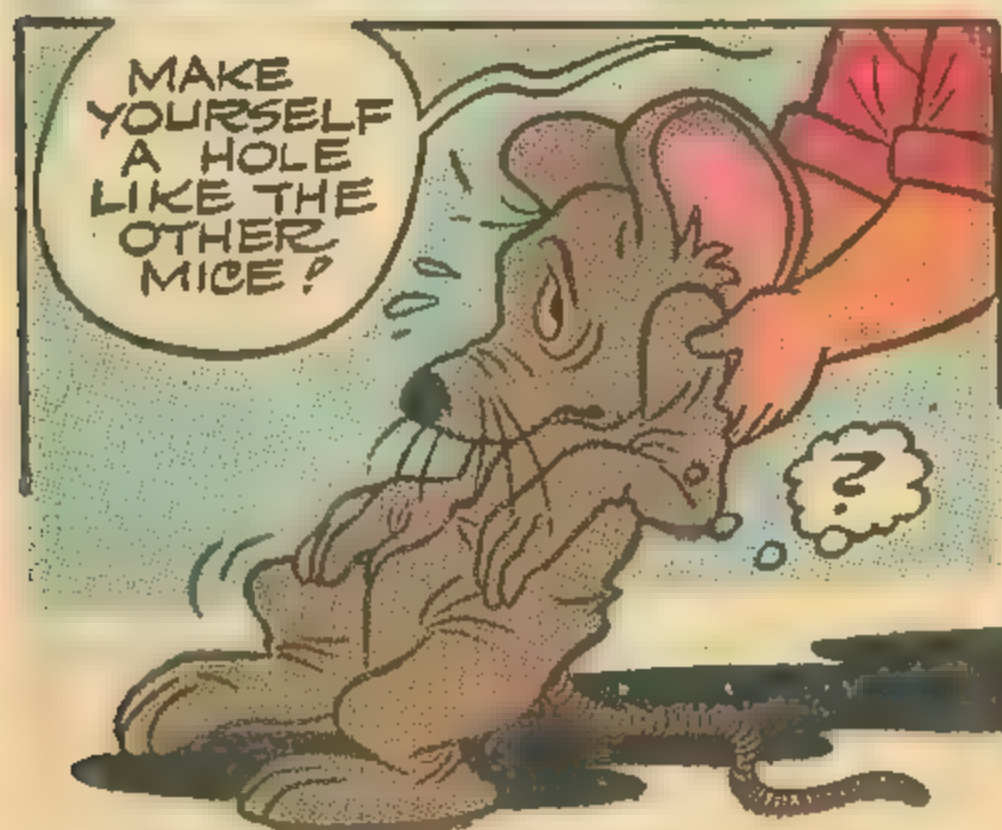
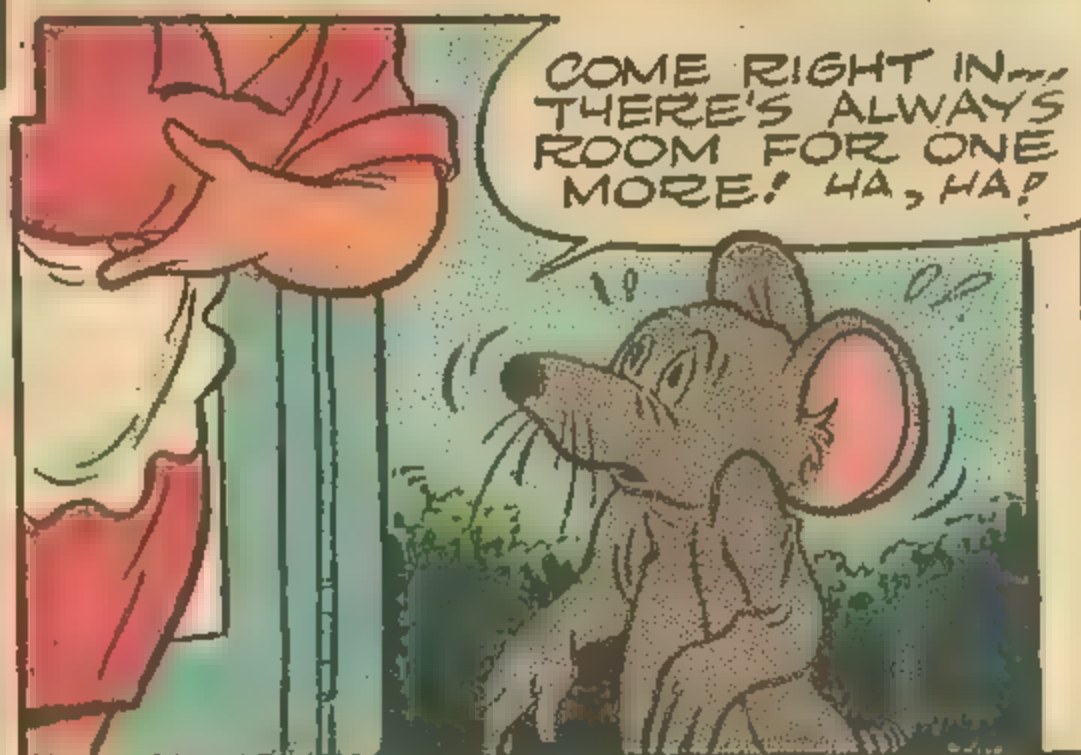
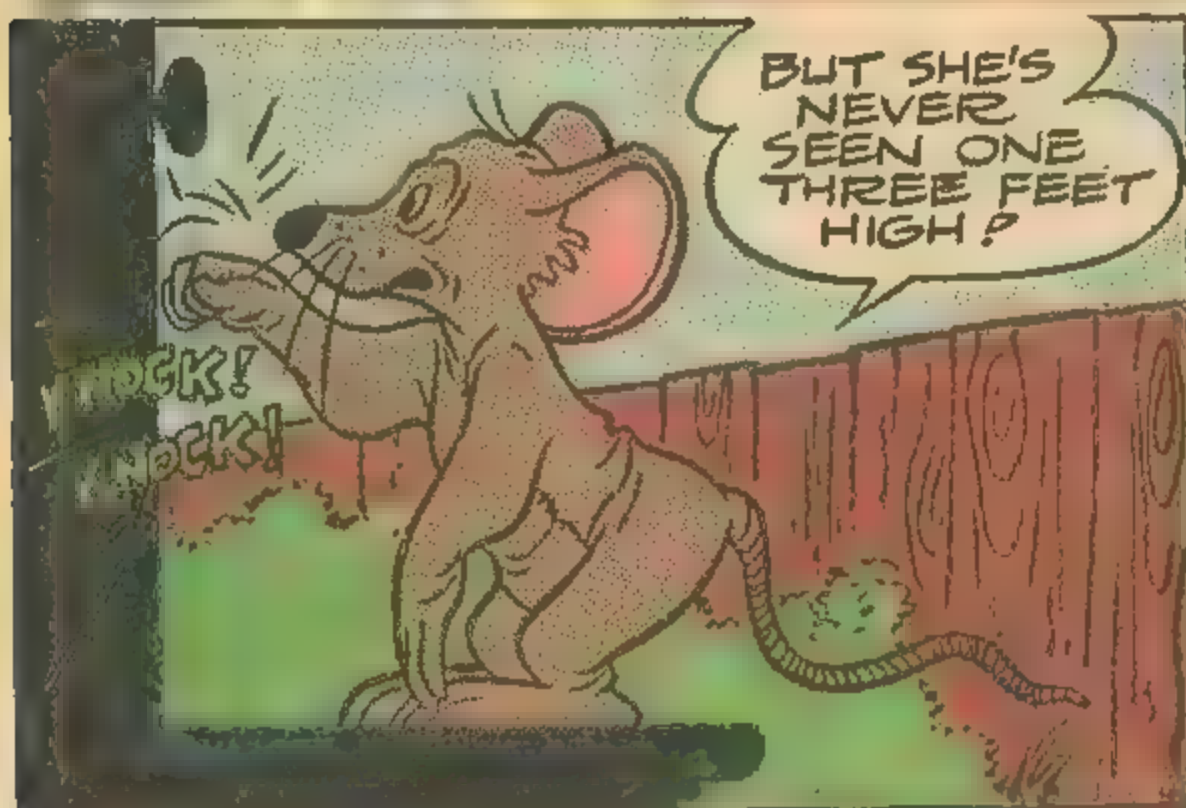
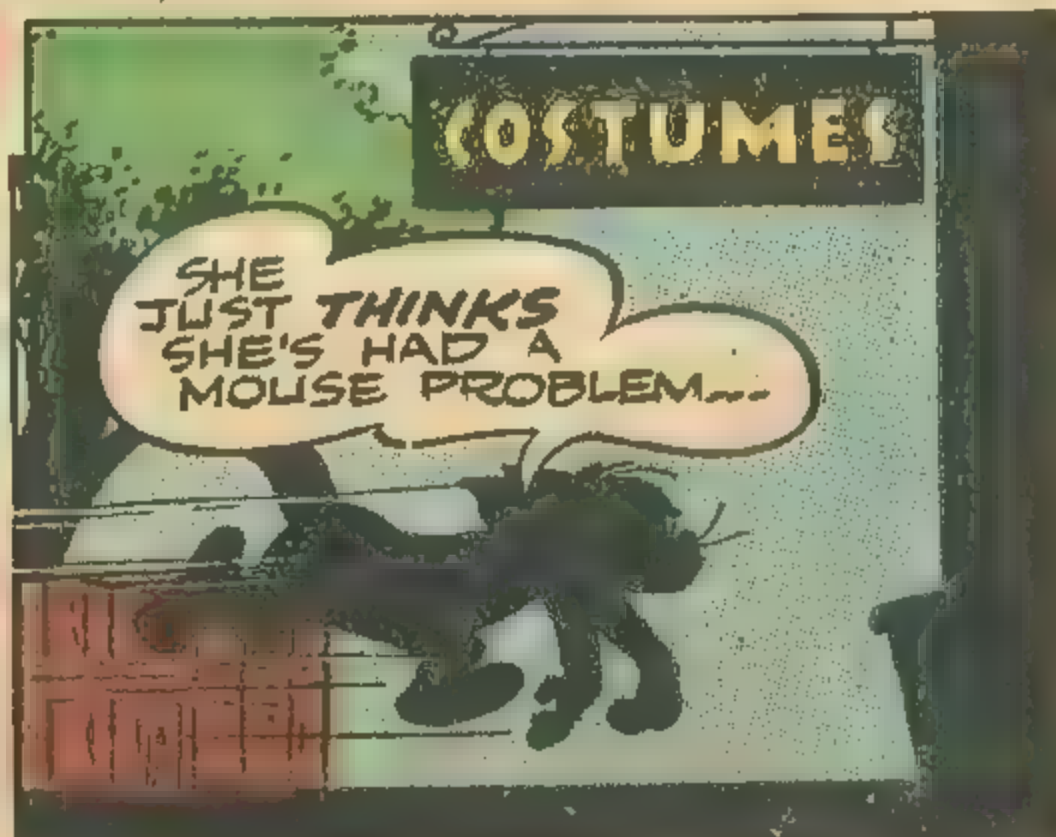
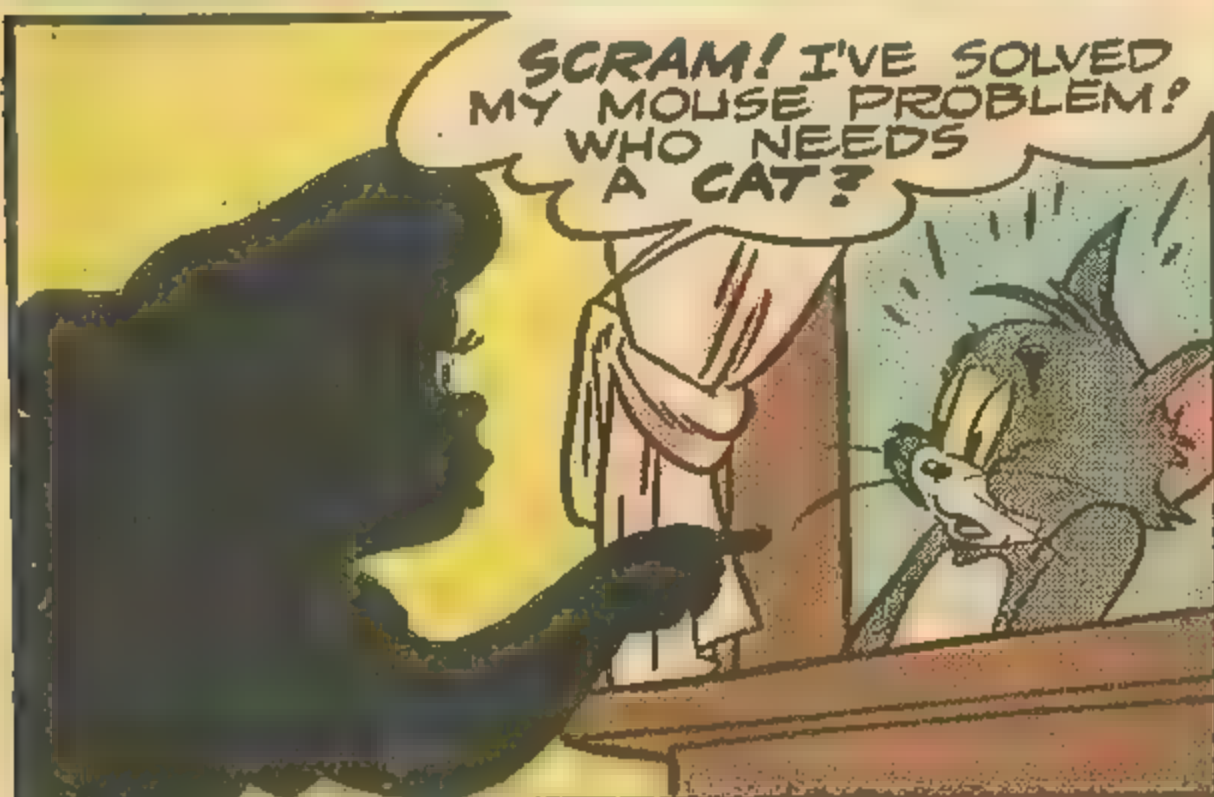
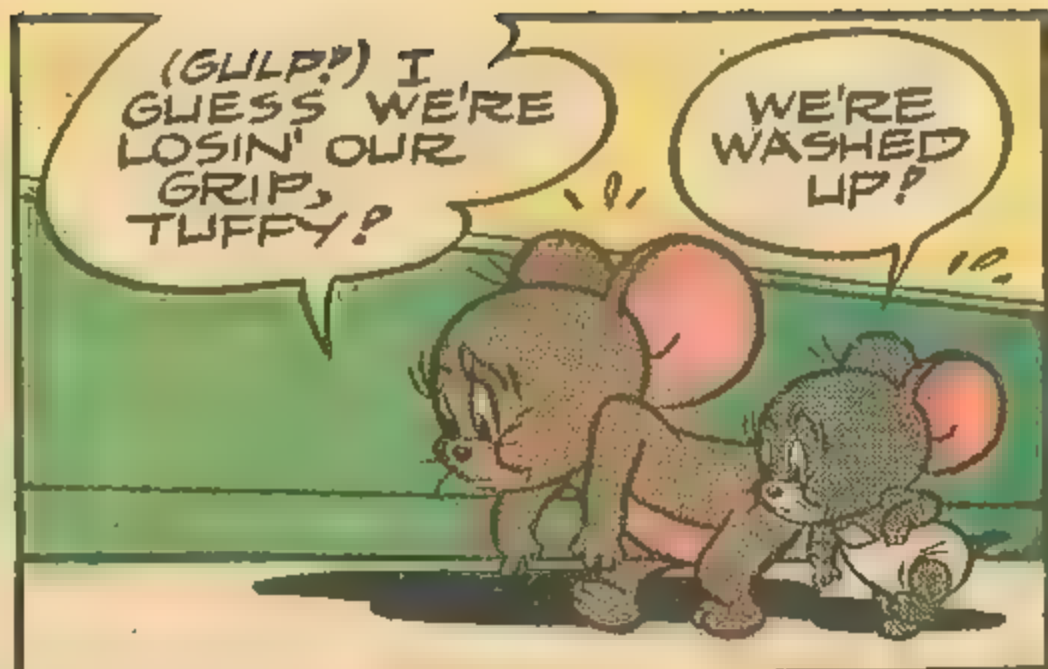
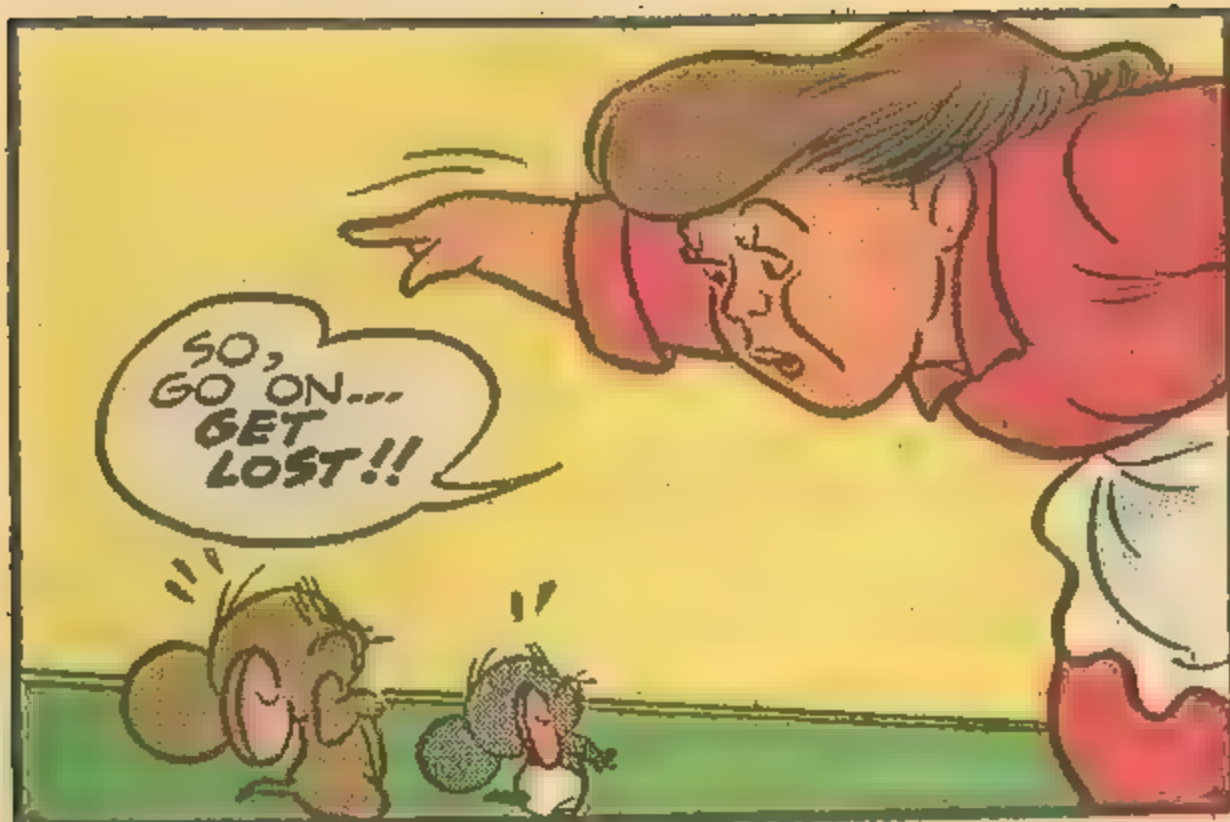


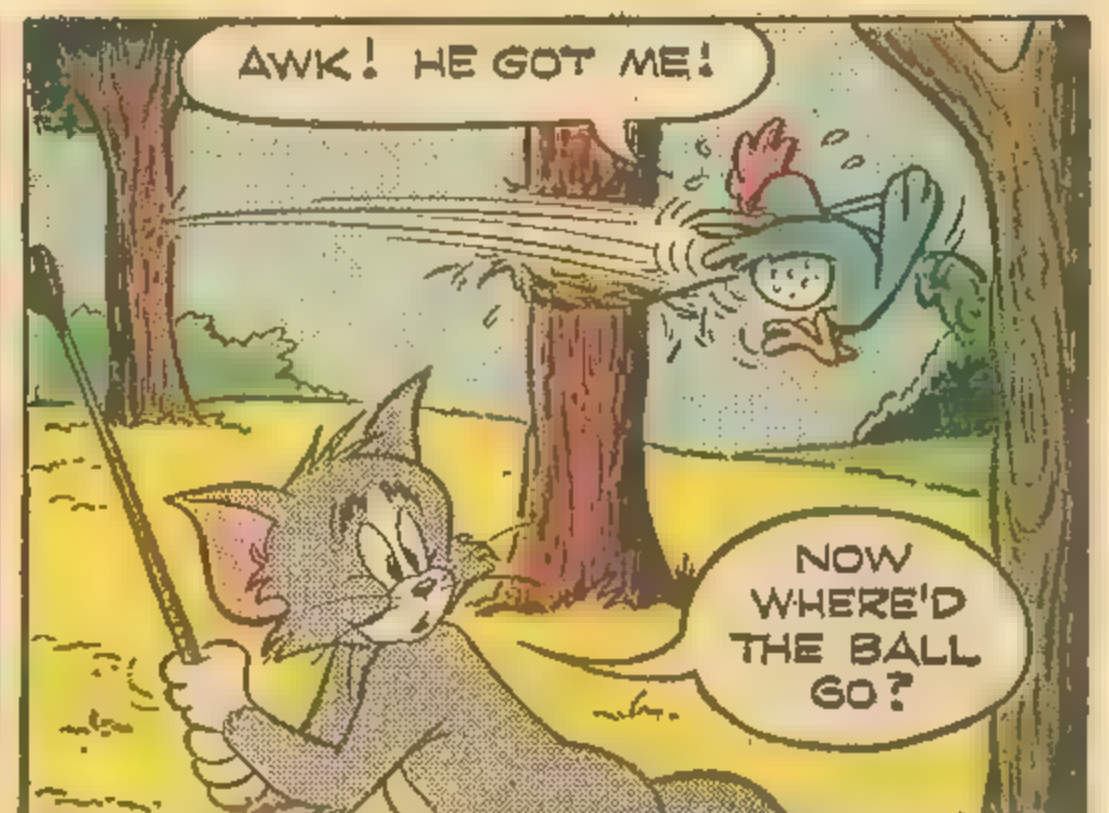
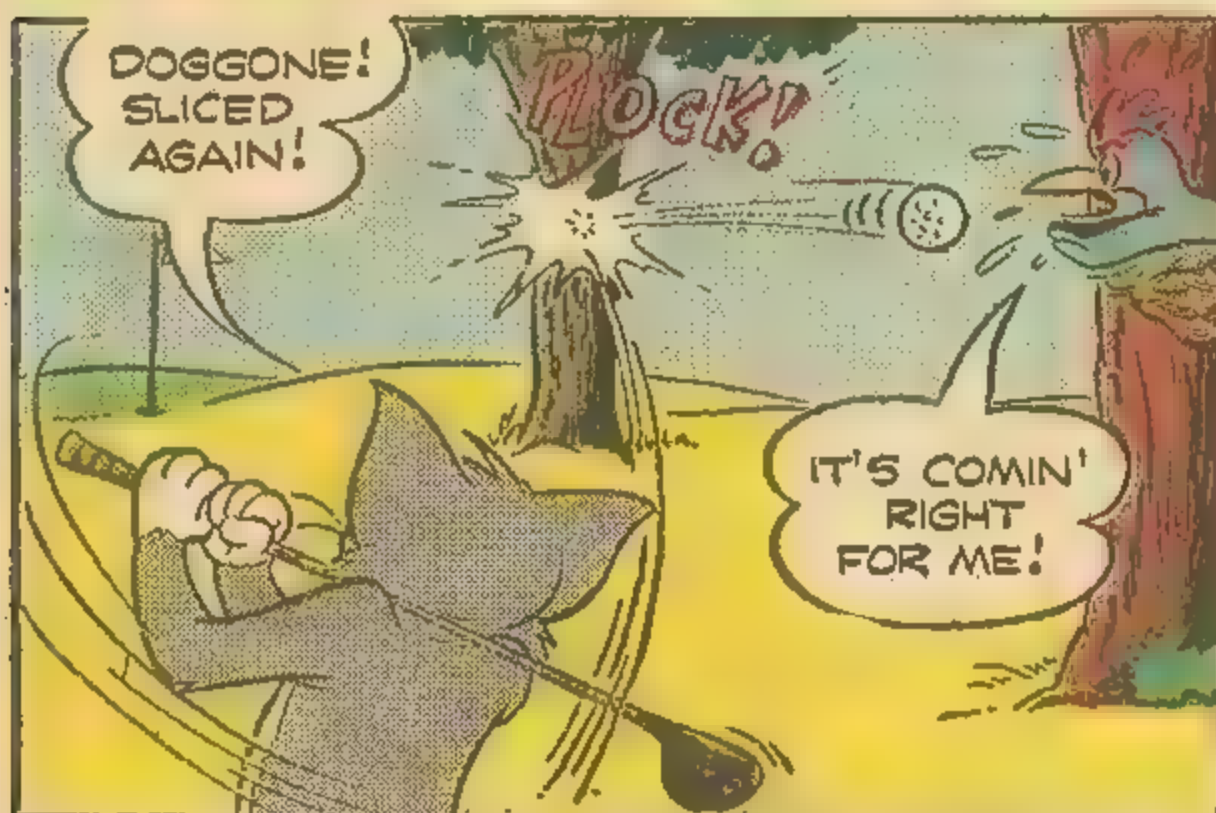
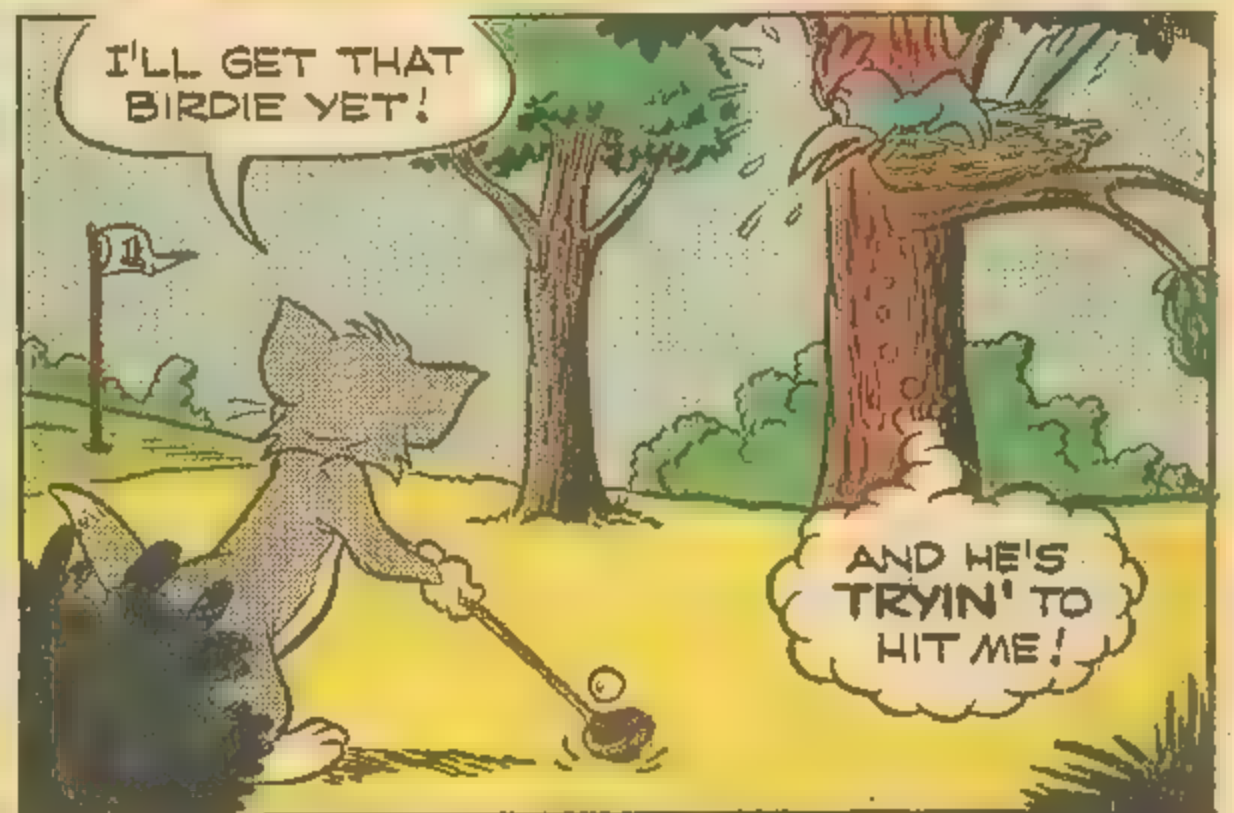
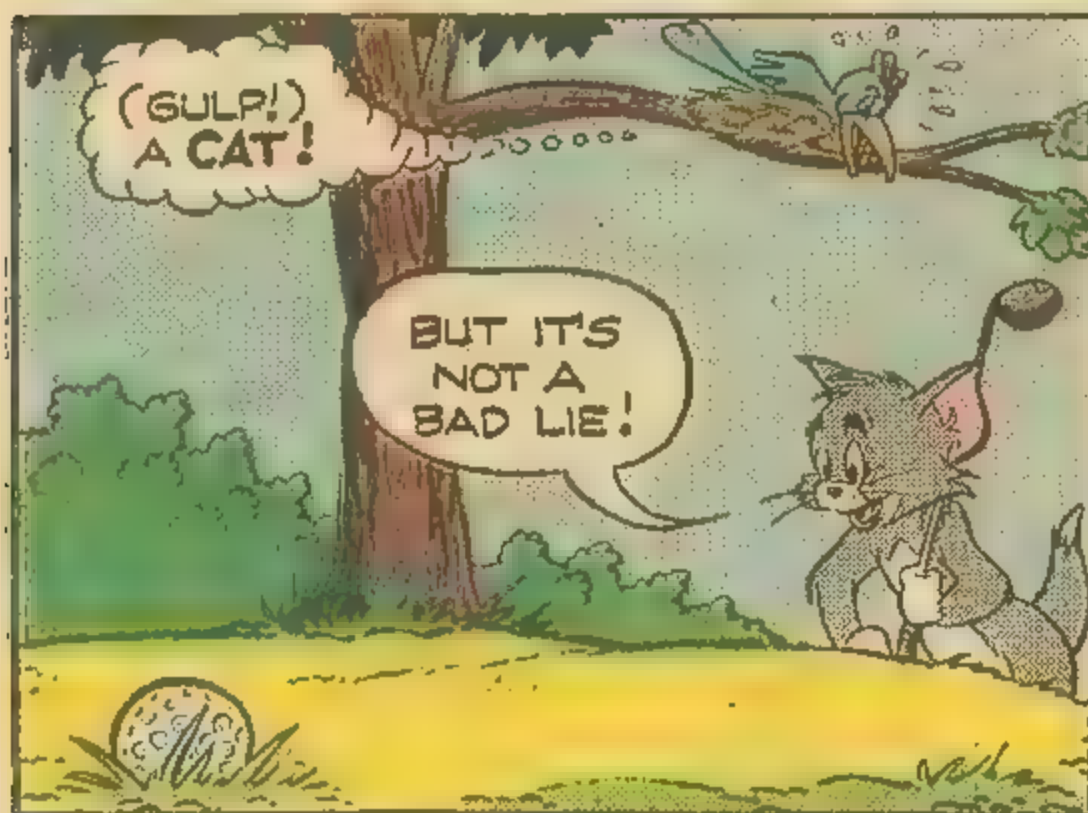
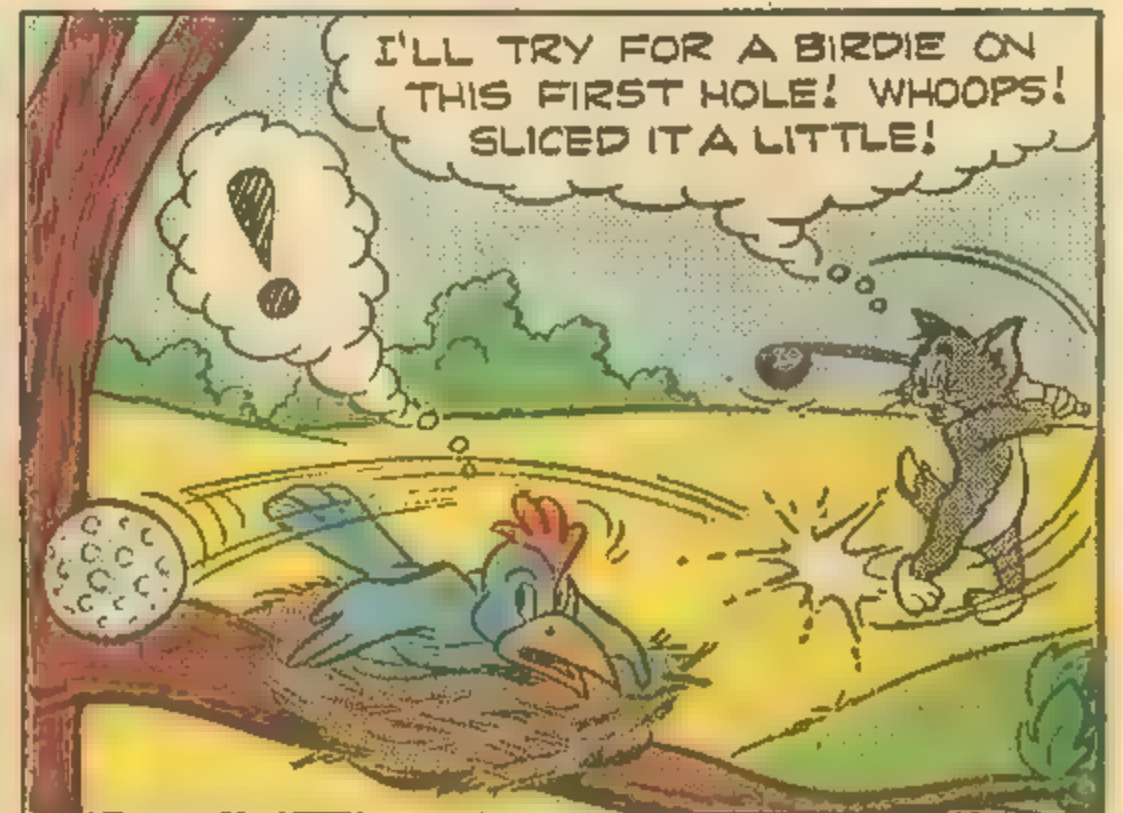
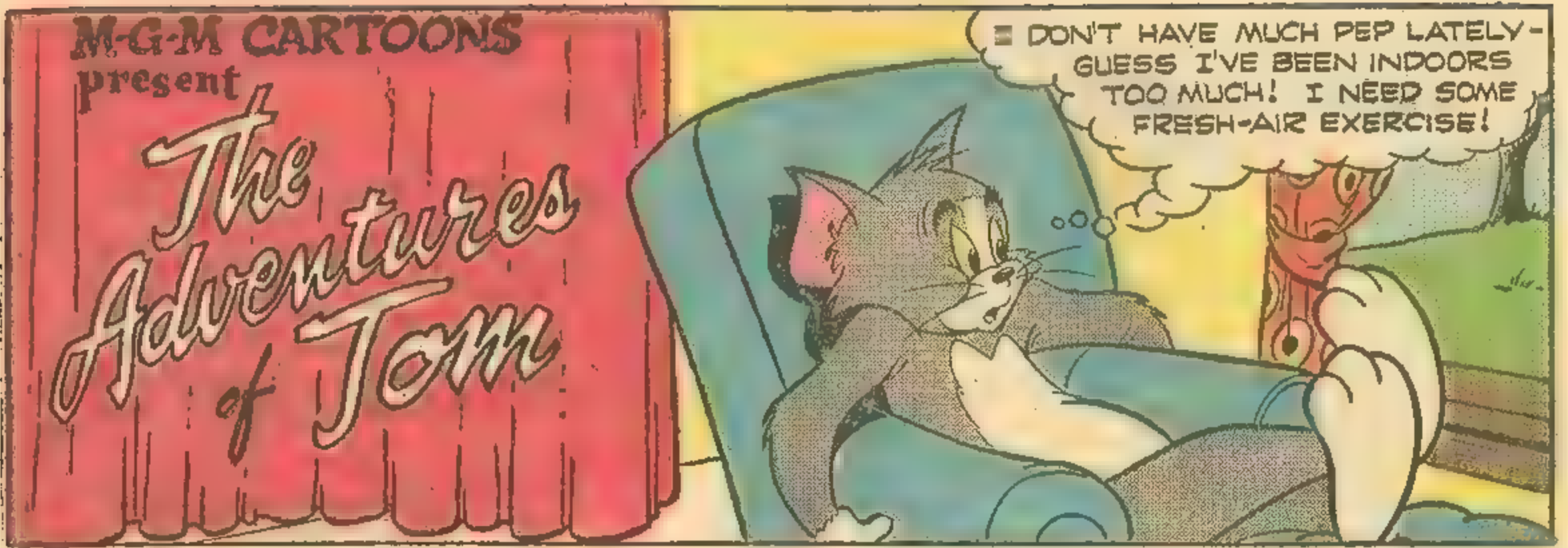


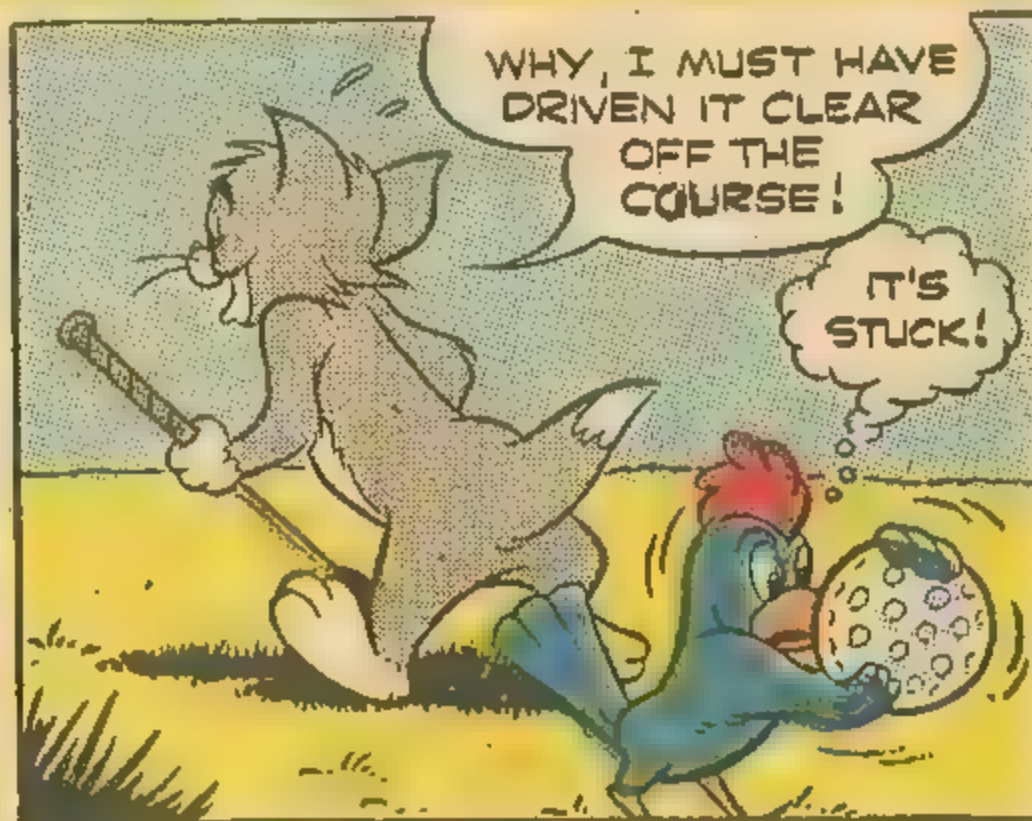
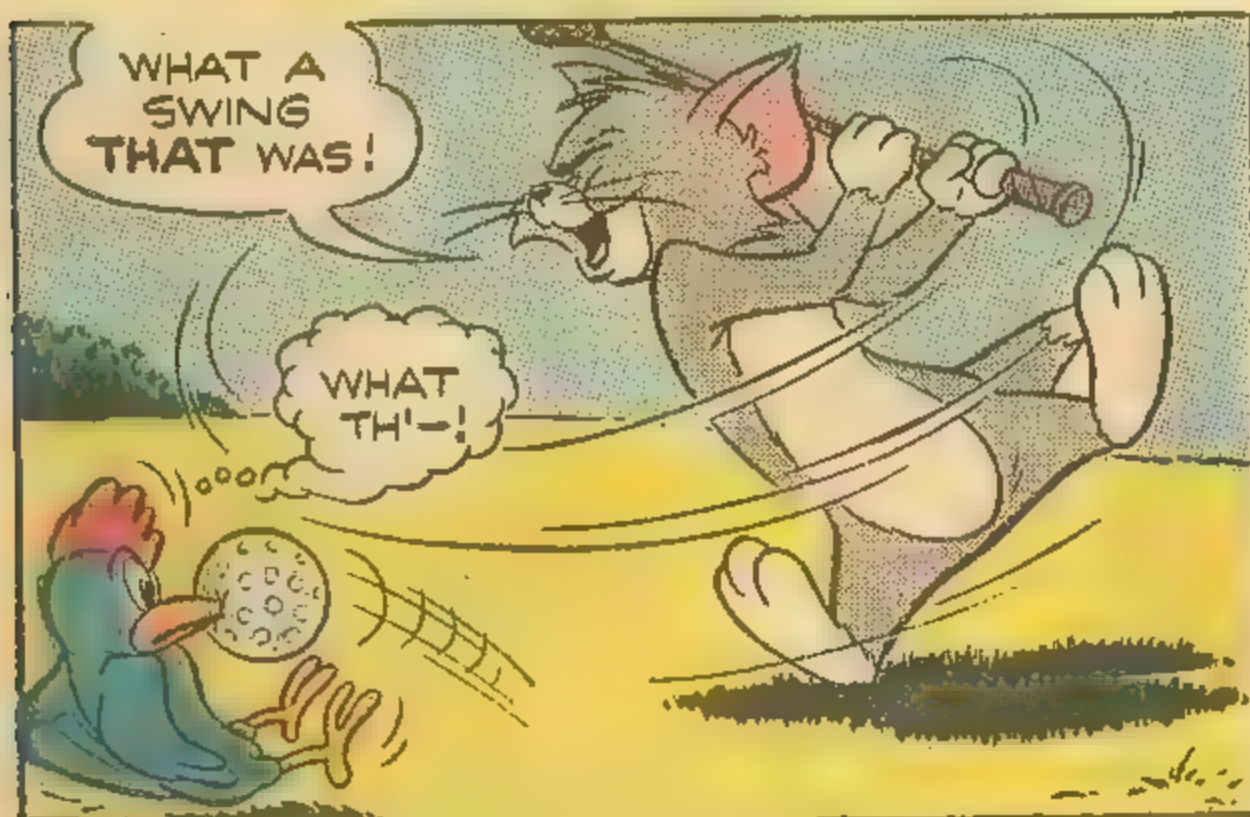
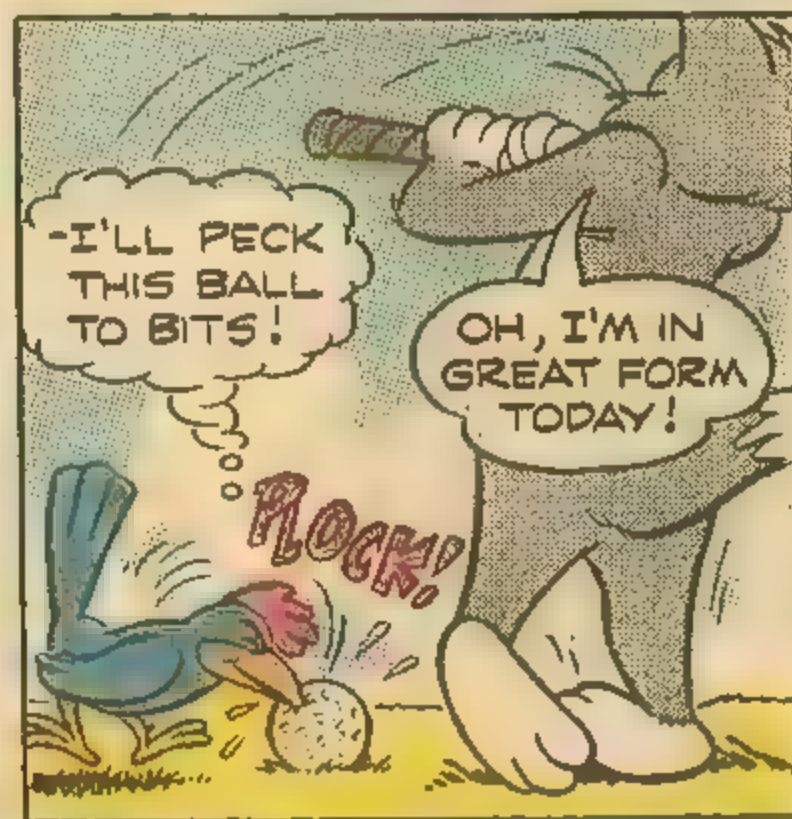
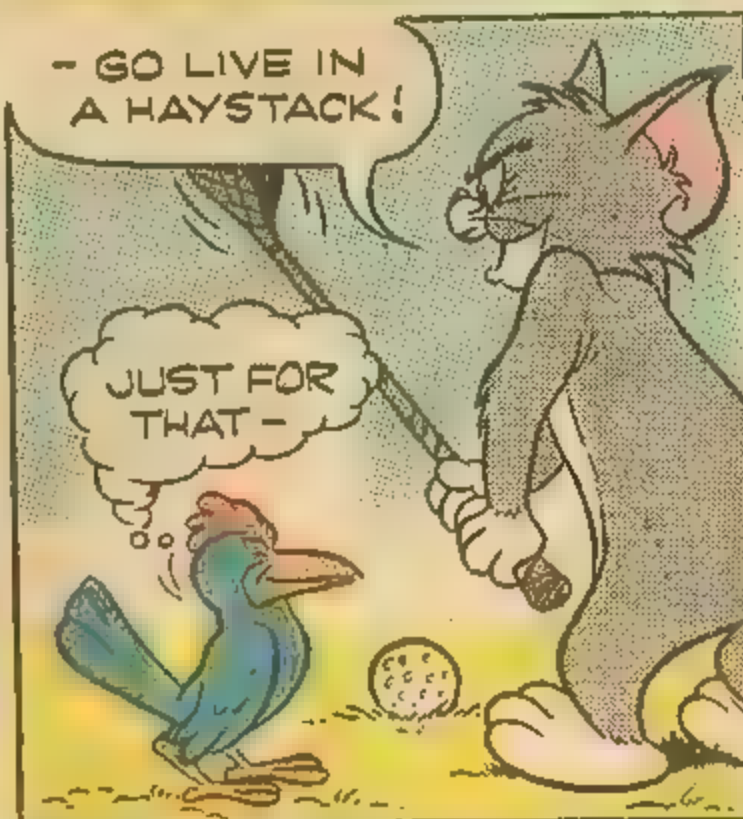
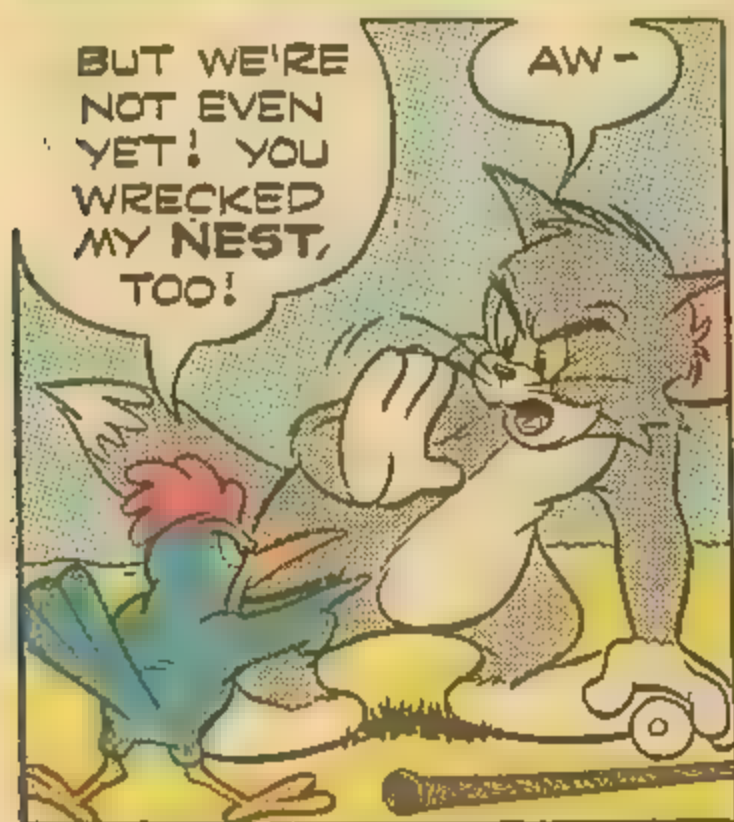
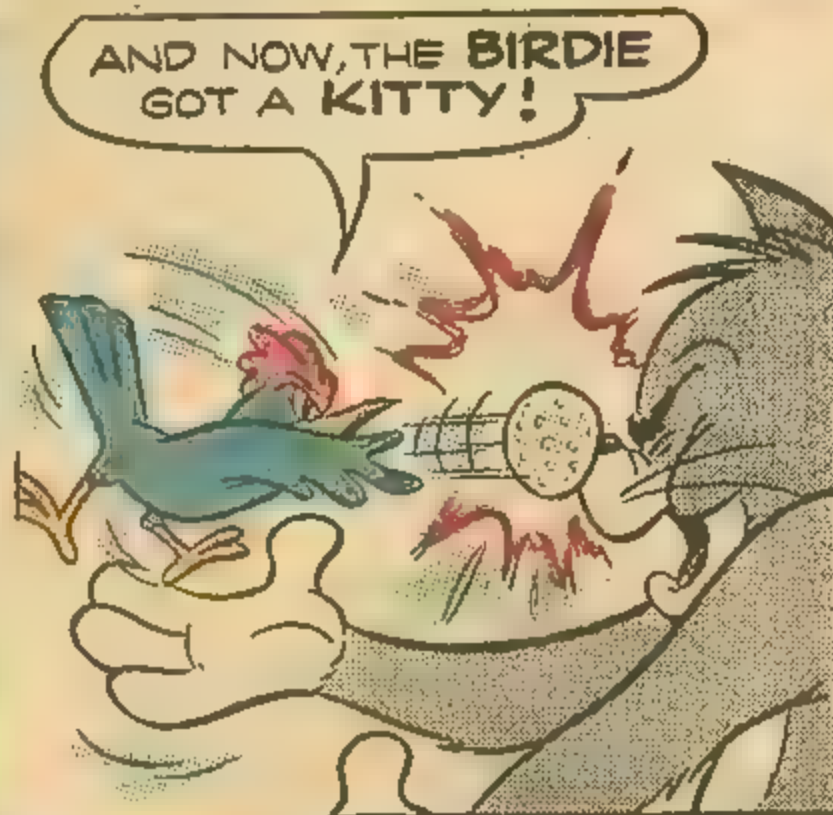
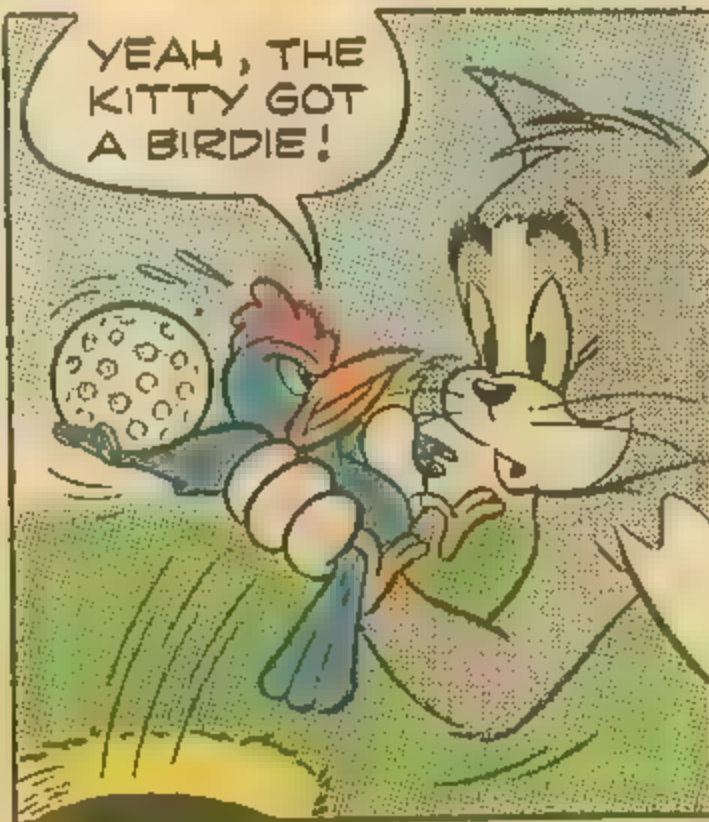
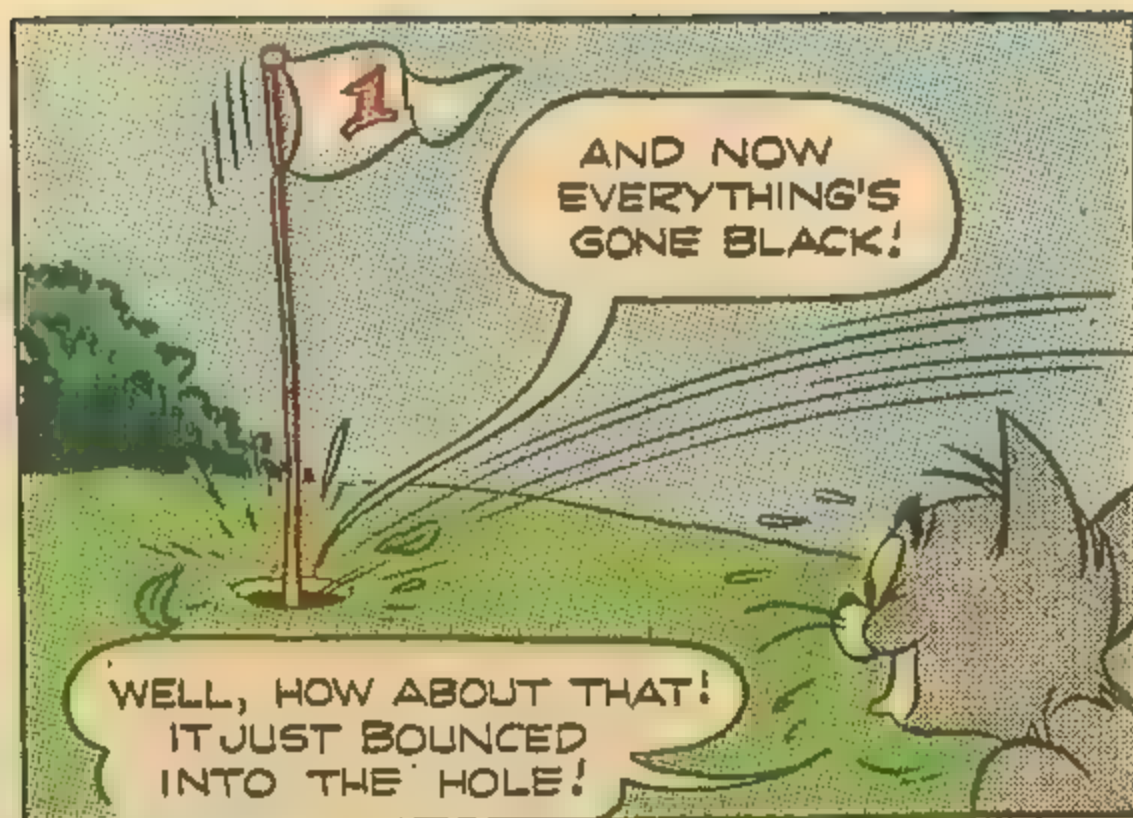
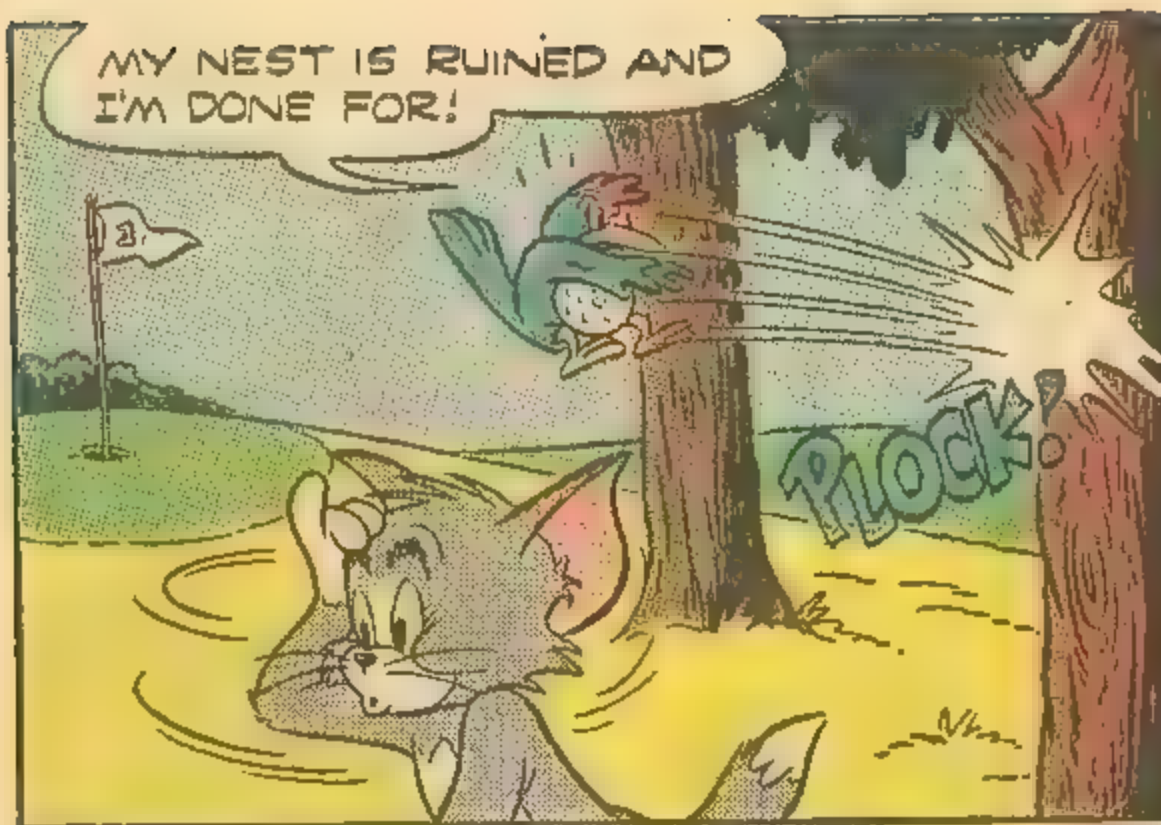


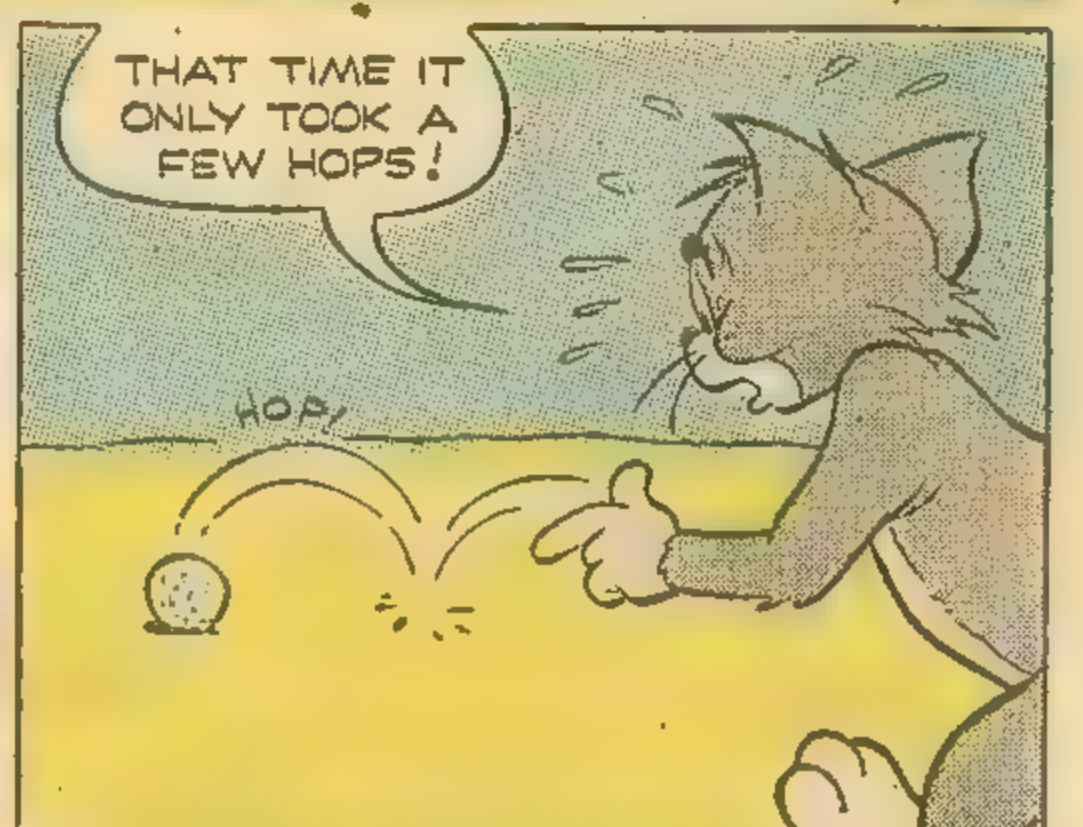
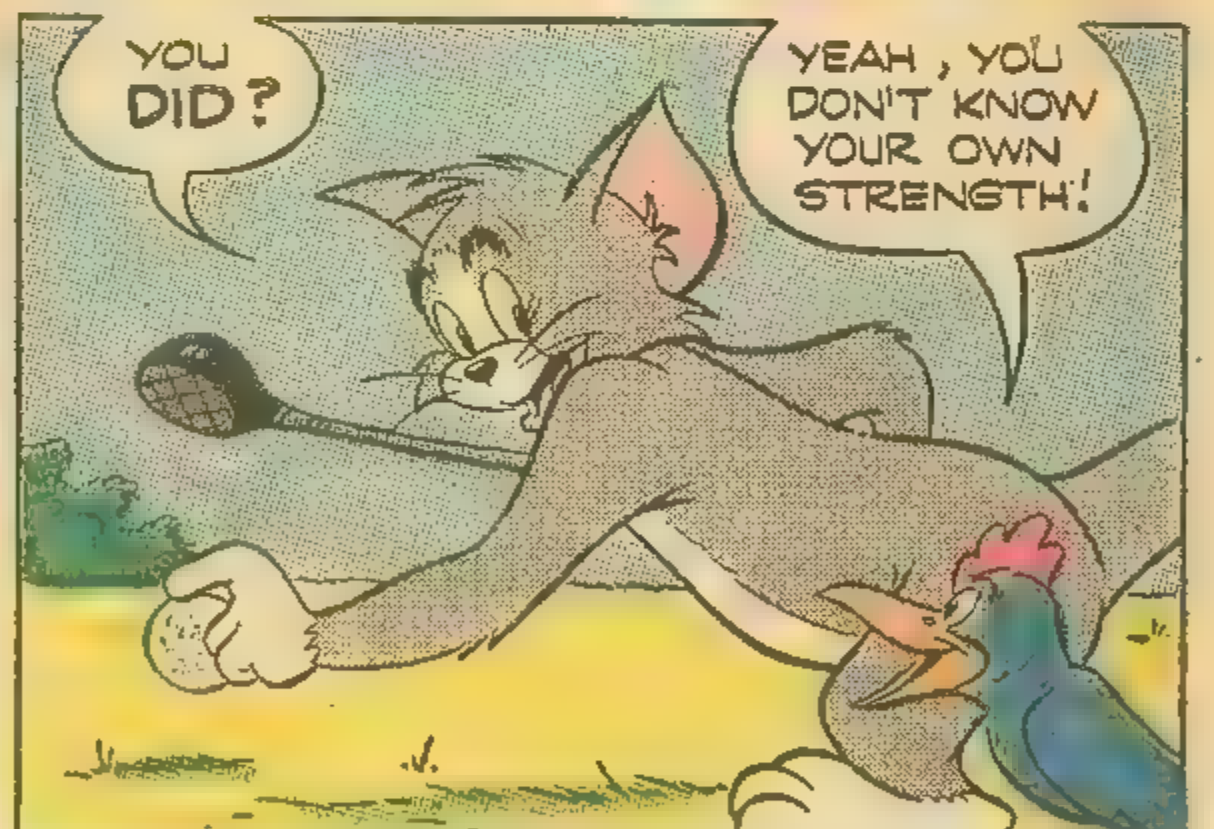
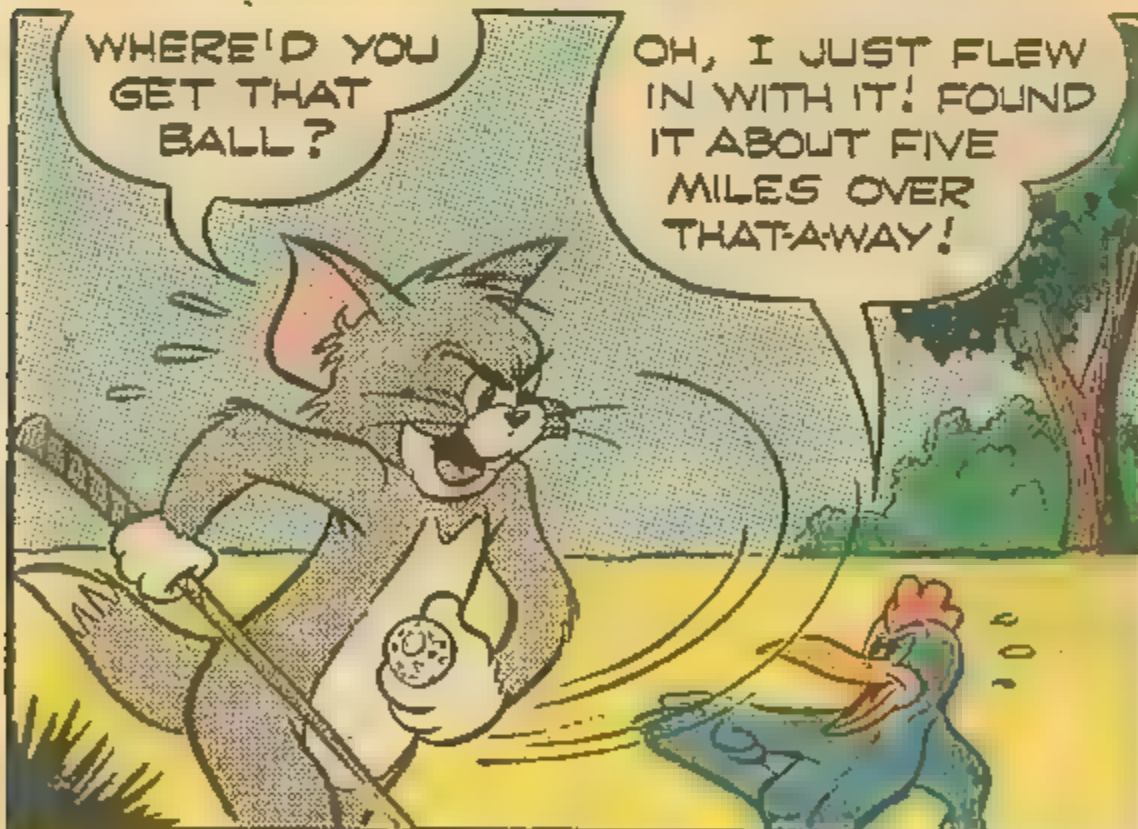
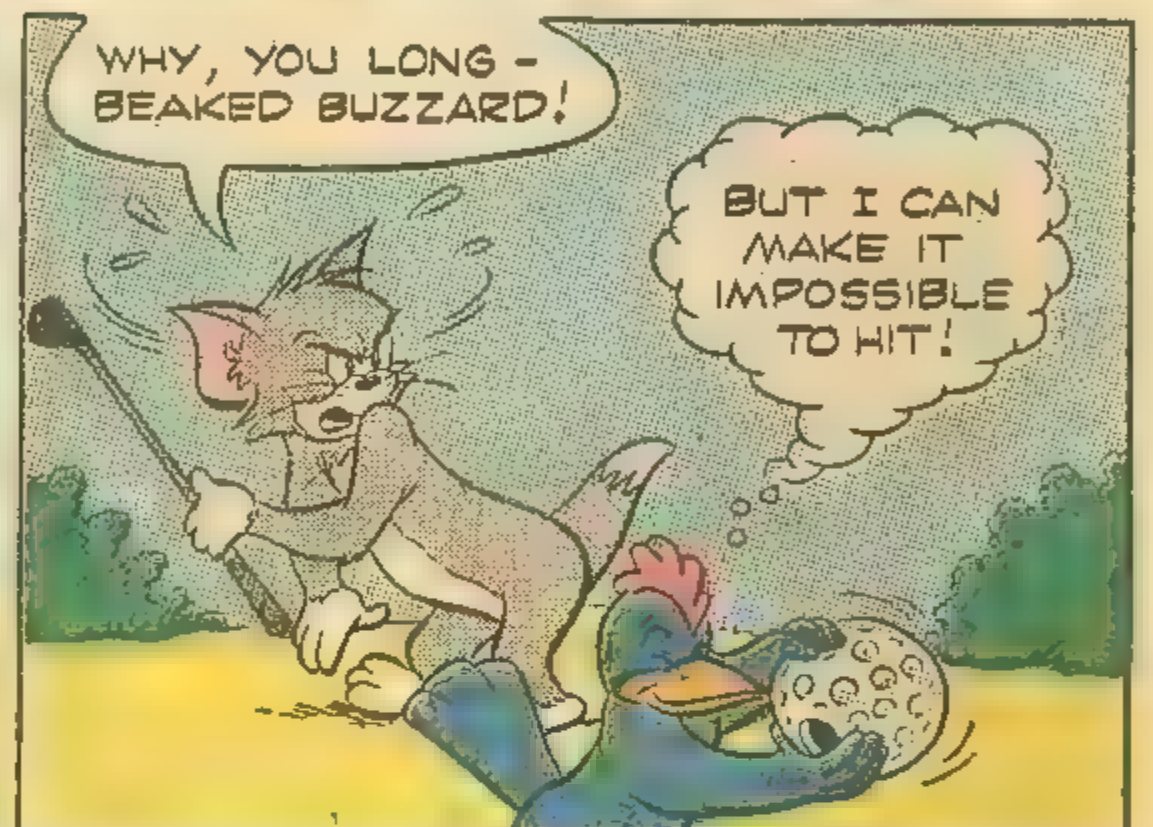
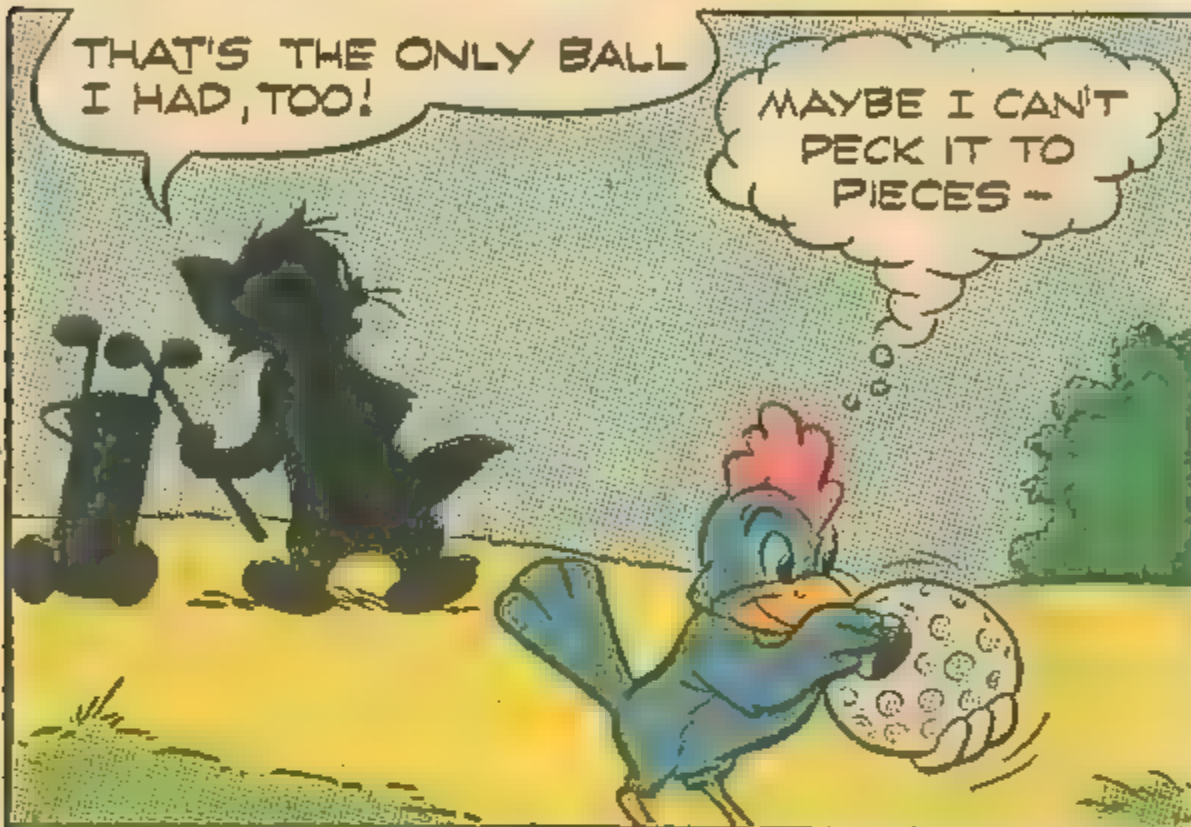
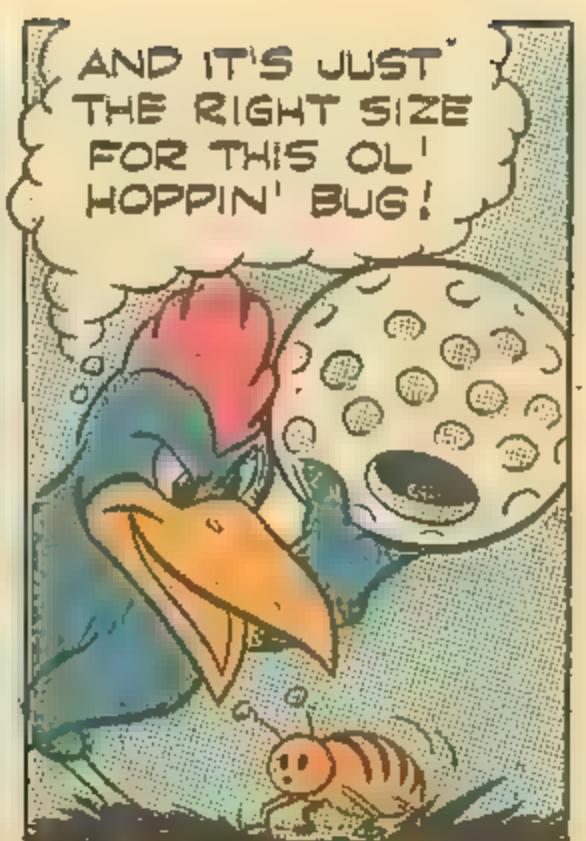
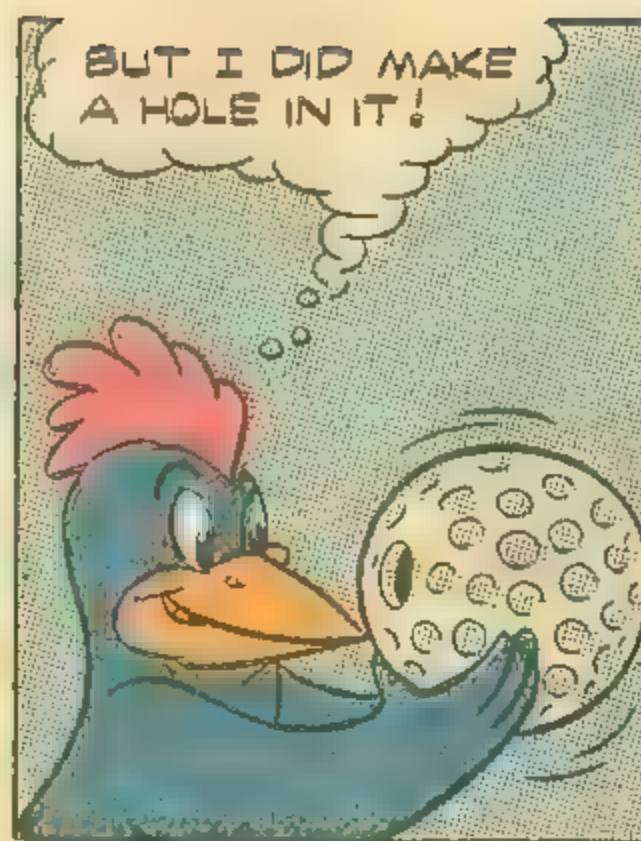
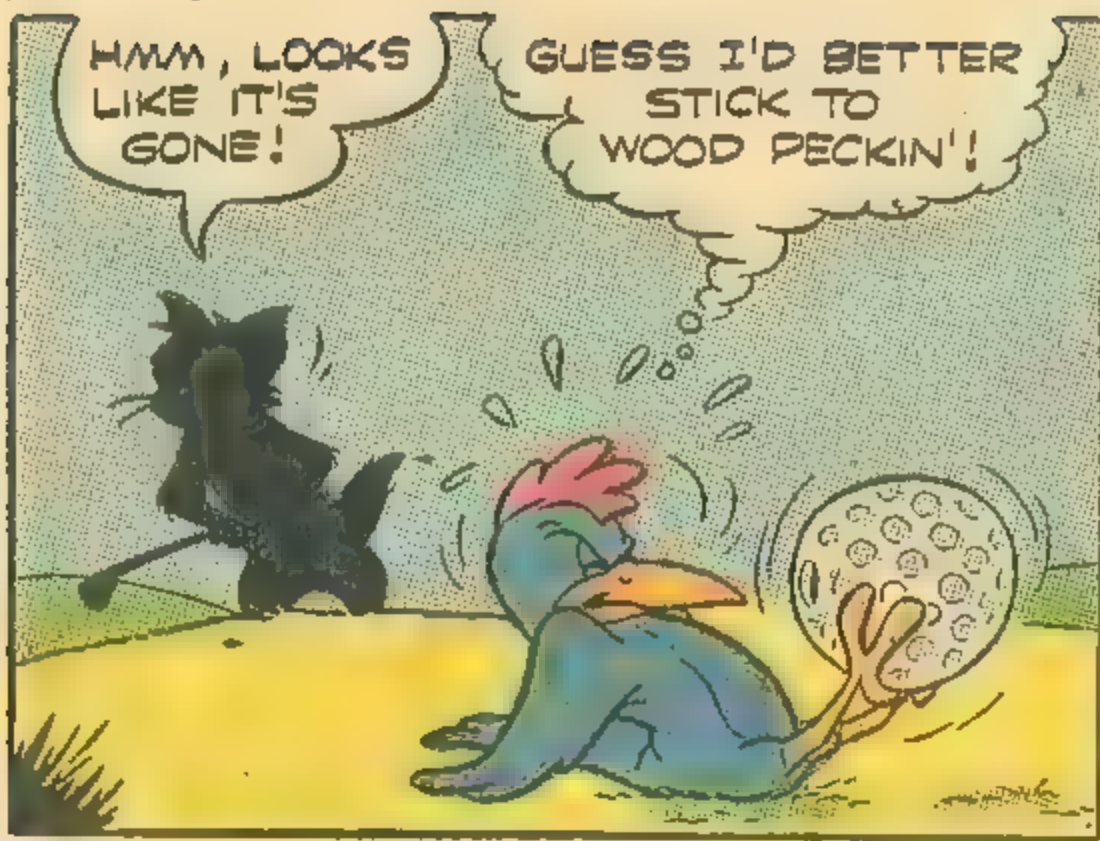


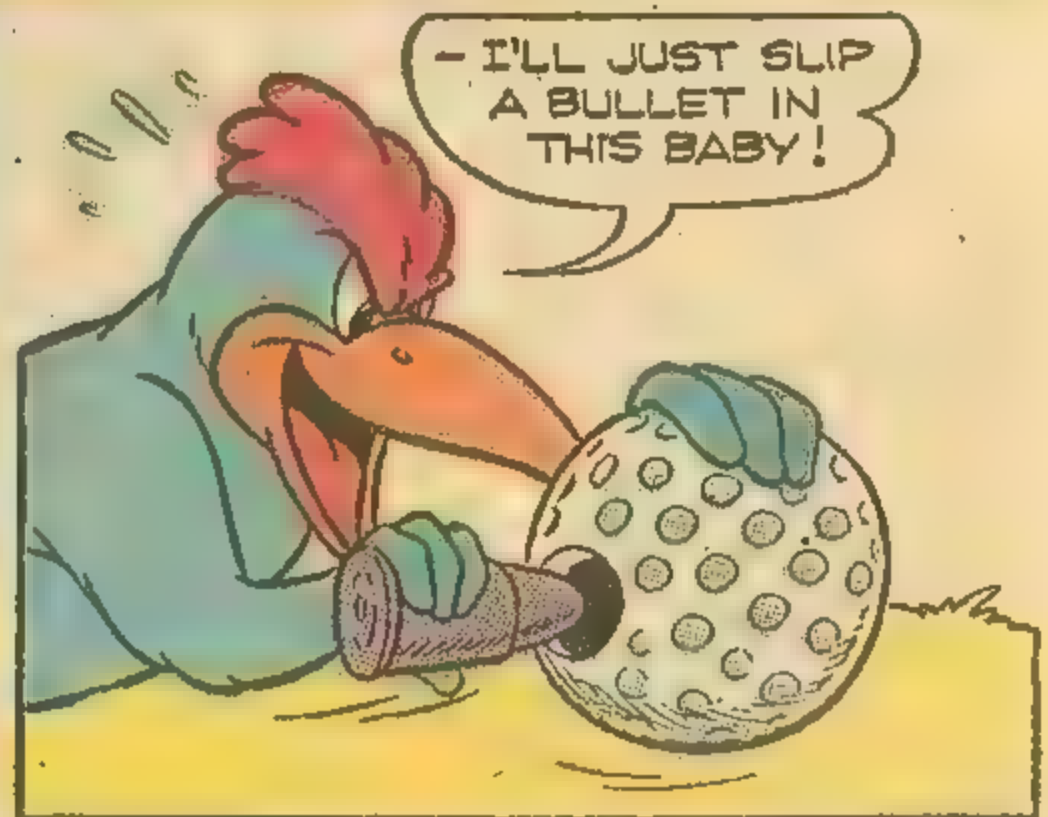
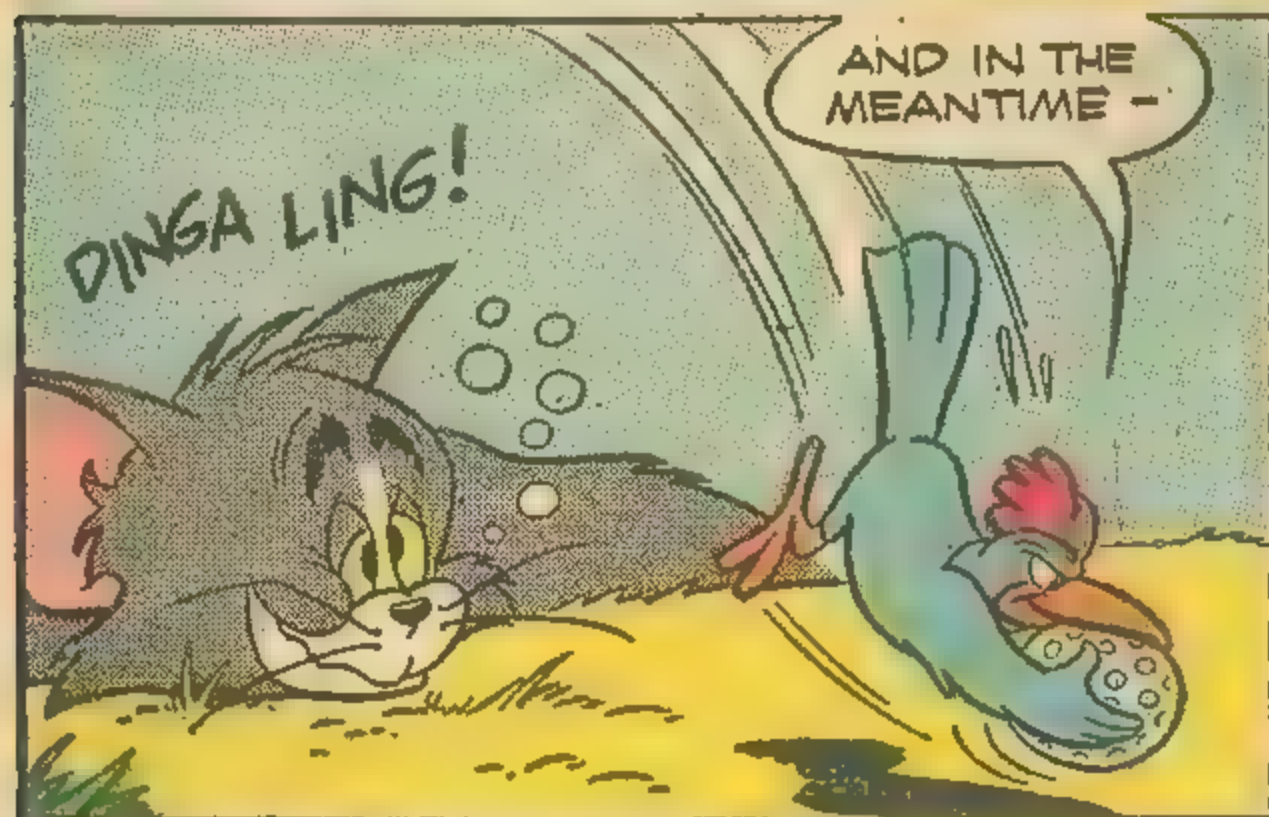
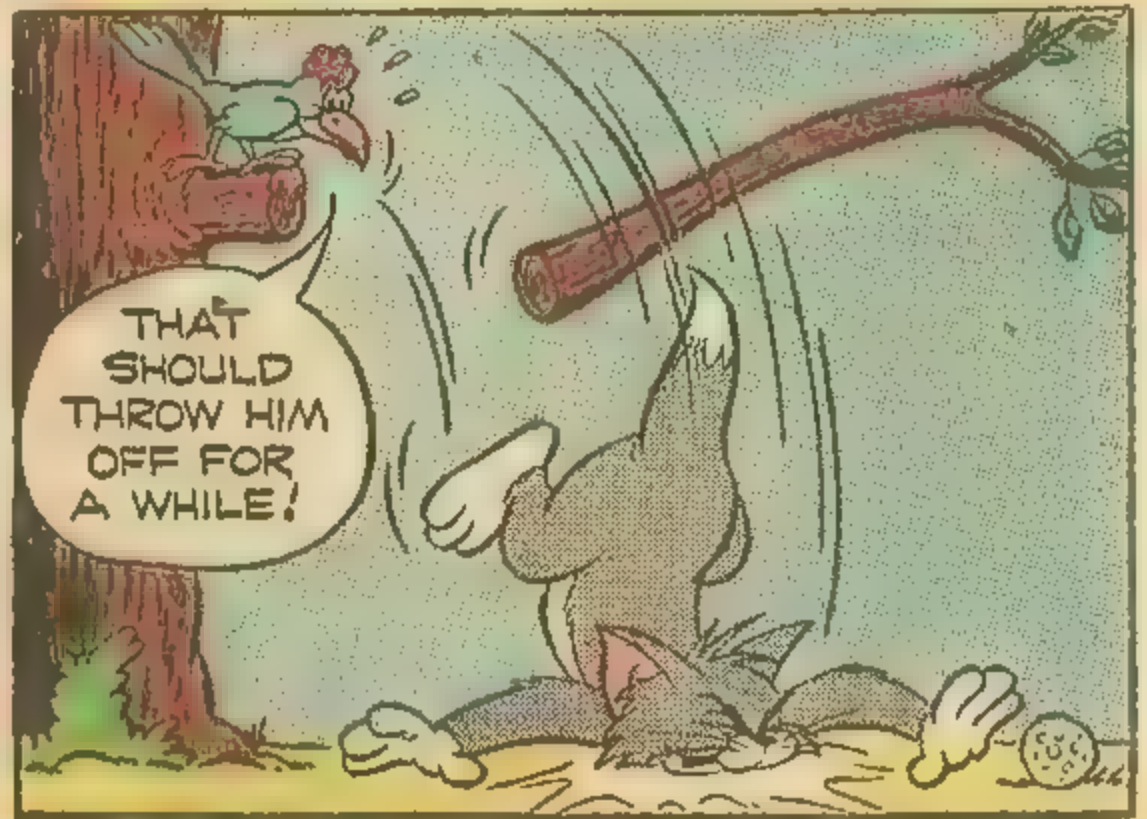
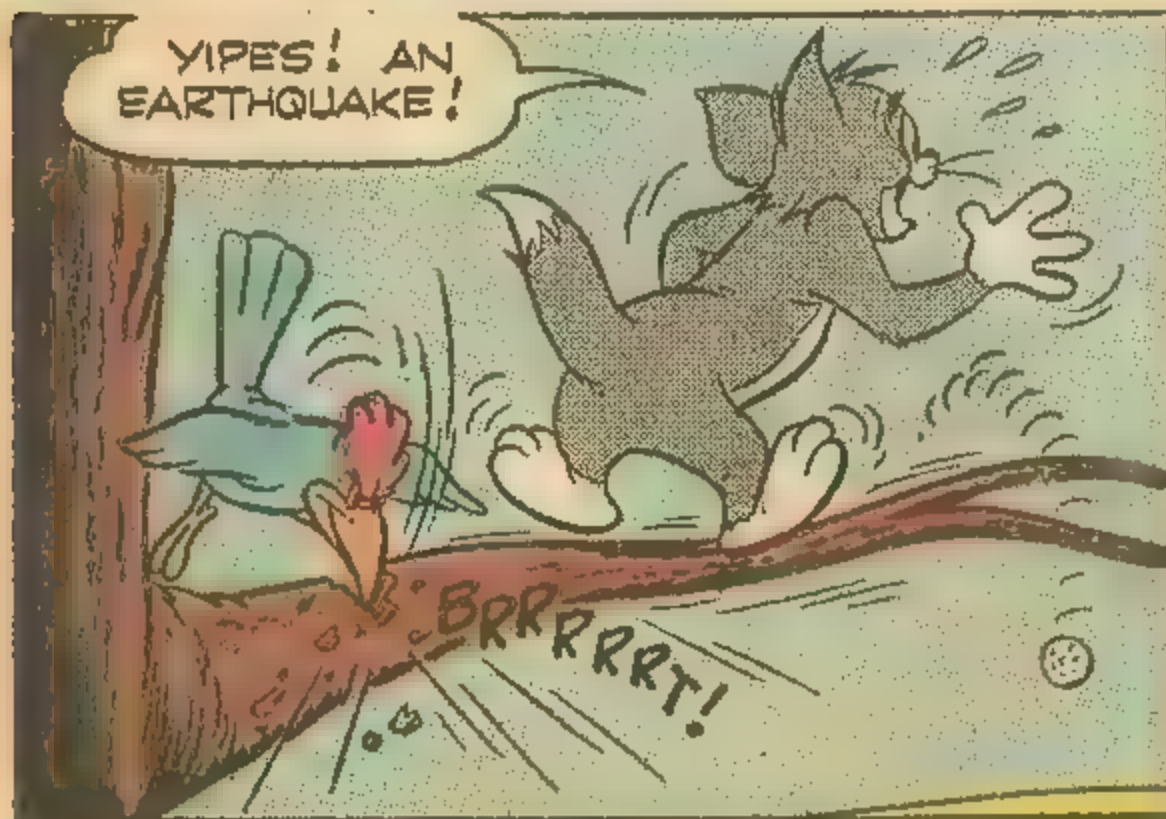
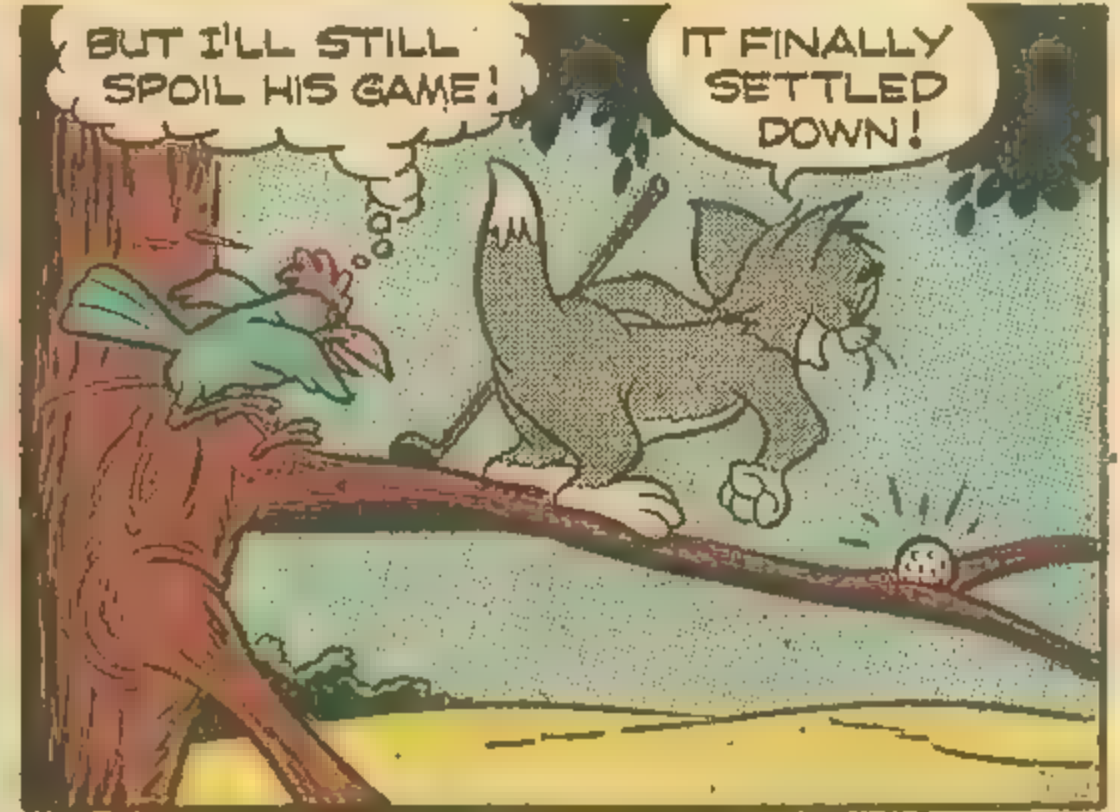
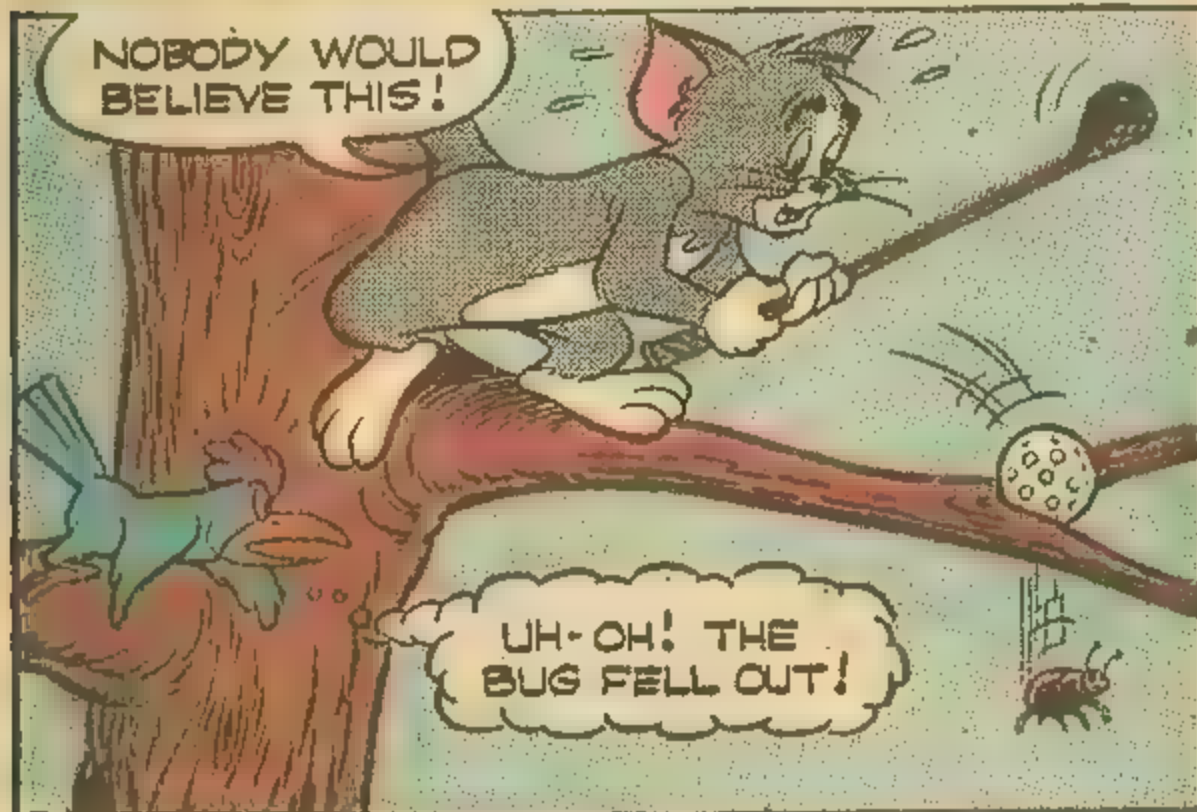
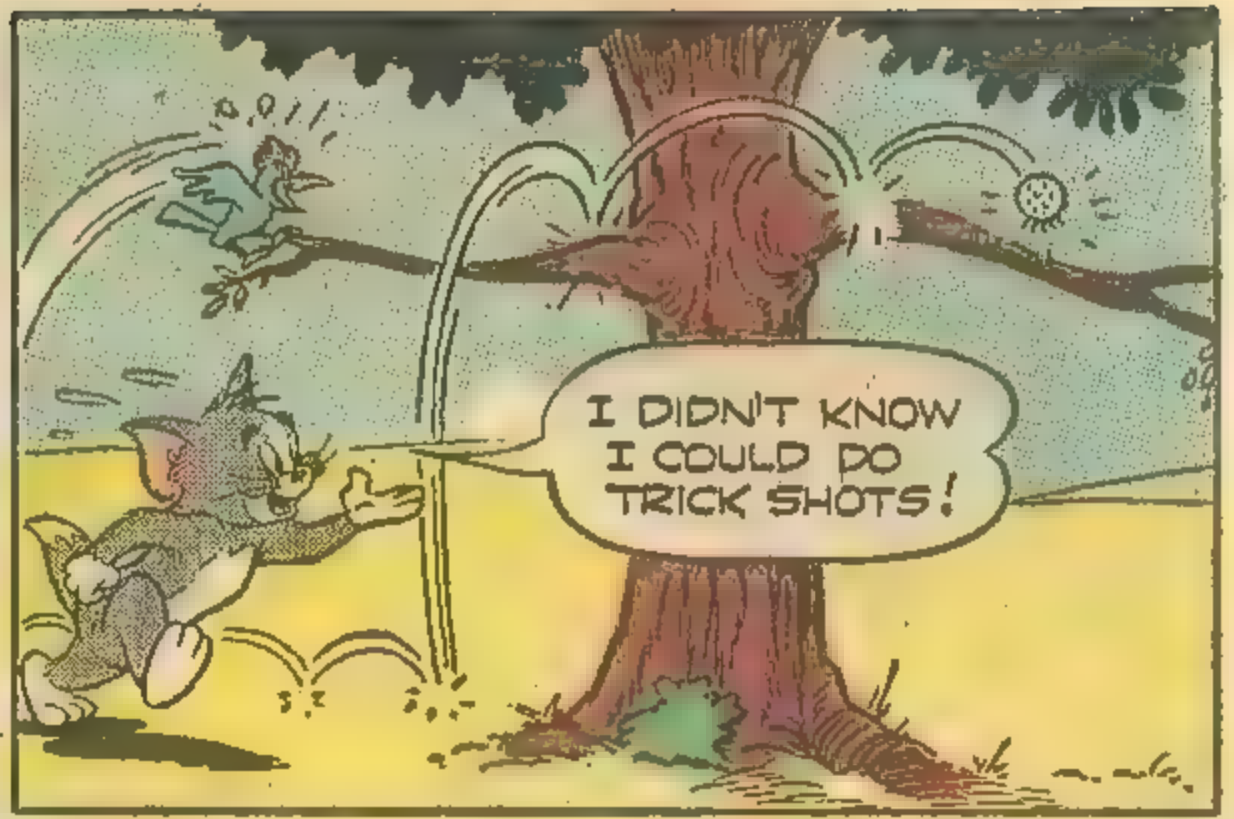
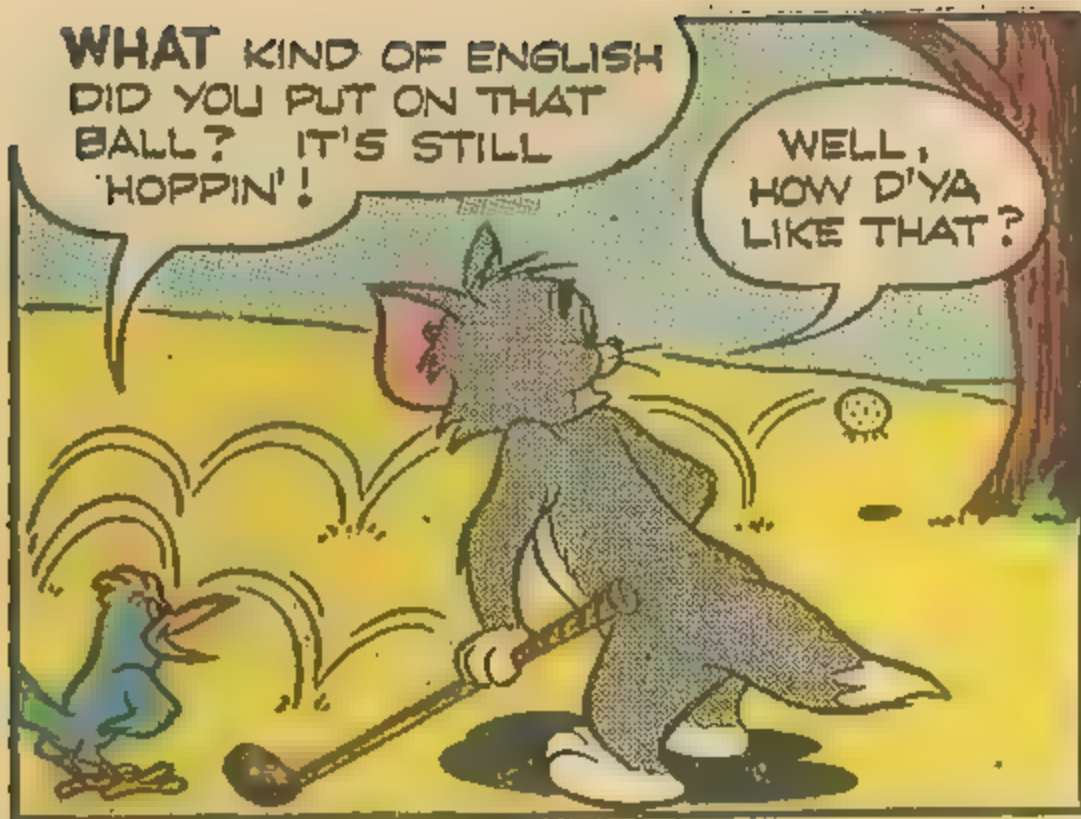


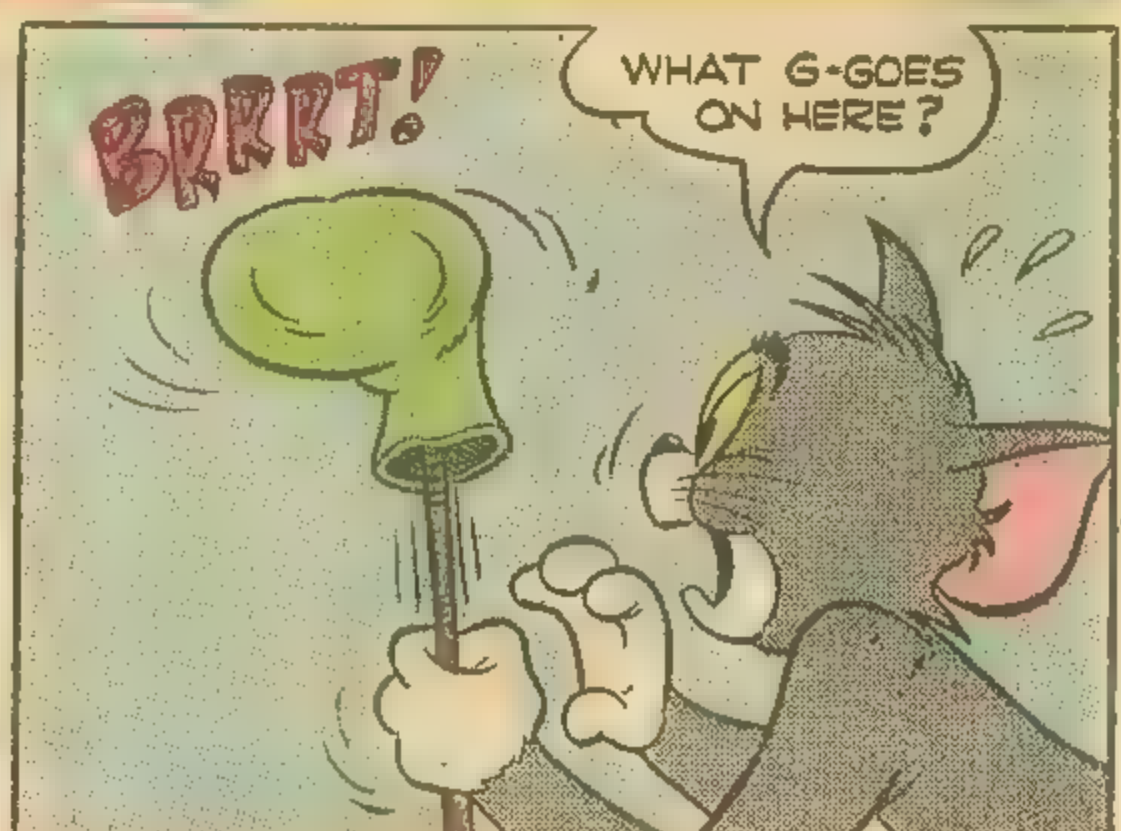
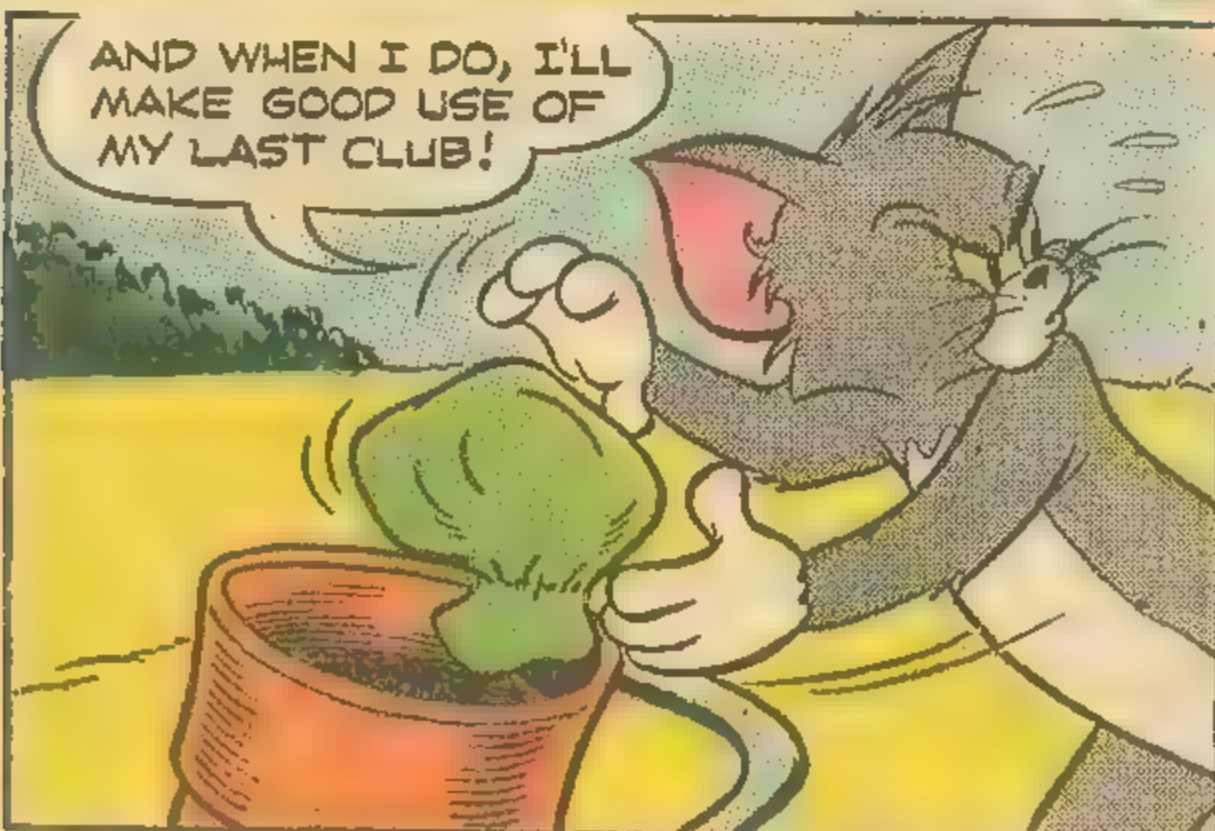
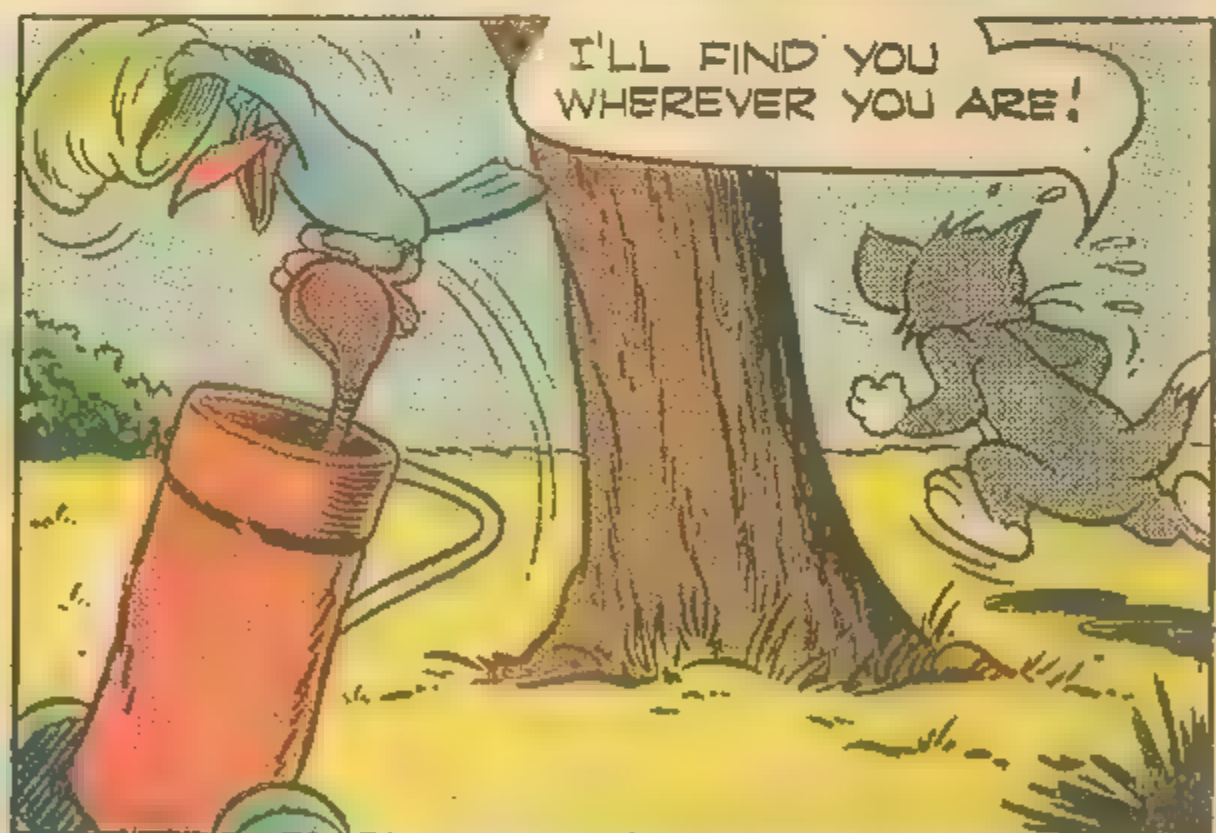
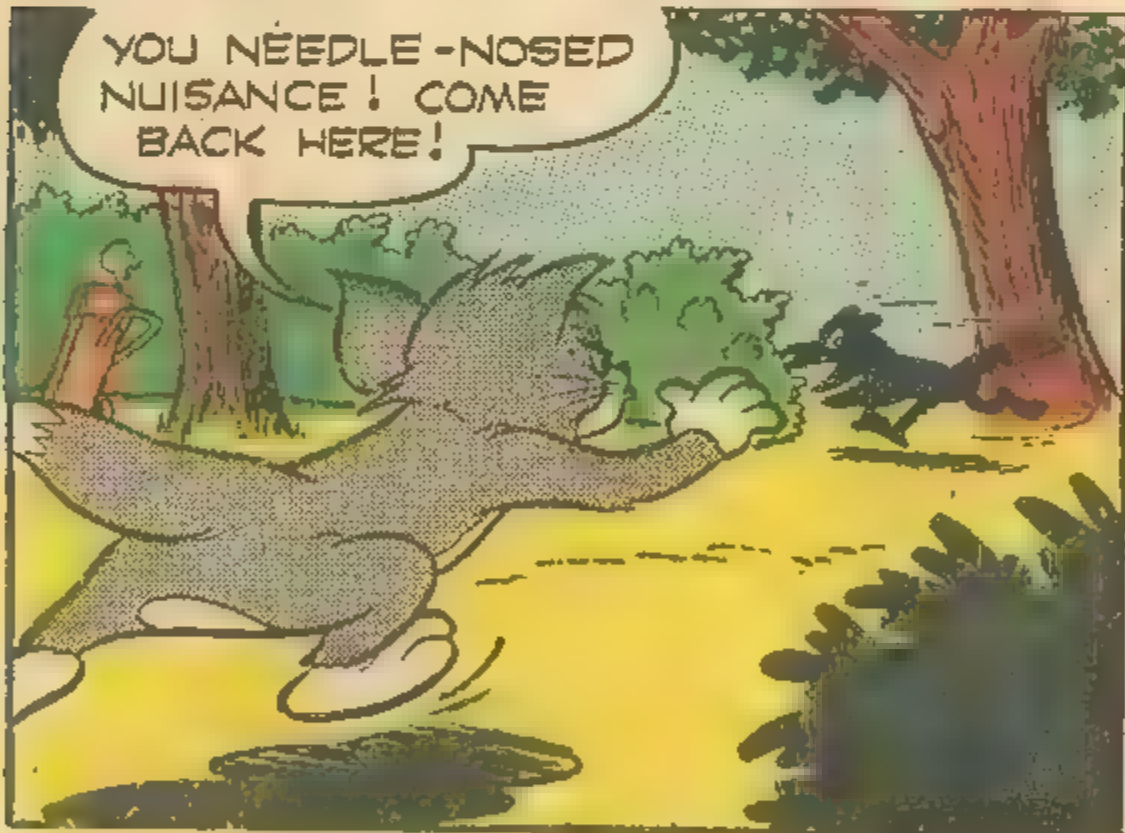
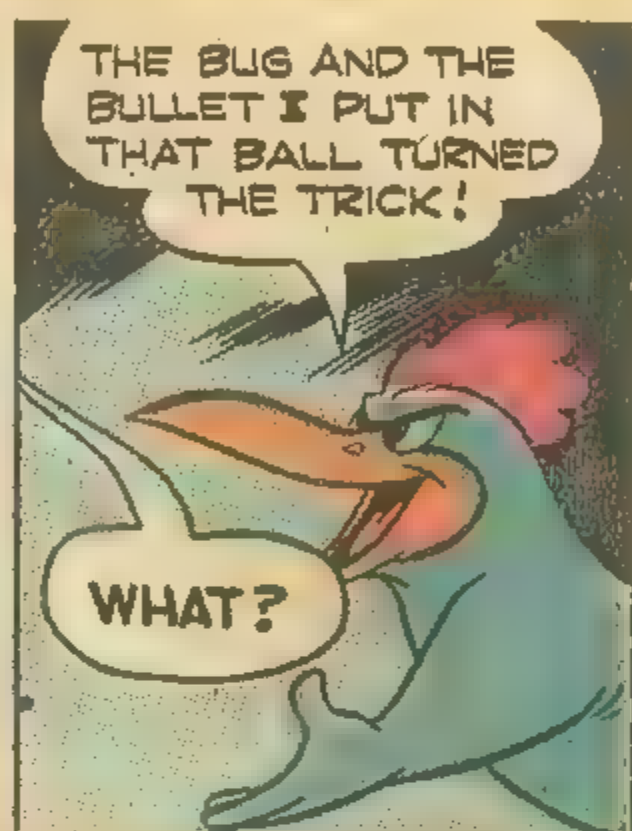
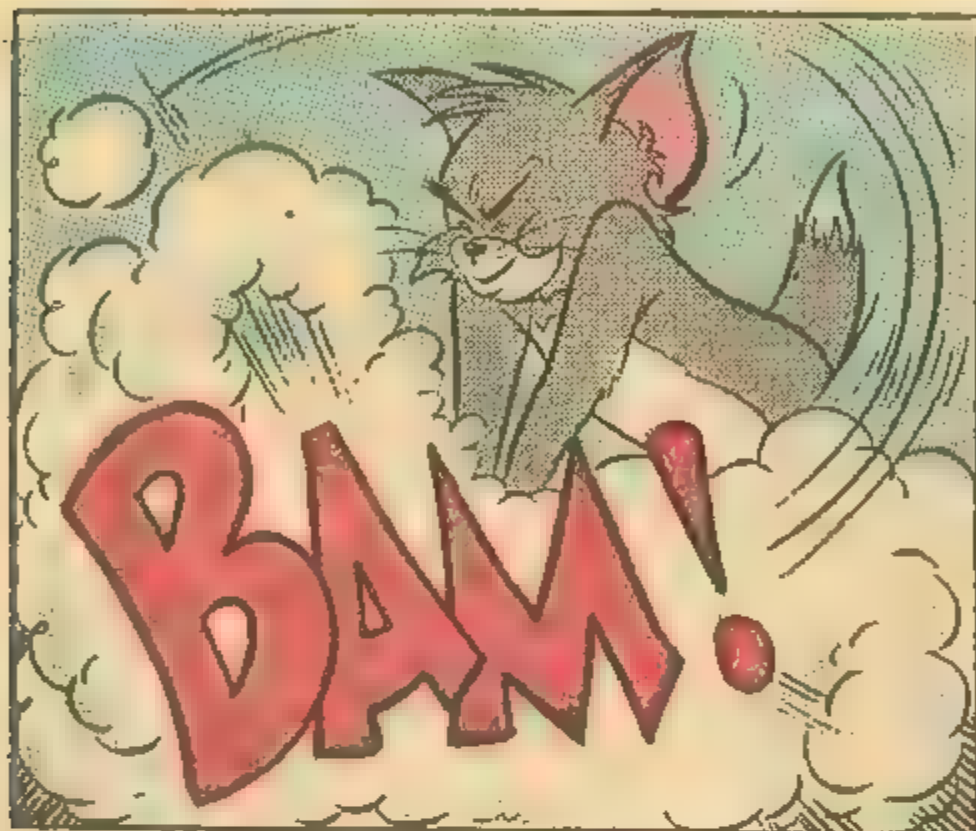
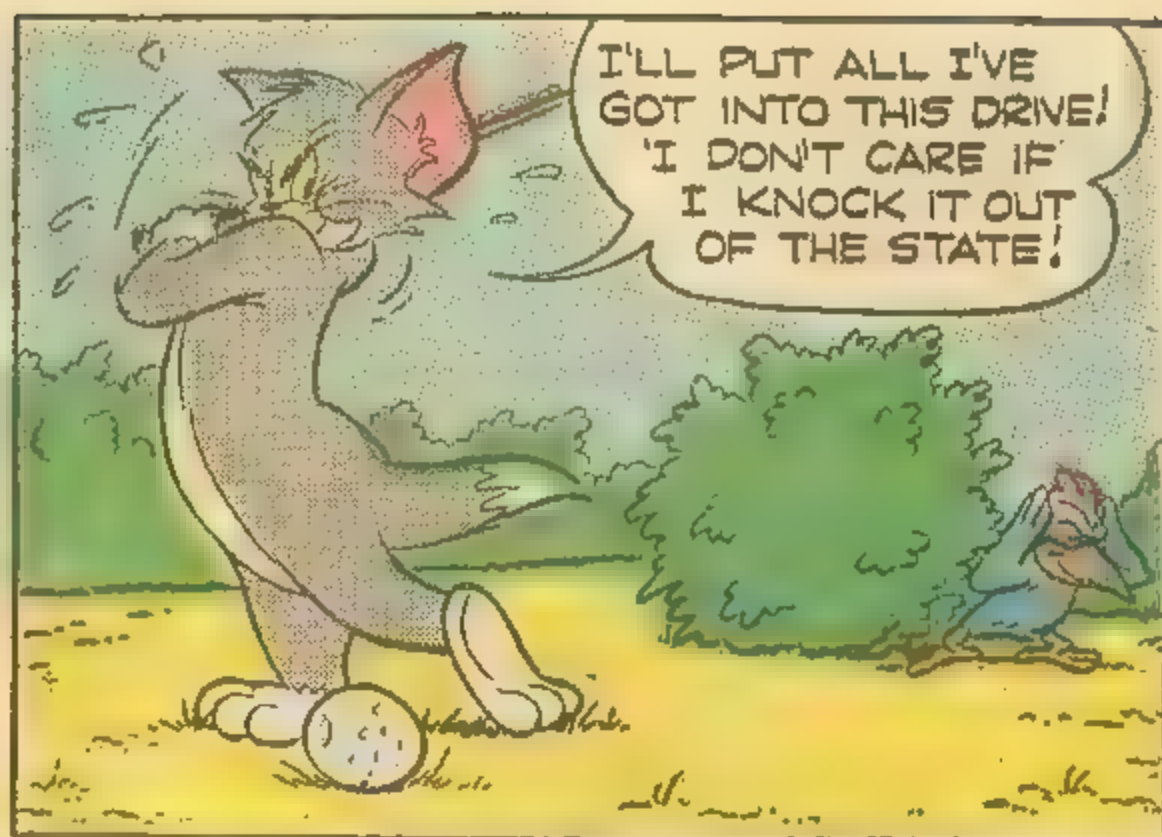
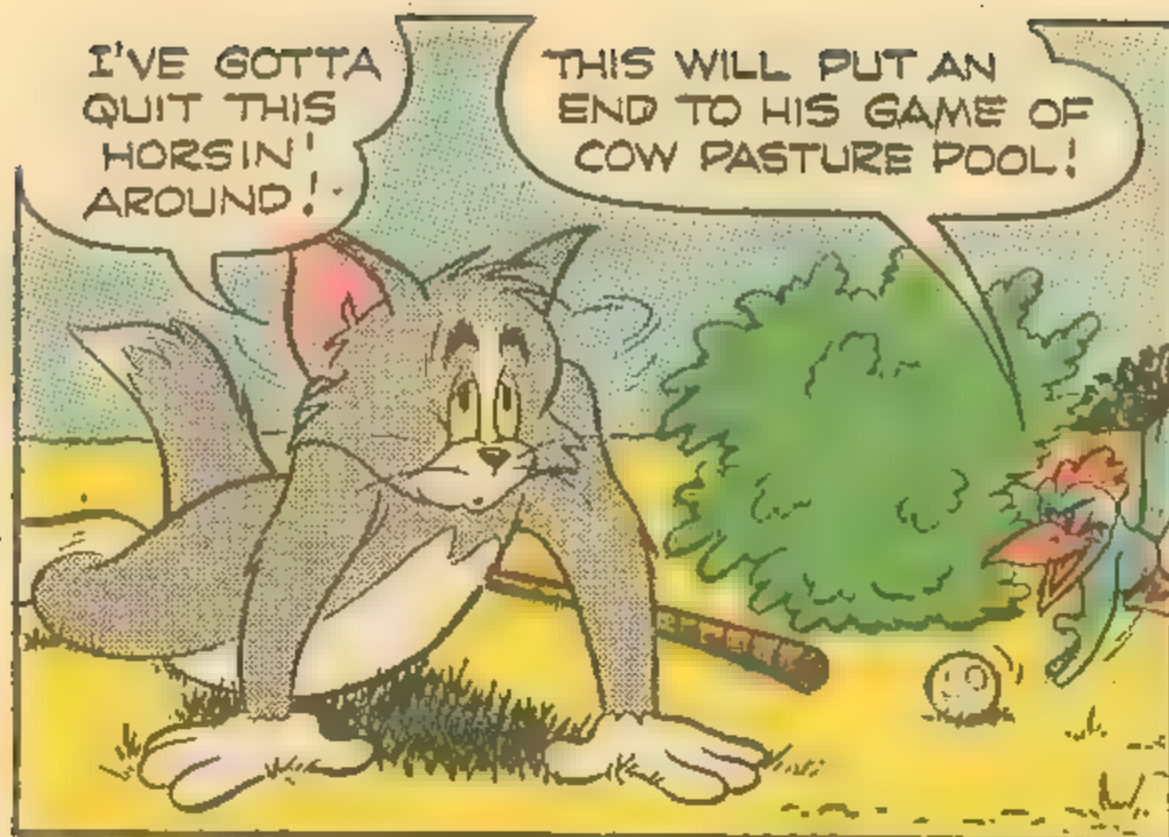


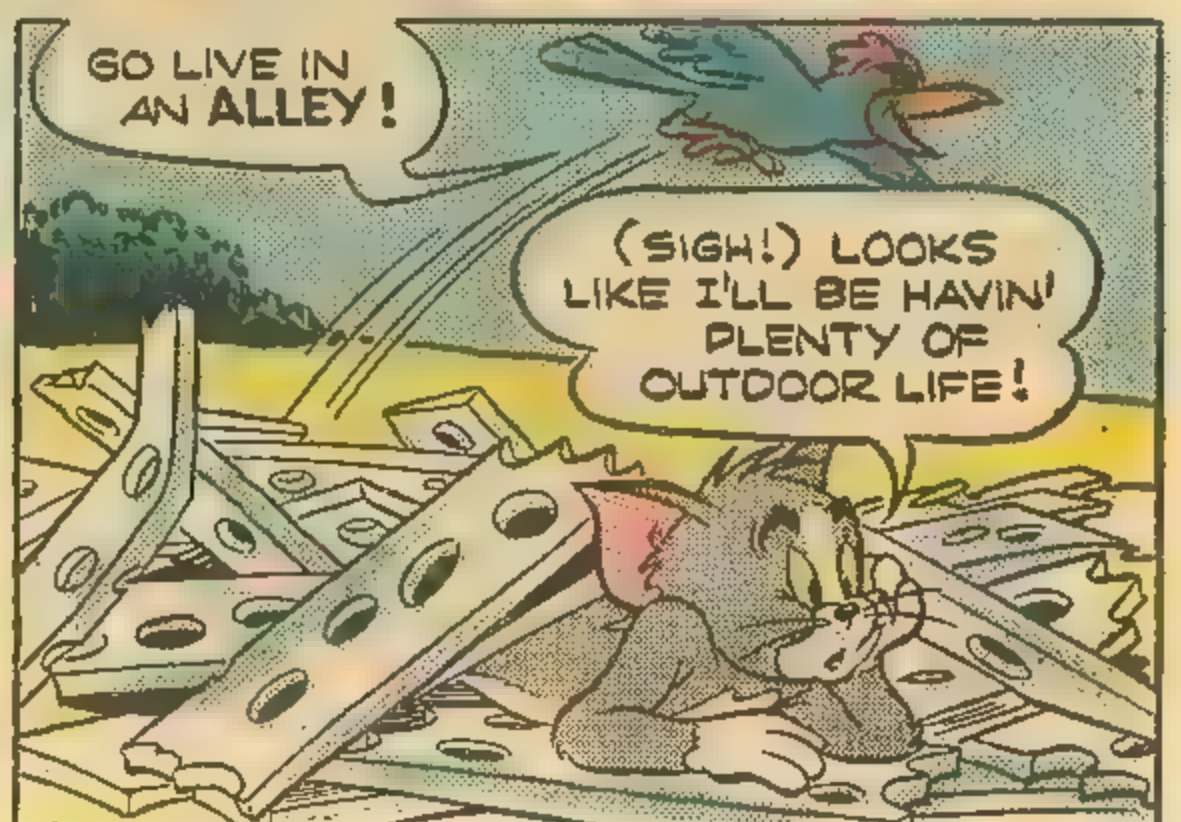
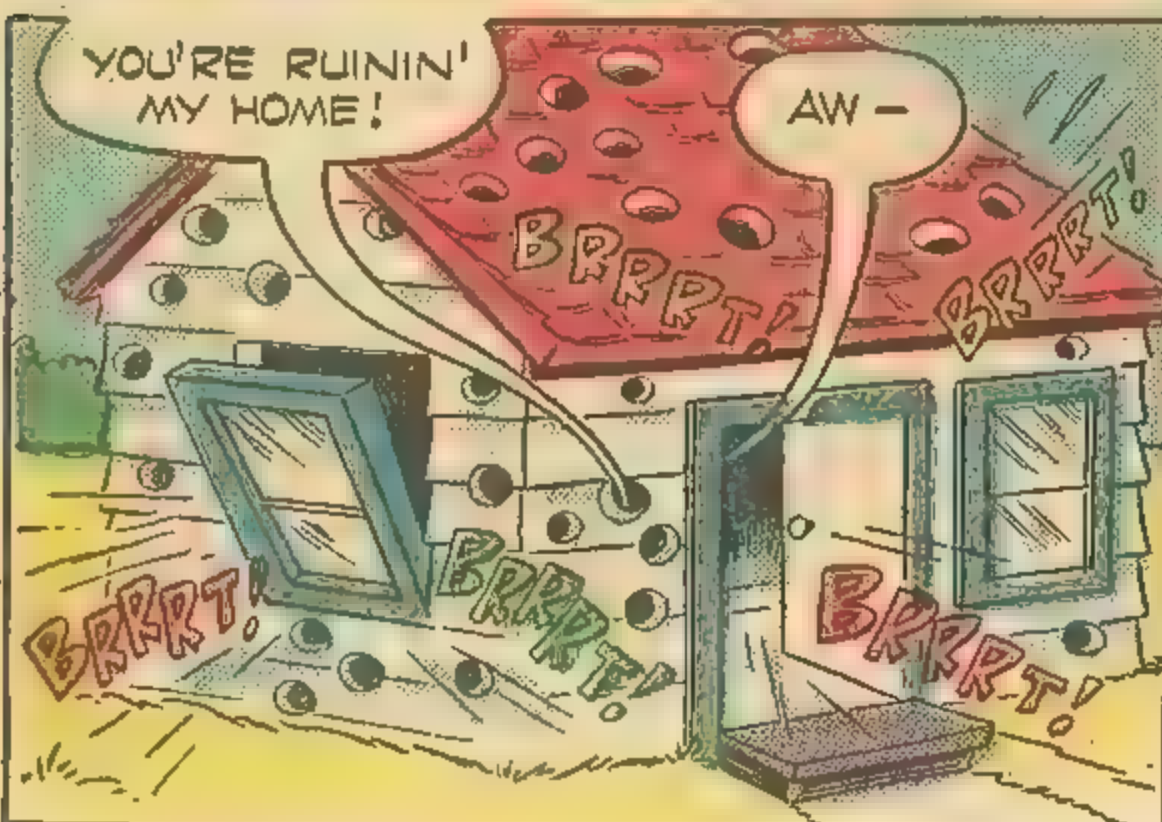
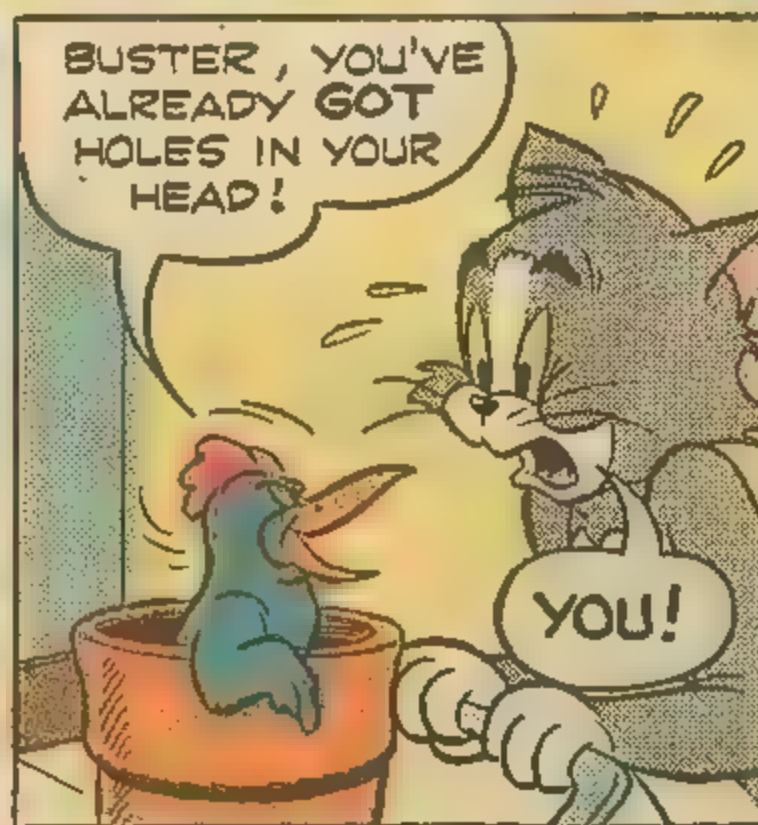
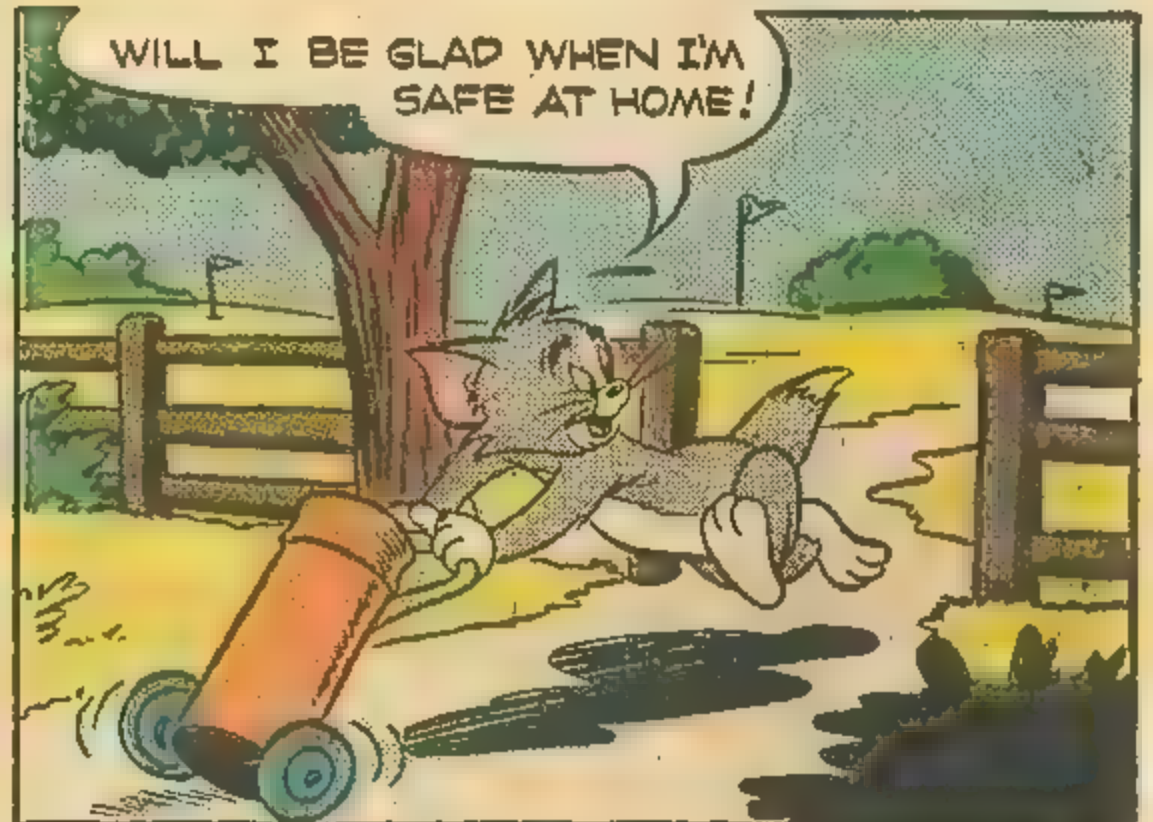
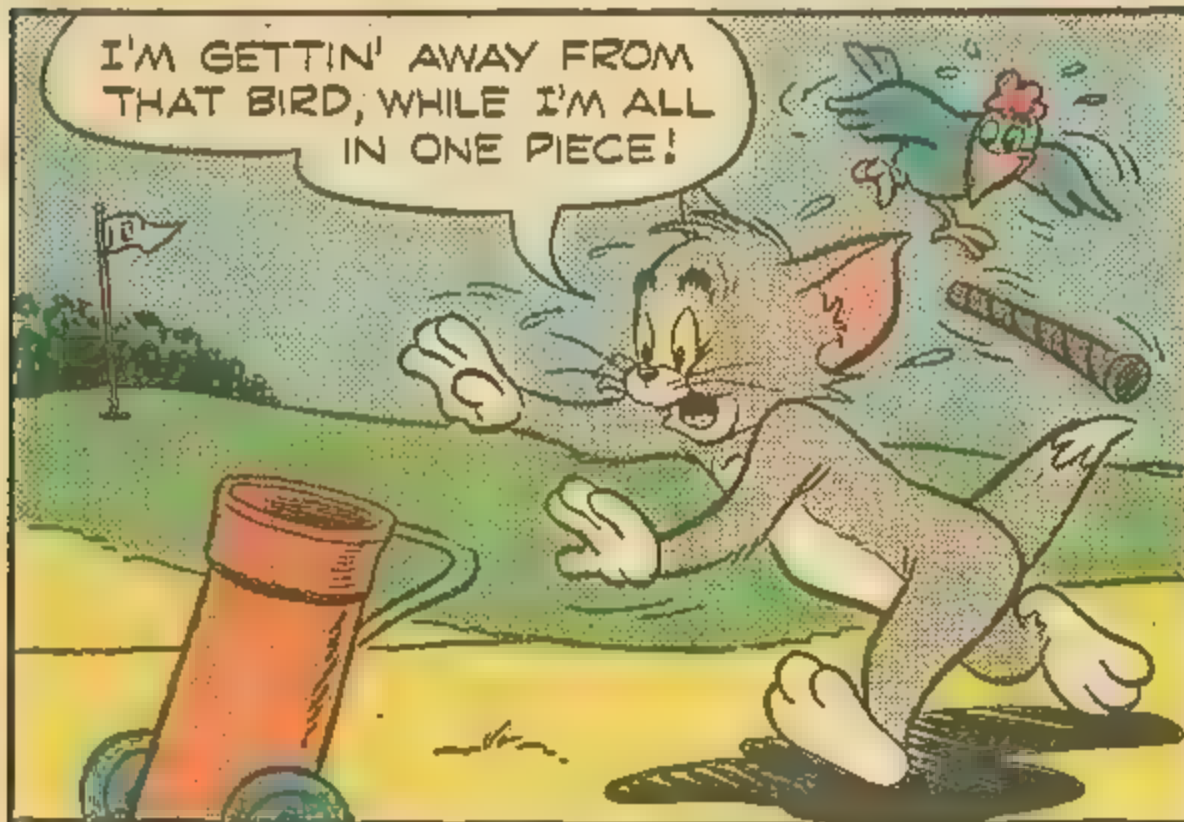
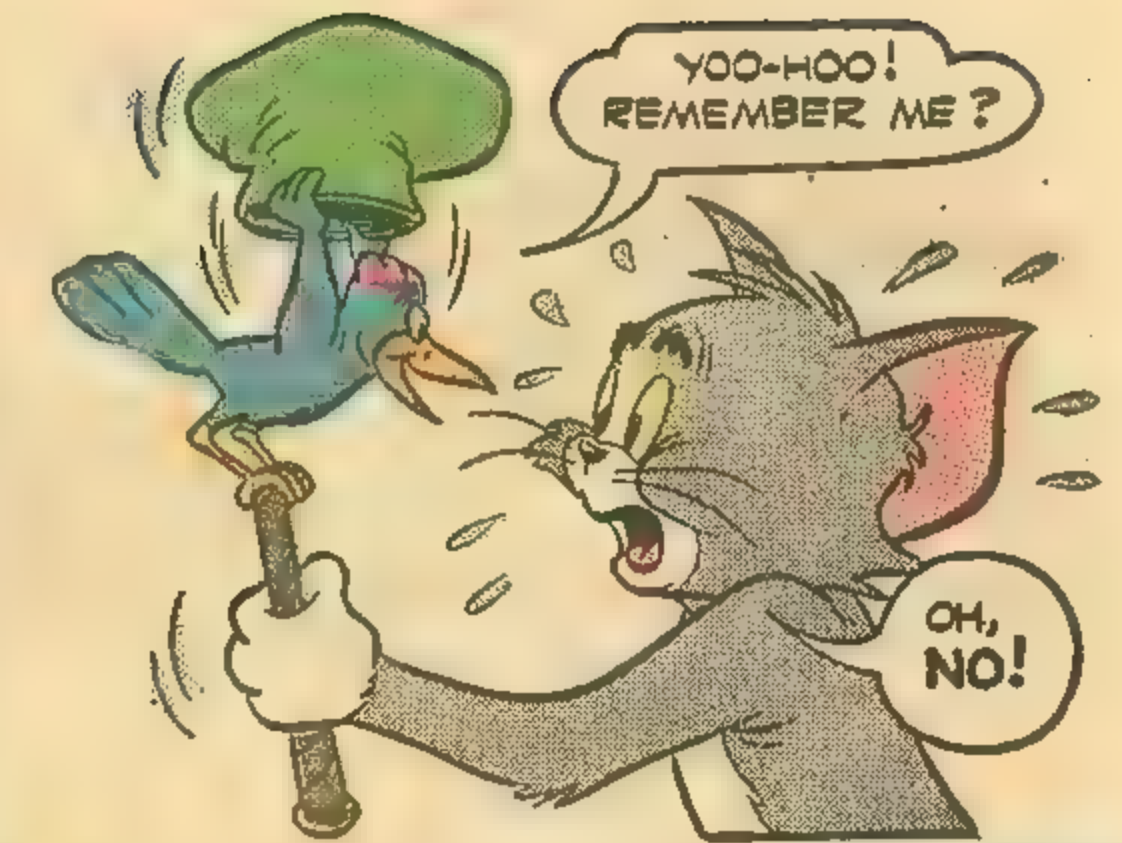
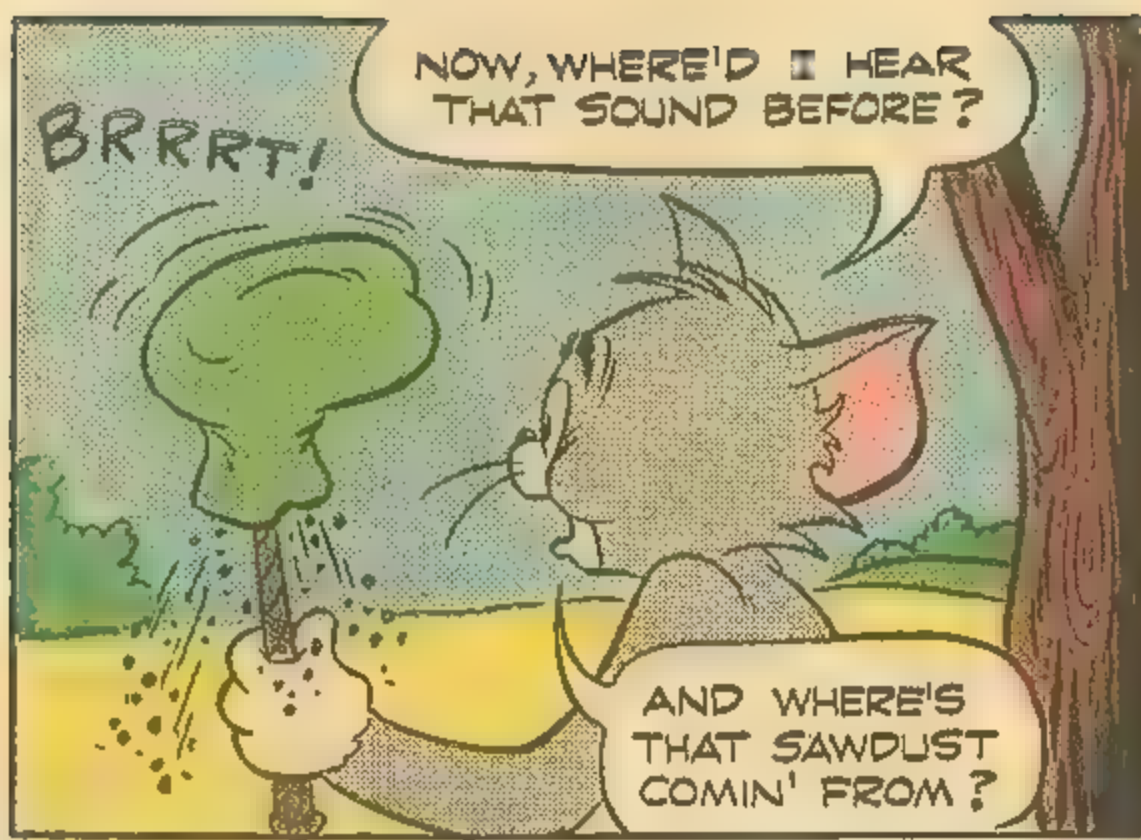








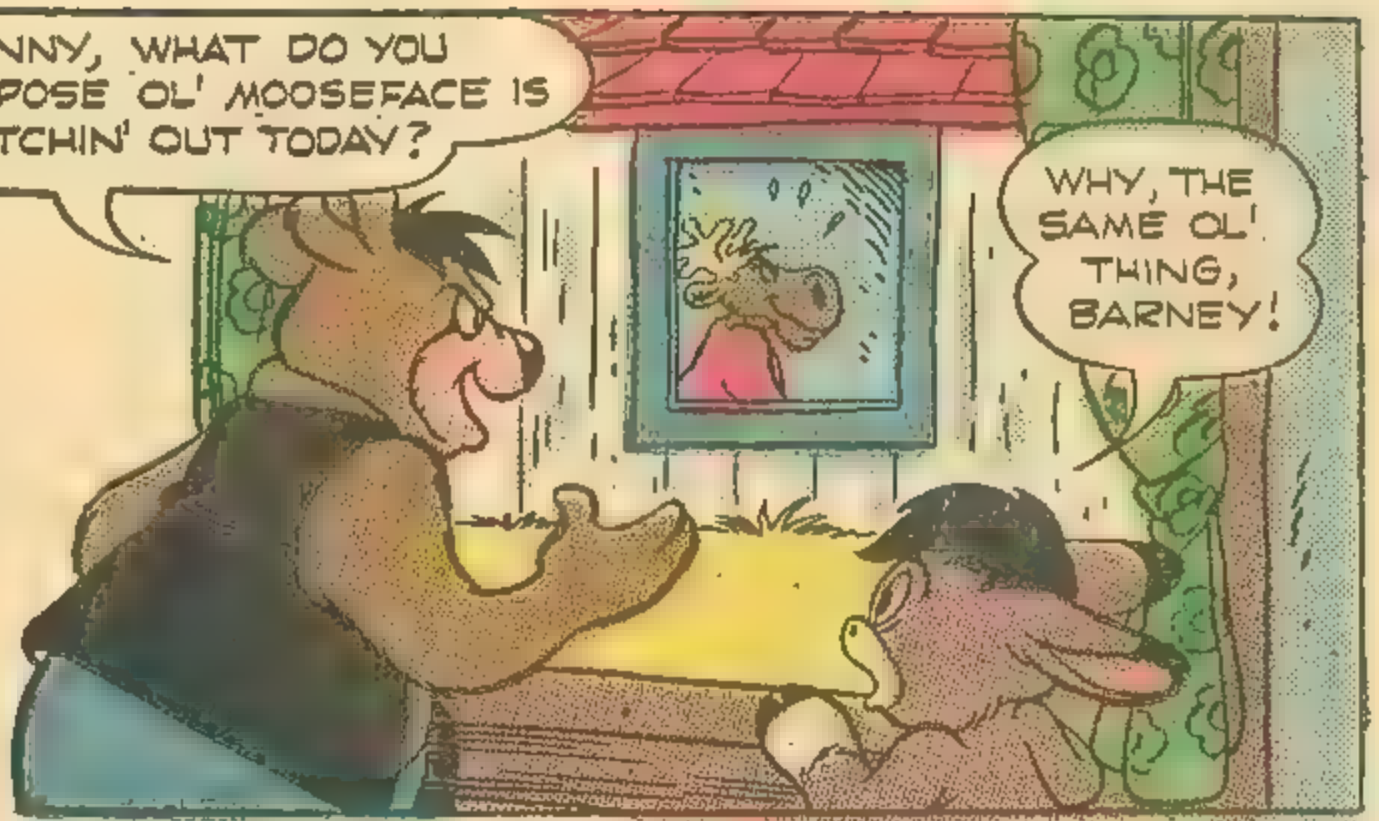




M-G-M CARTOONS
present
**BARNEY
BEAR**
and
BENNY BURRO

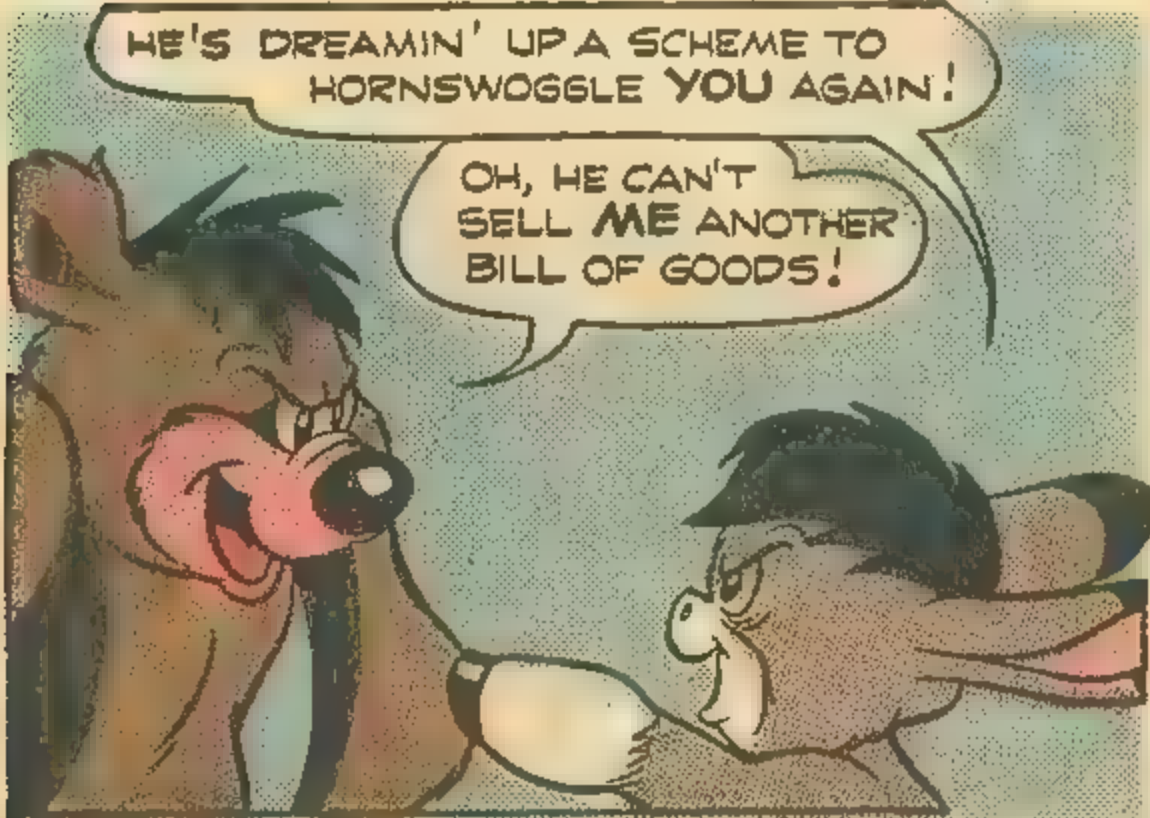
BENNY, WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE 'OL' MOOSEFACE IS
HATCHIN' OUT TODAY?

WHY, THE
SAME 'OL'
THING,
BARNEY!



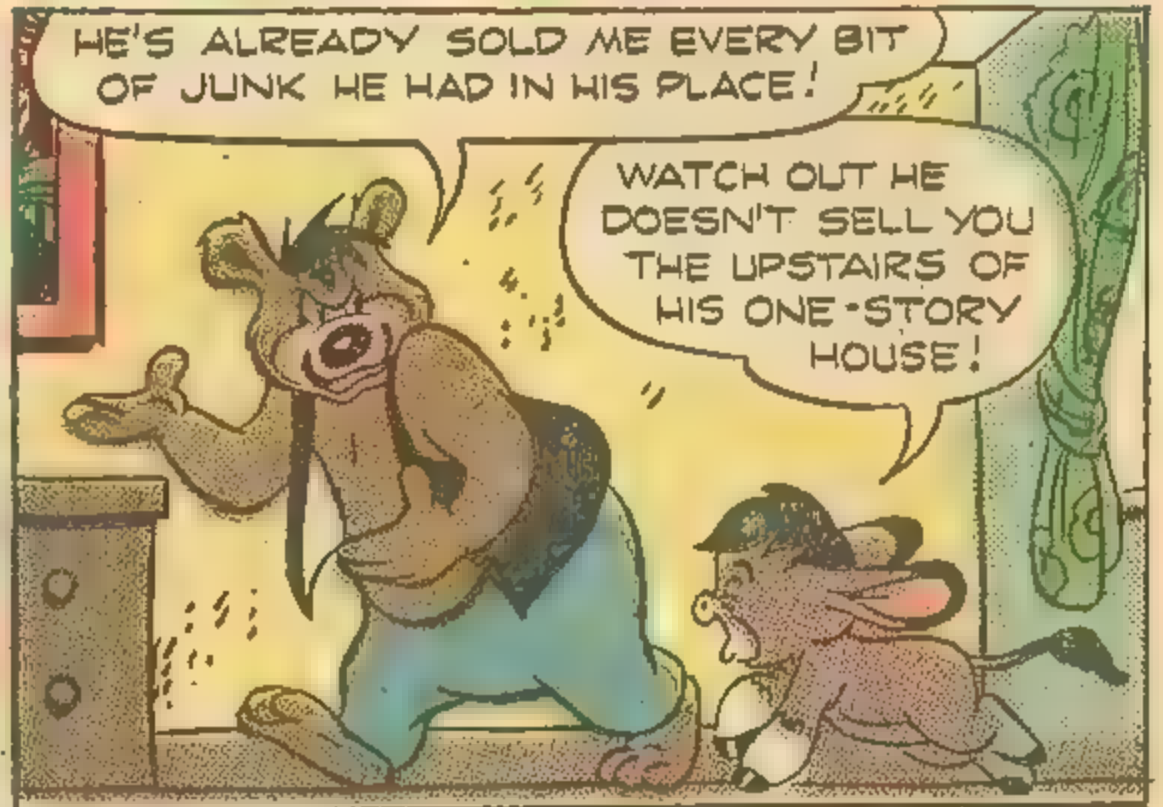
HE'S DREAMIN' UP A SCHEME TO
HORNSWOGGLE YOU AGAIN!

OH, HE CAN'T
SELL ME ANOTHER
BILL OF GOODS!



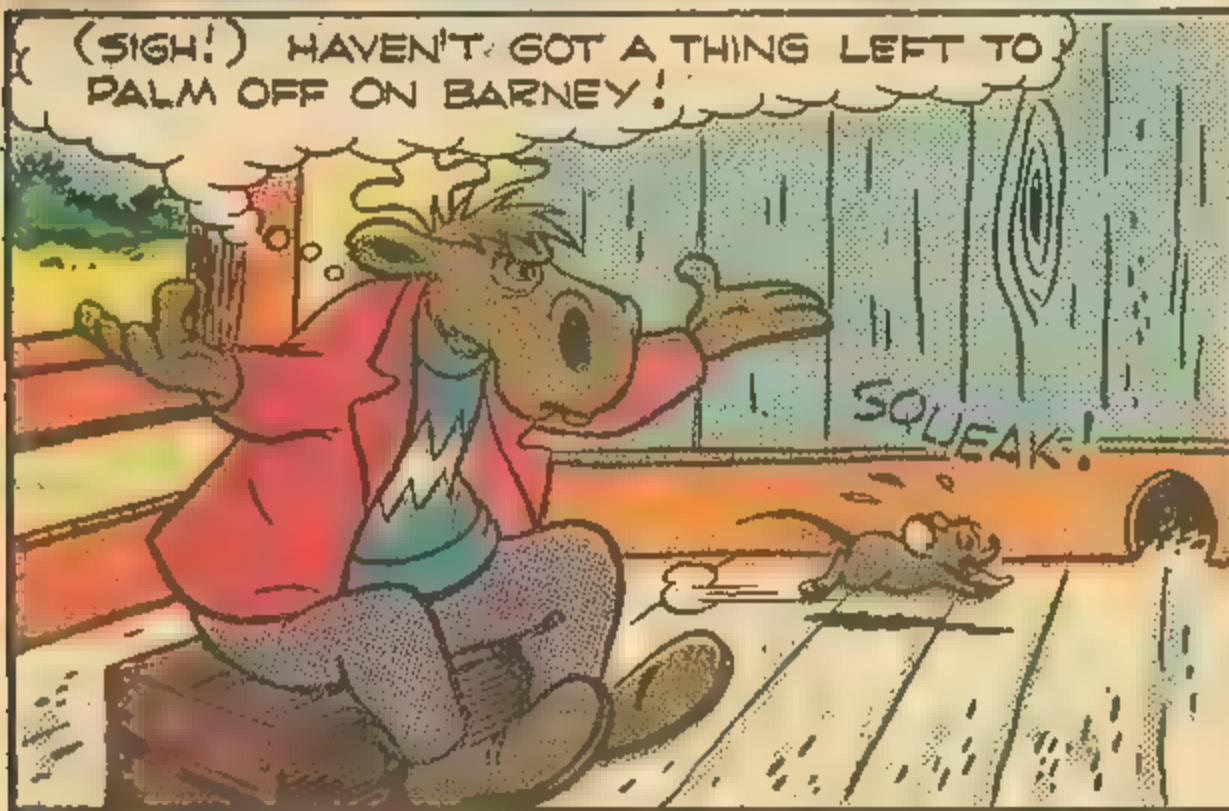
HE'S ALREADY SOLD ME EVERY BIT
OF JUNK HE HAD IN HIS PLACE!

WATCH OUT HE
DOESN'T SELL YOU
THE UPSTAIRS OF
HIS ONE-STORY
HOUSE!

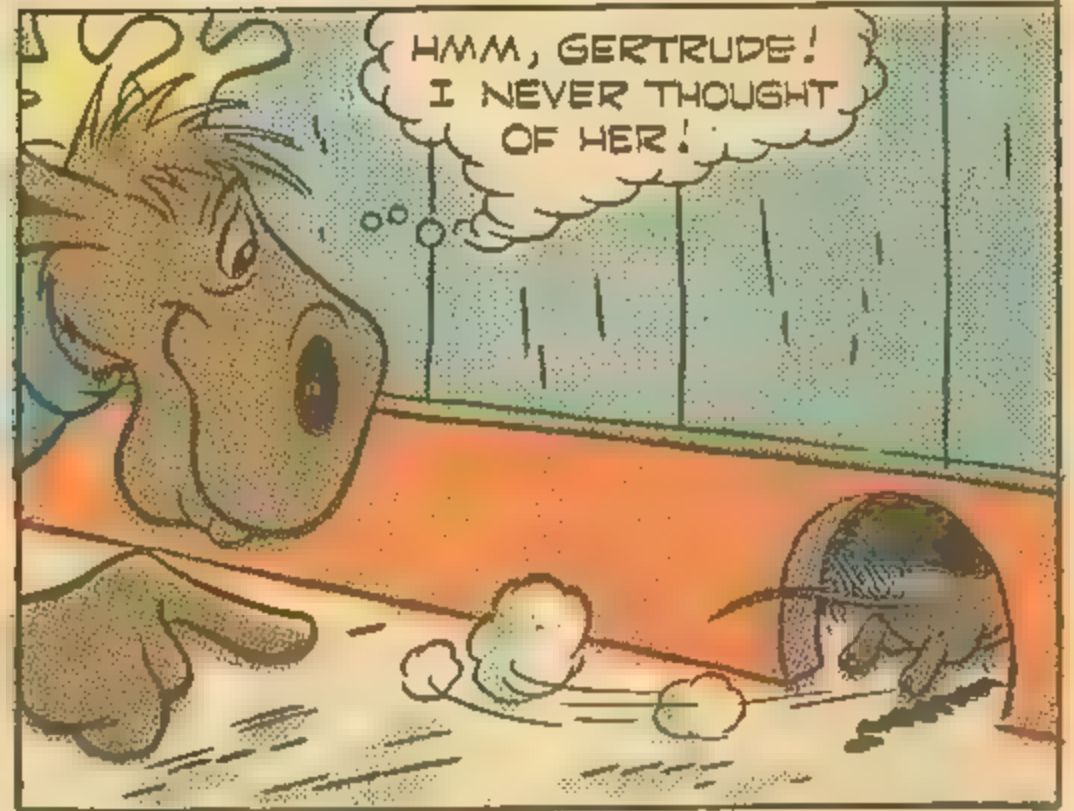


(SIGH!) HAVEN'T GOT A THING LEFT TO
PALM OFF ON BARNEY!

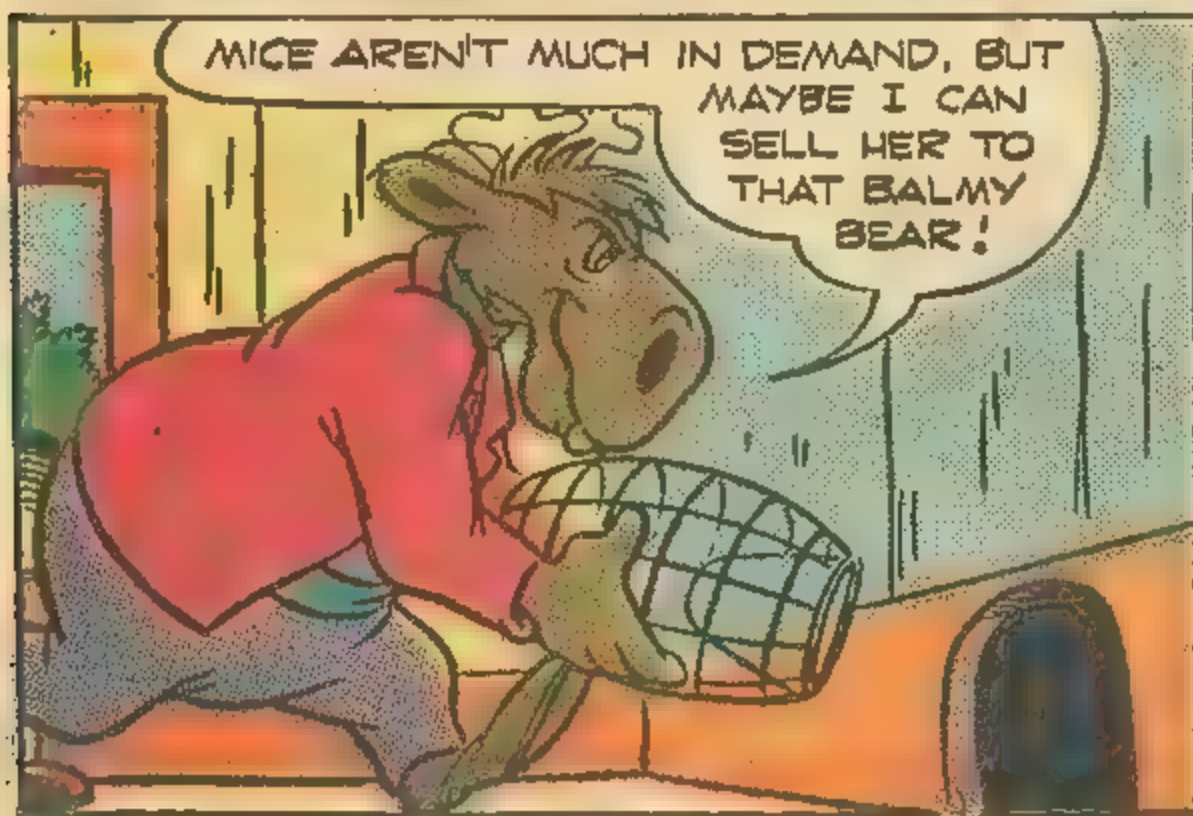
SQUEAK!



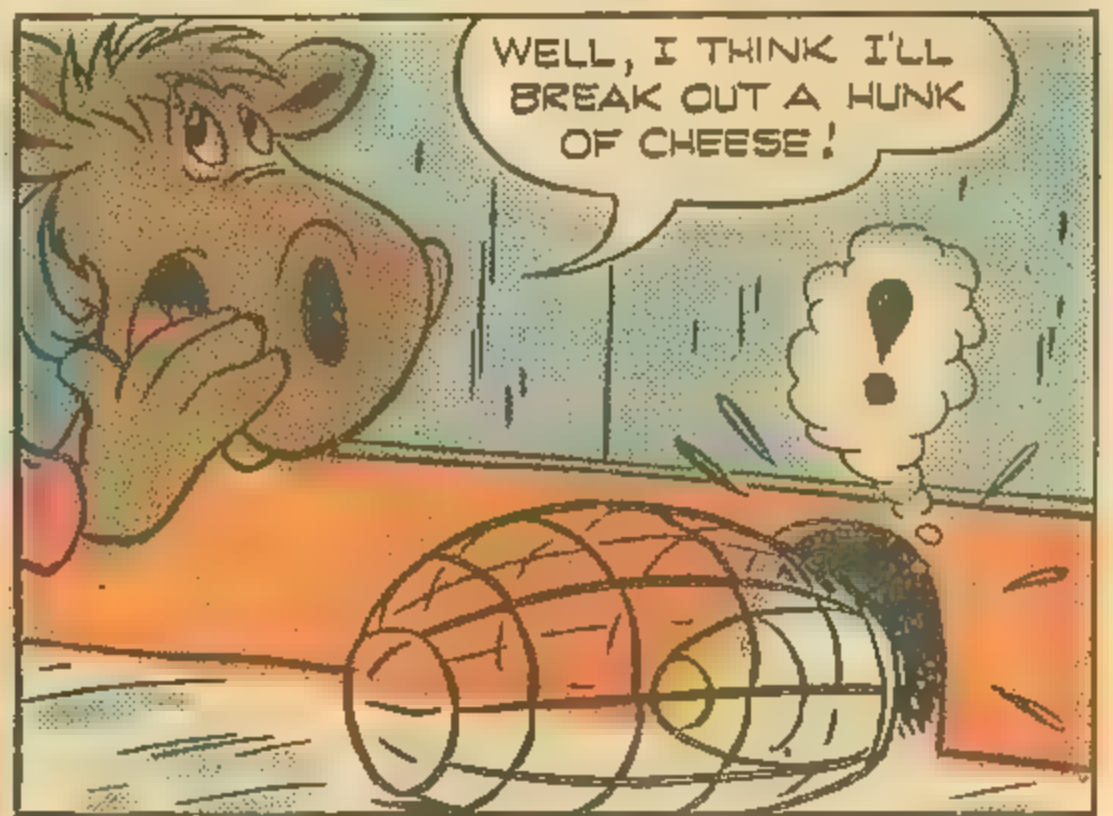
HMM, GERTRUDE!
I NEVER THOUGHT
OF HER!

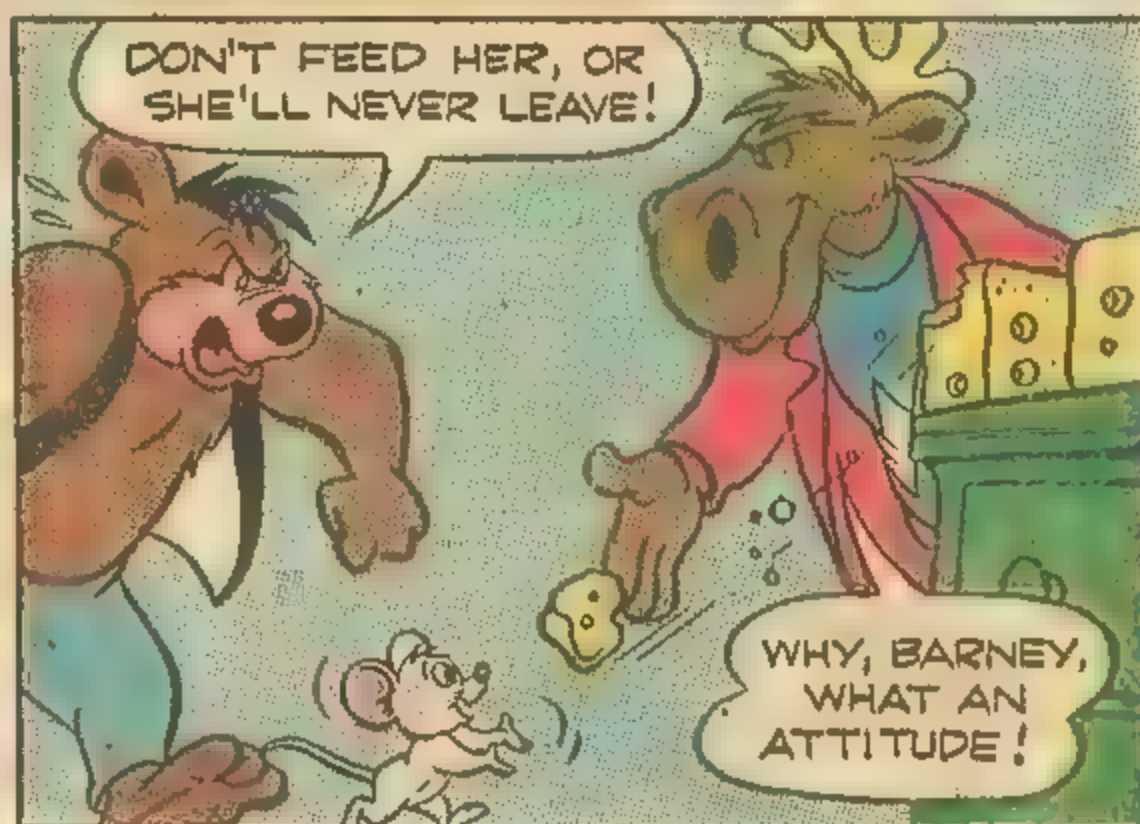
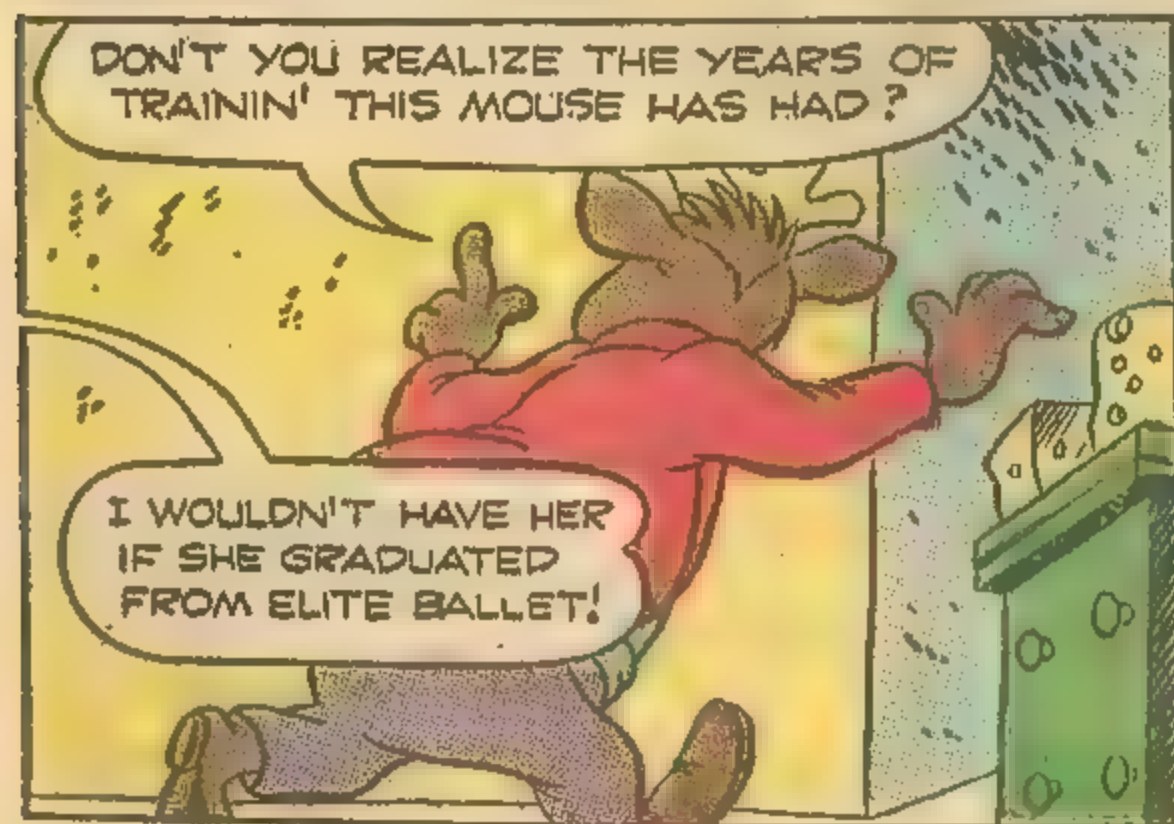
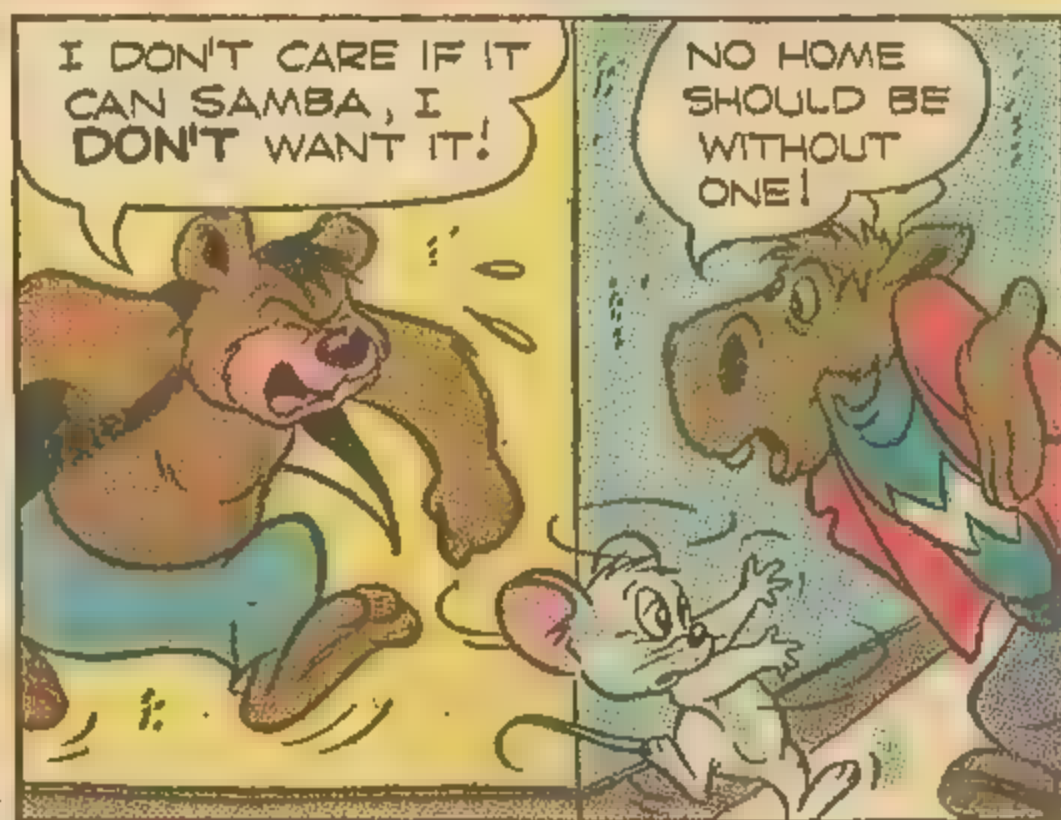
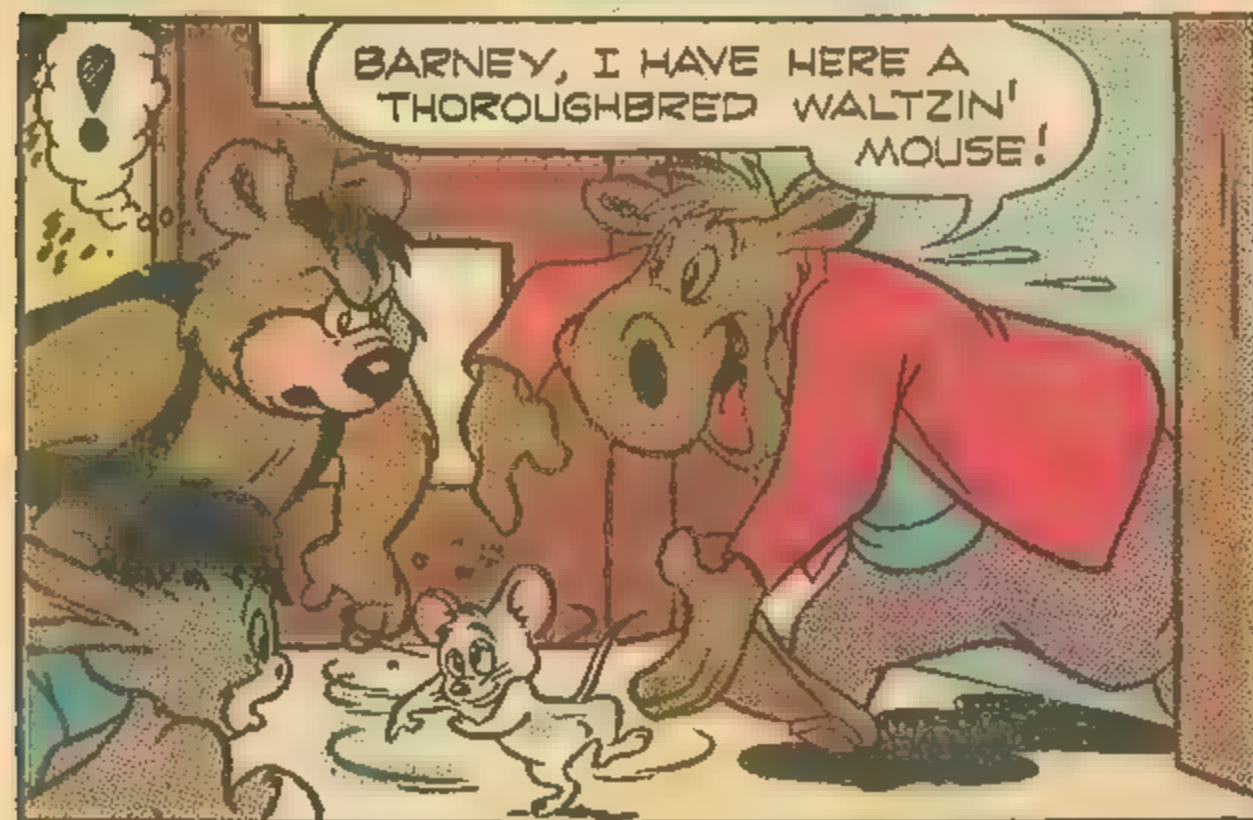
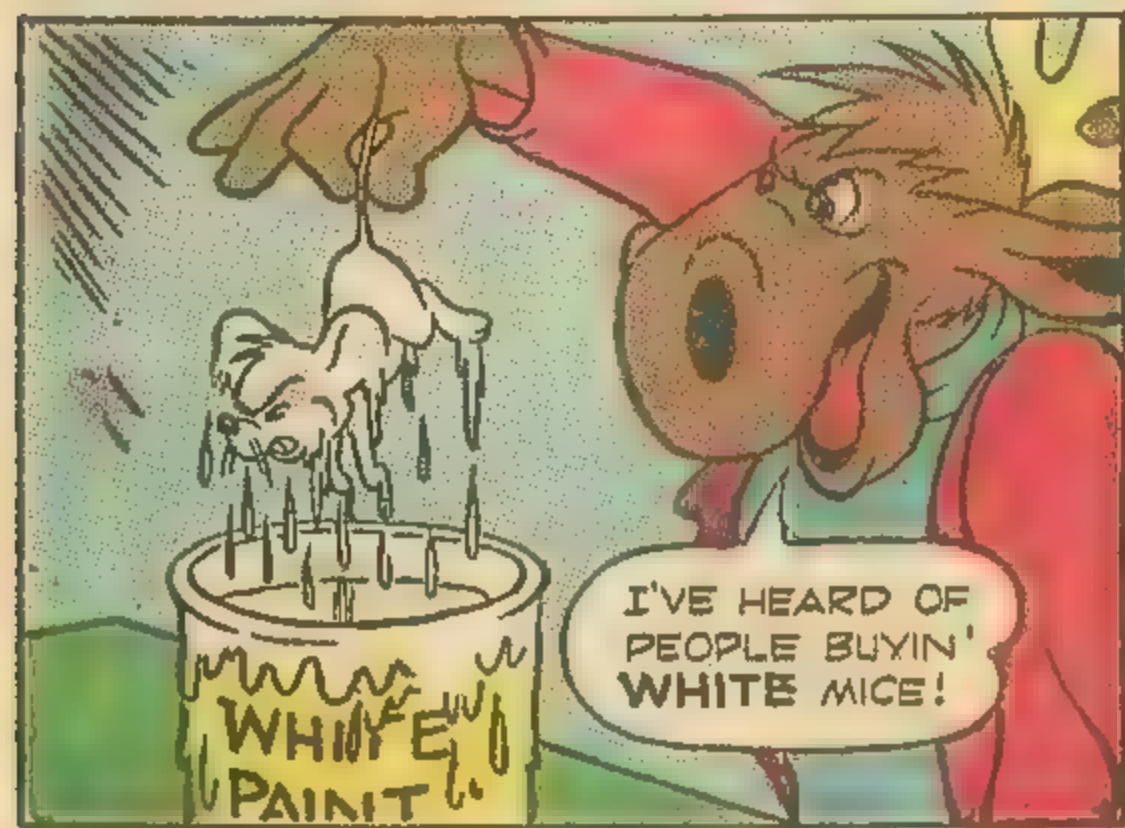
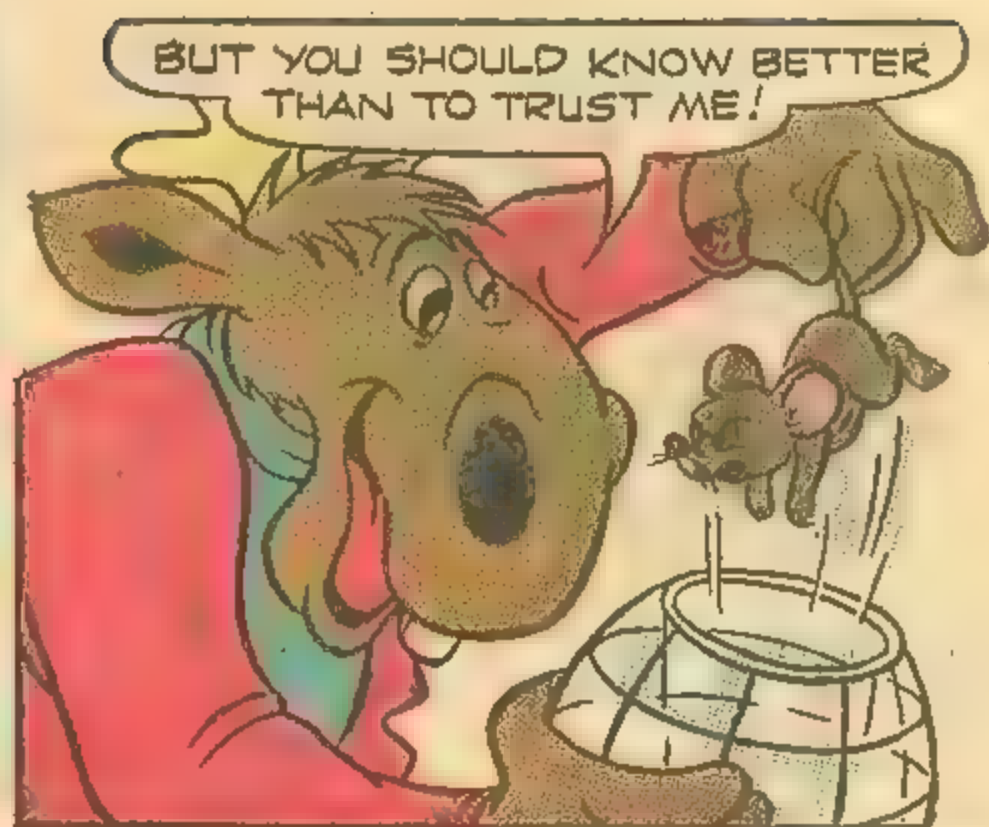
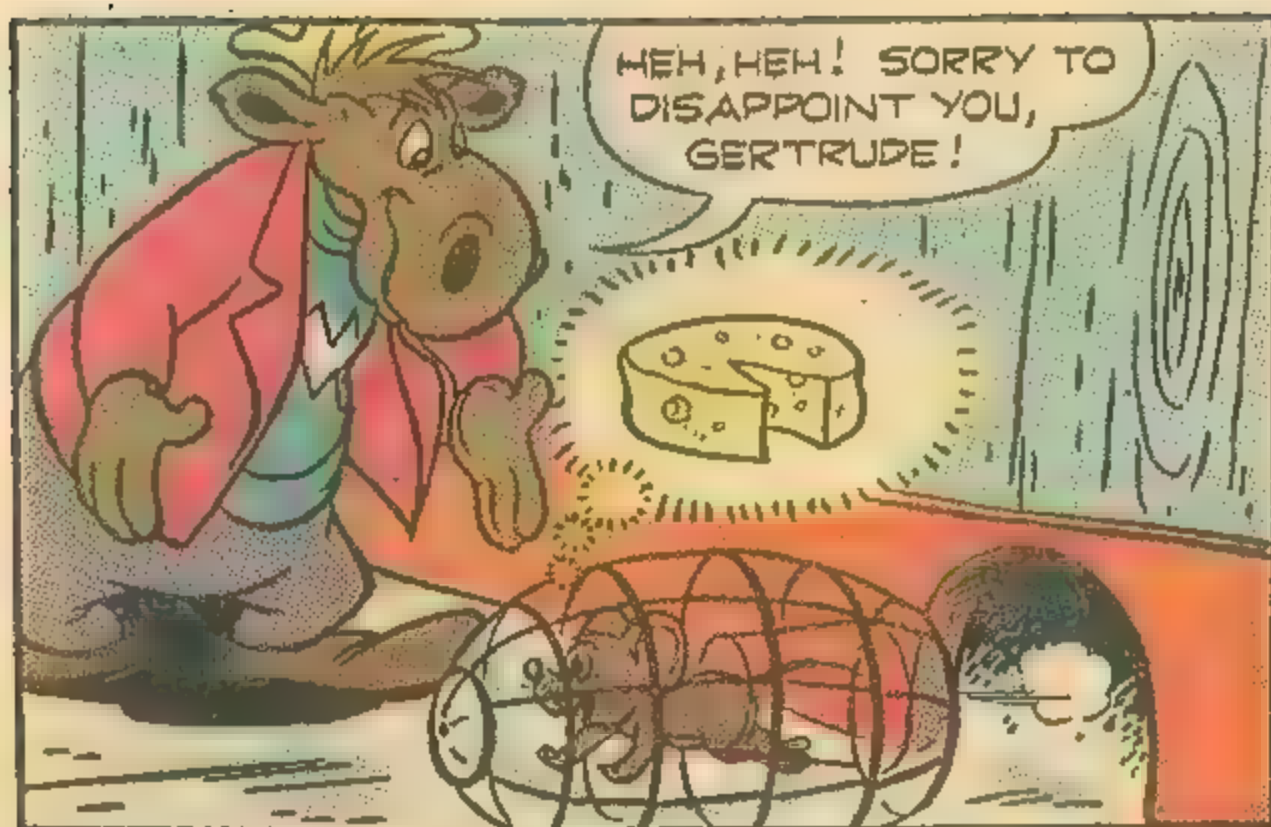


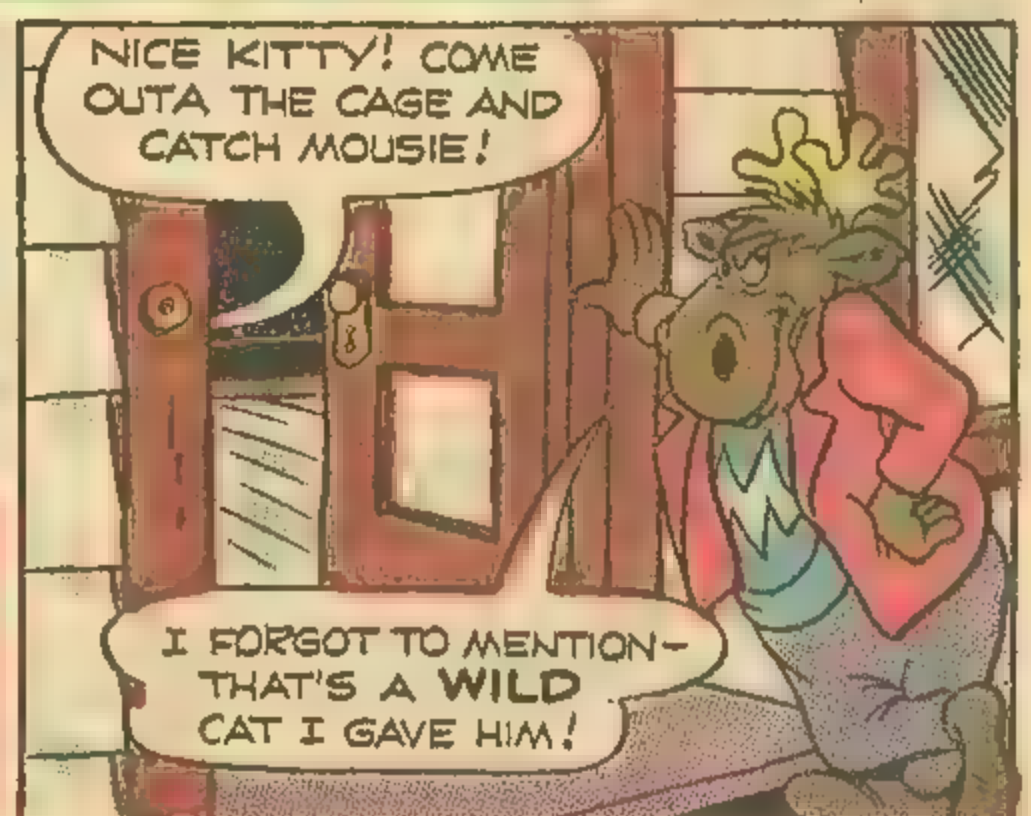
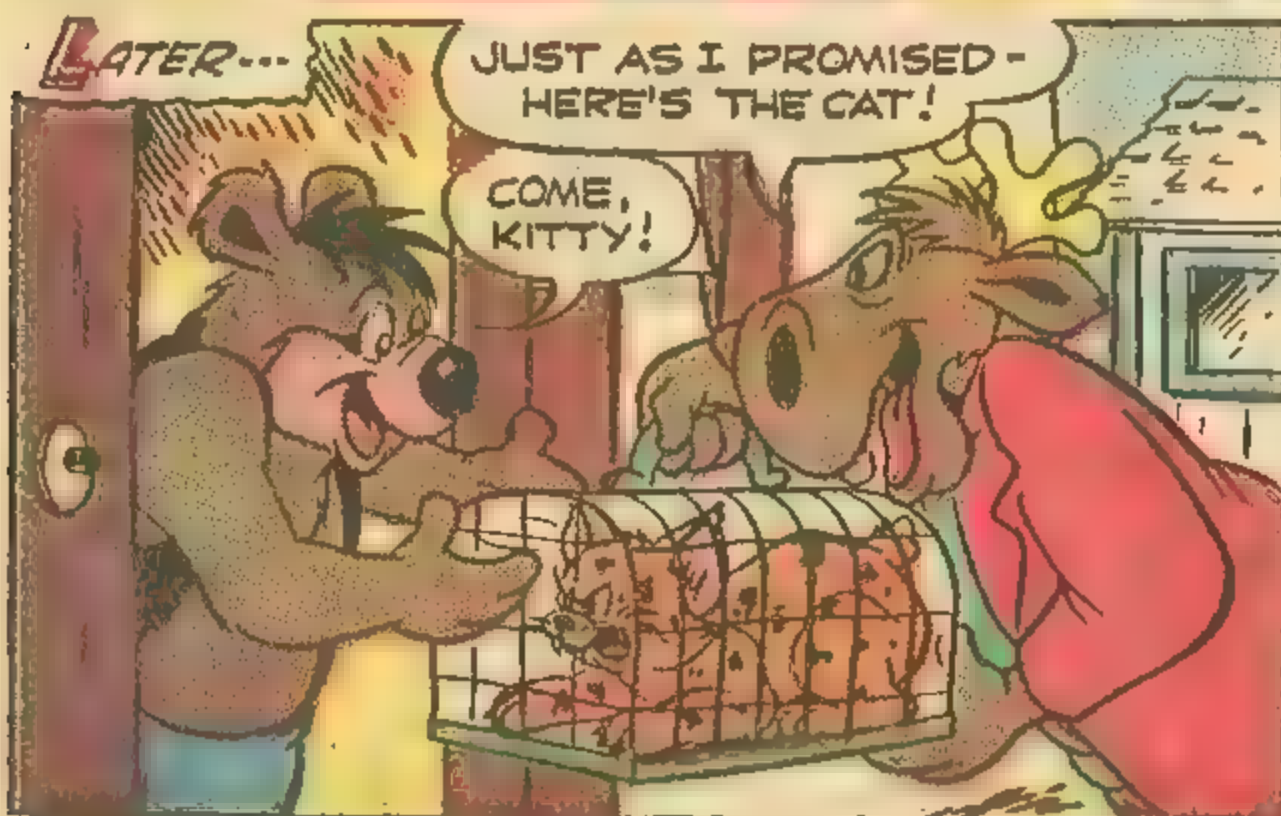
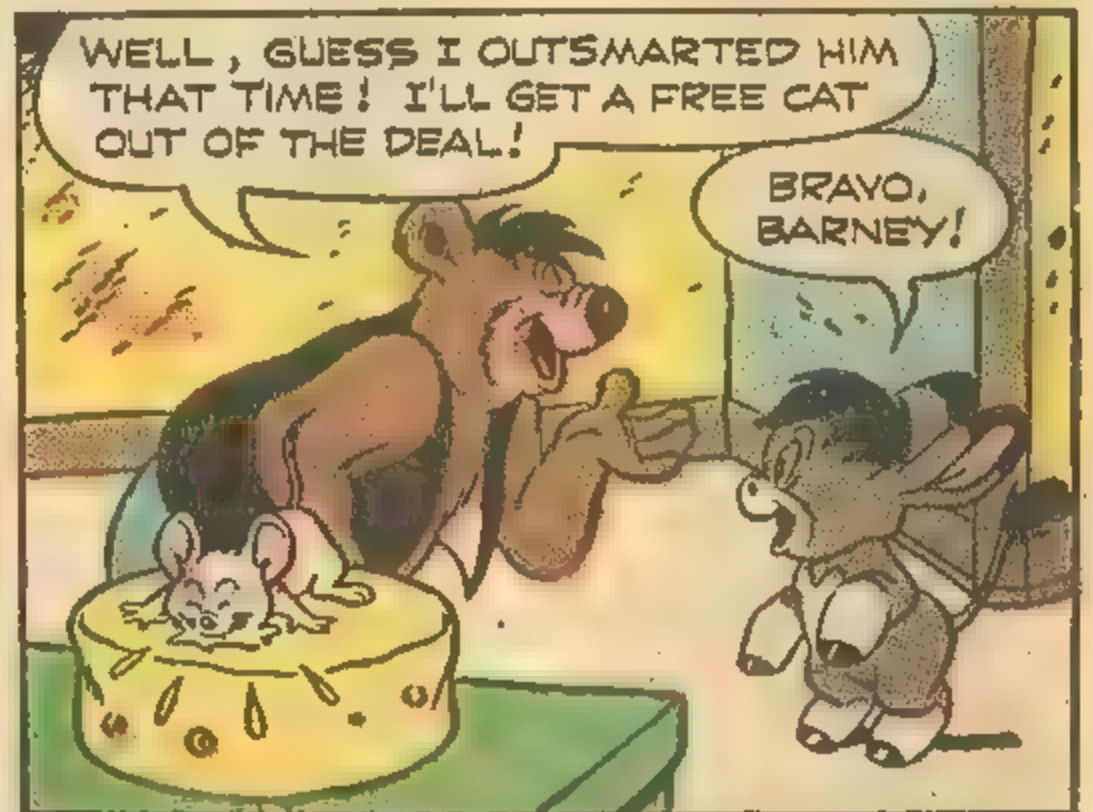
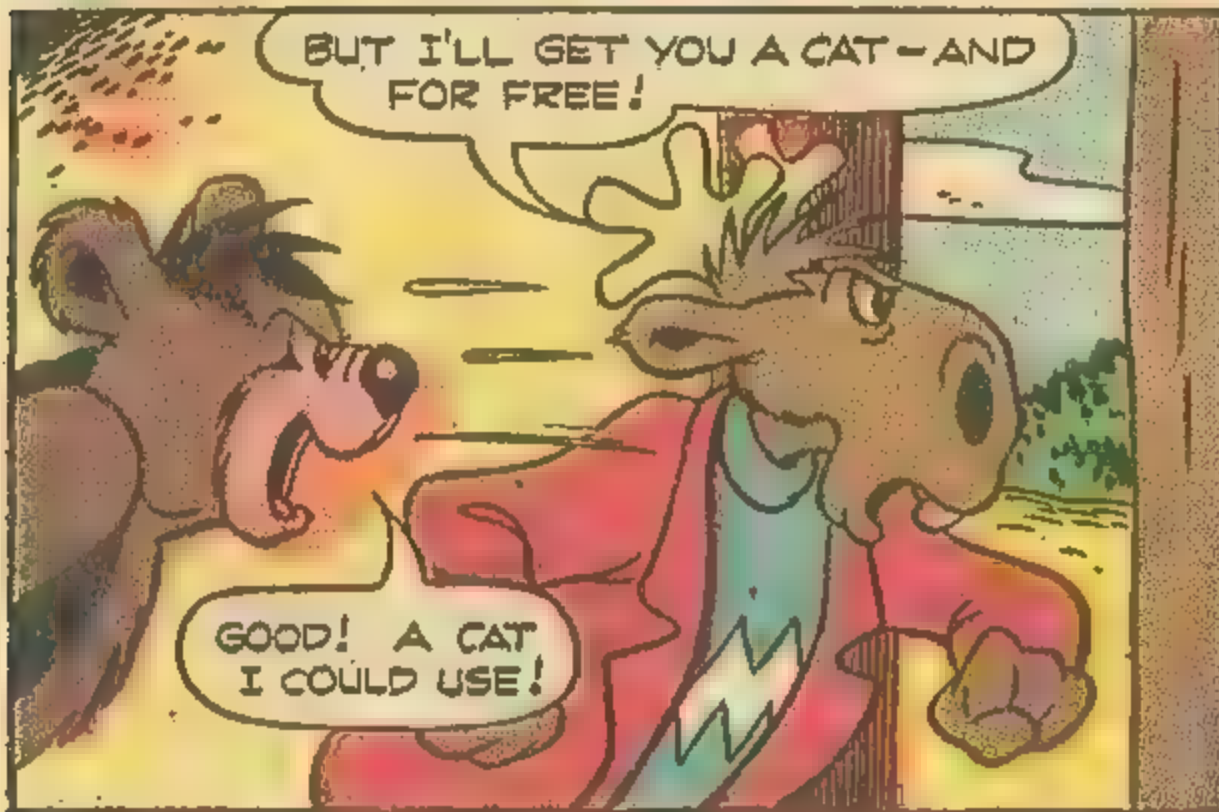
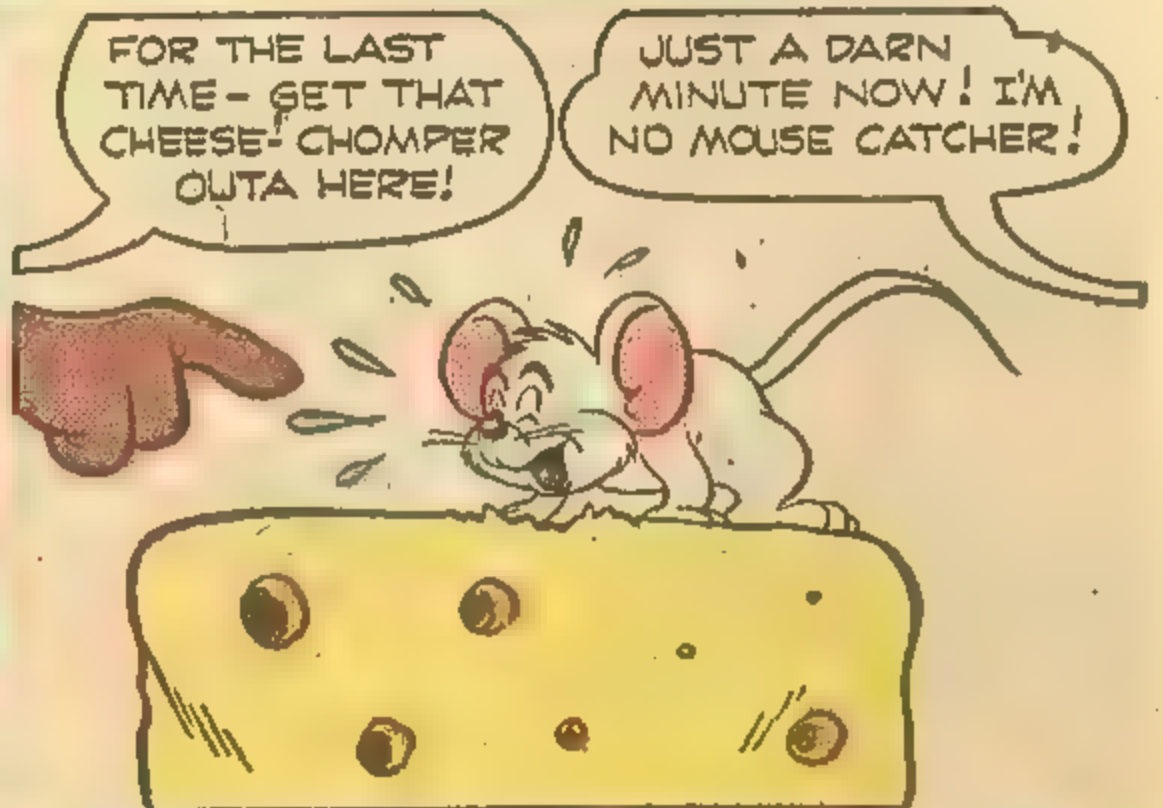
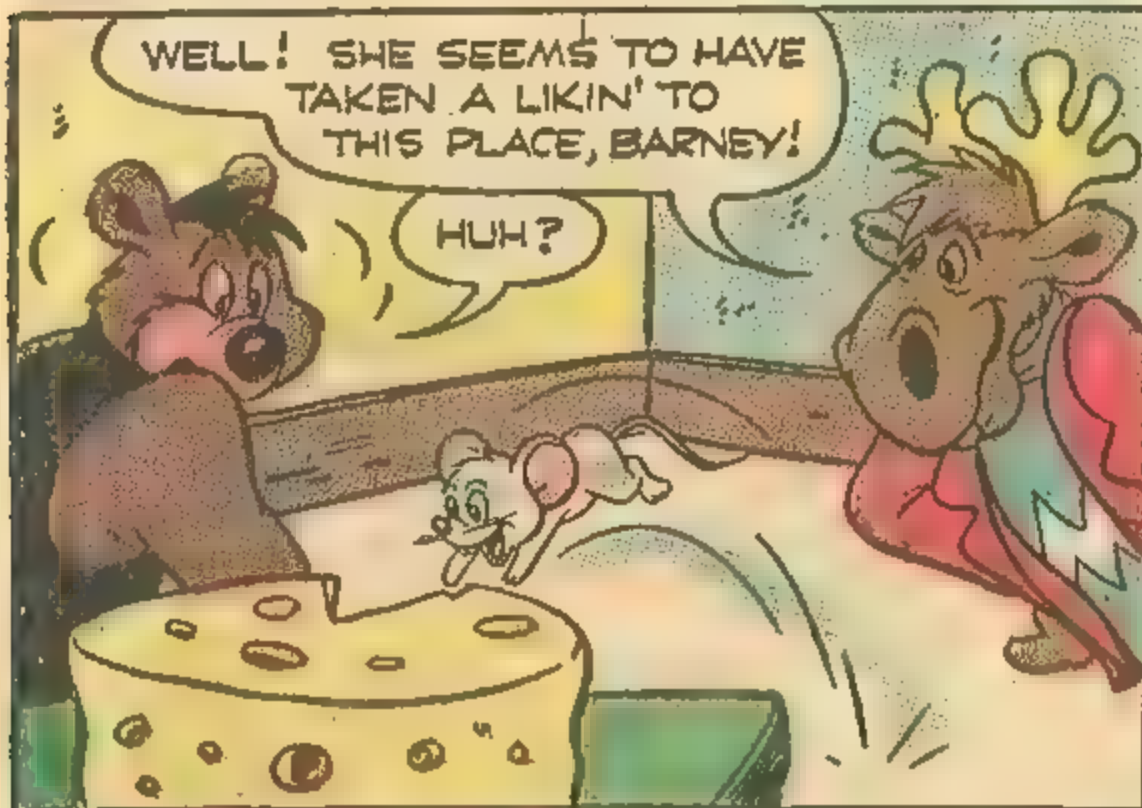
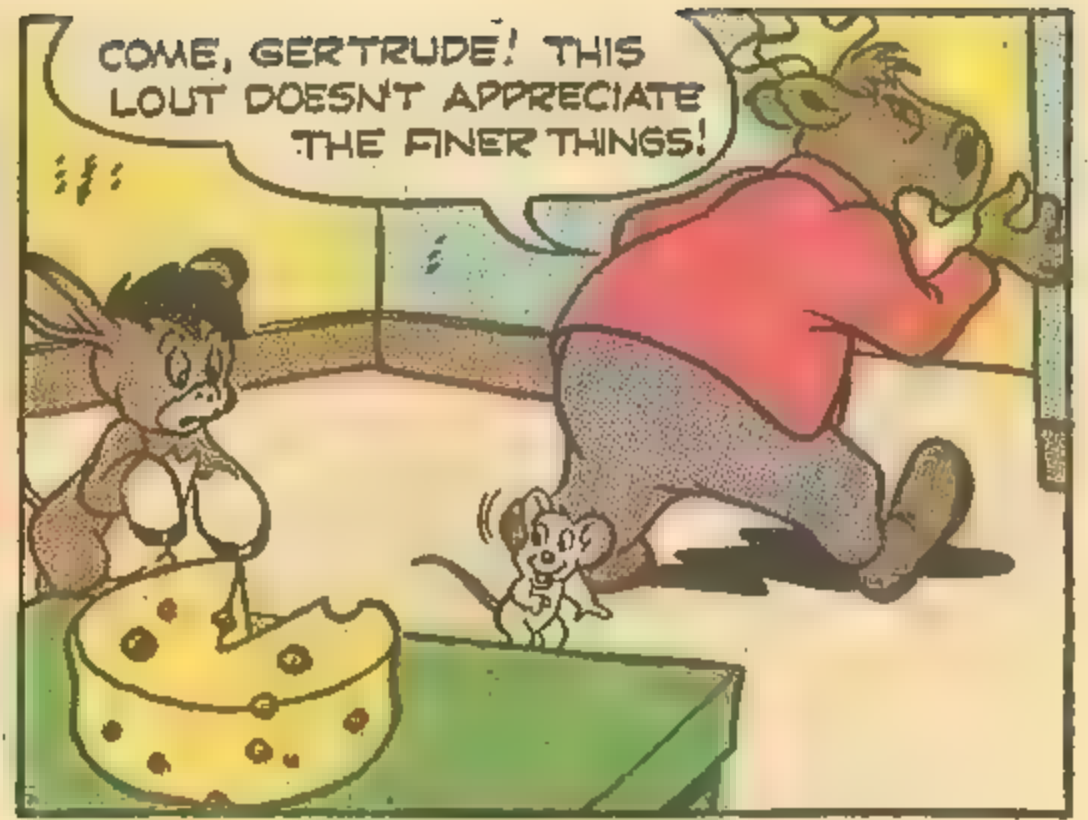
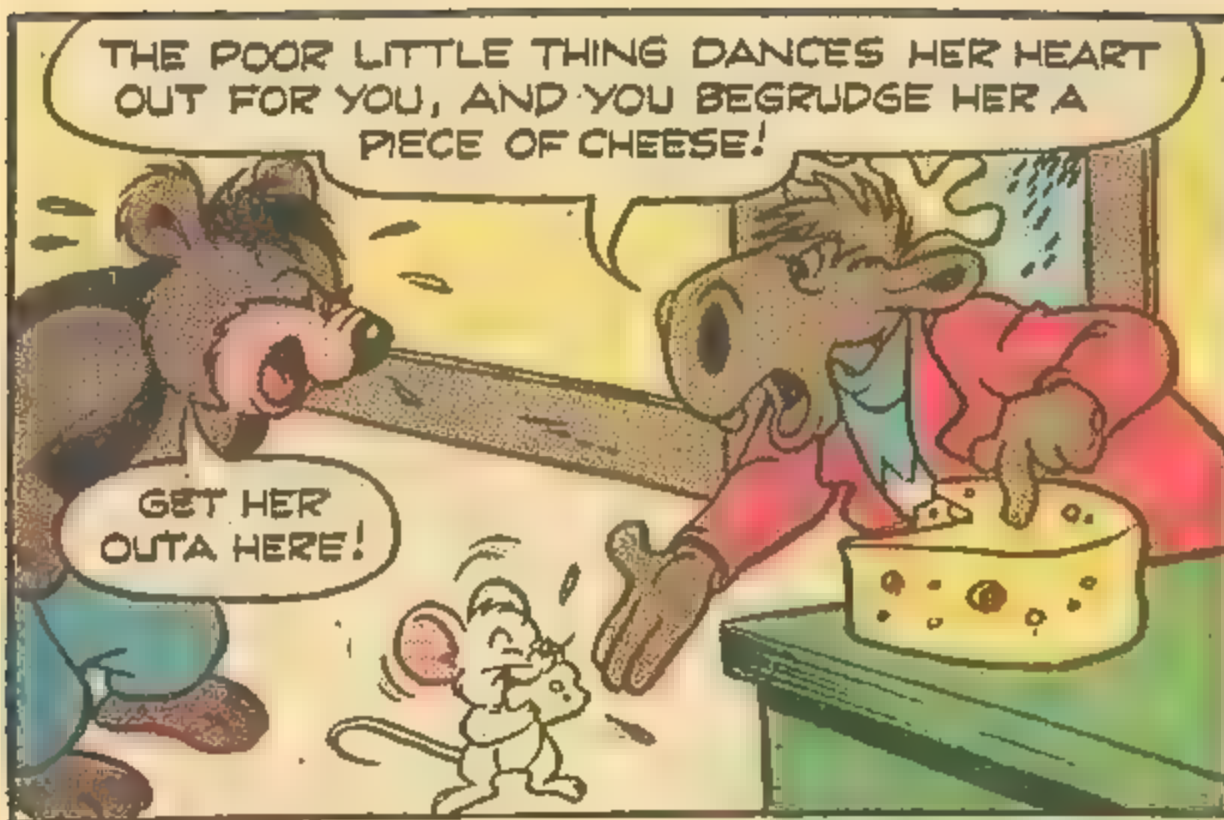
MICE AREN'T MUCH IN DEMAND, BUT
MAYBE I CAN
SELL HER TO
THAT BALMY
BEAR!

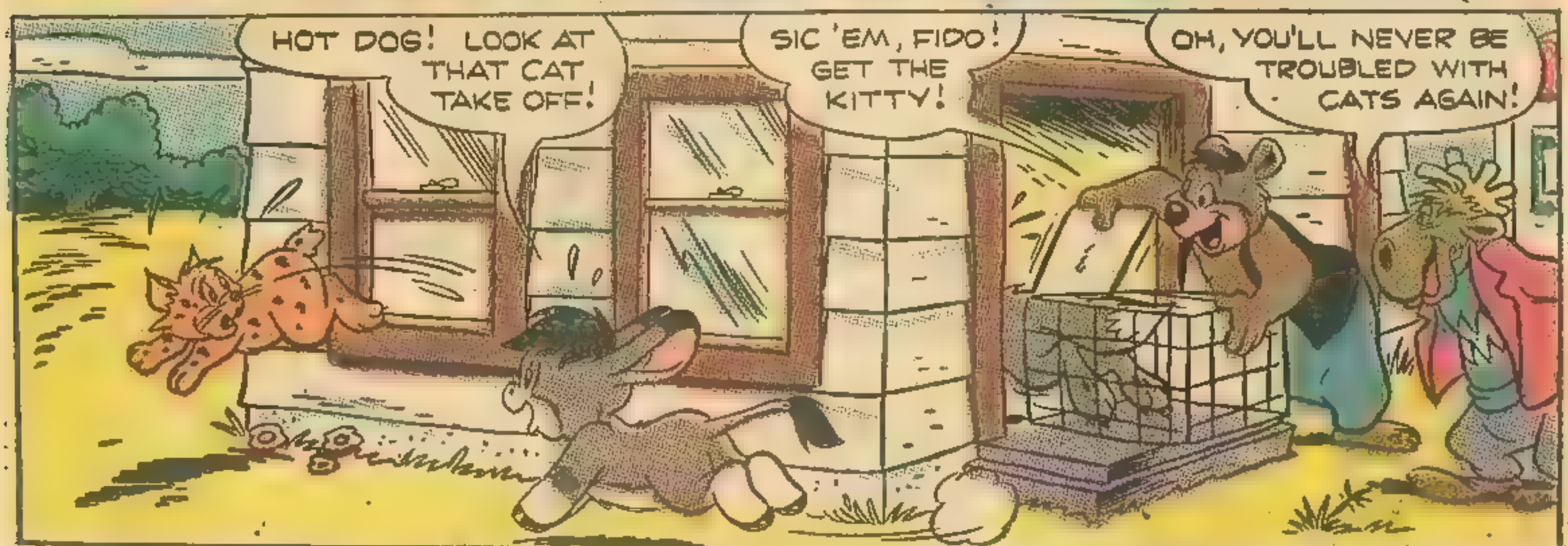
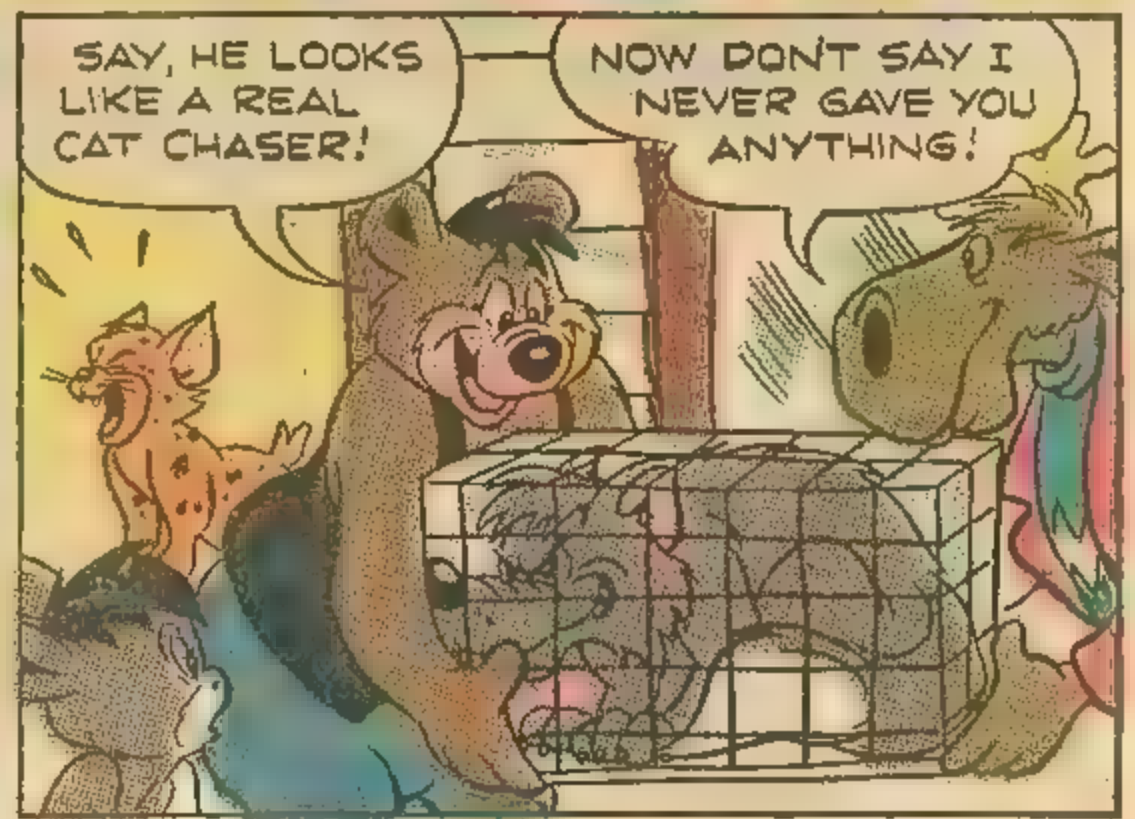
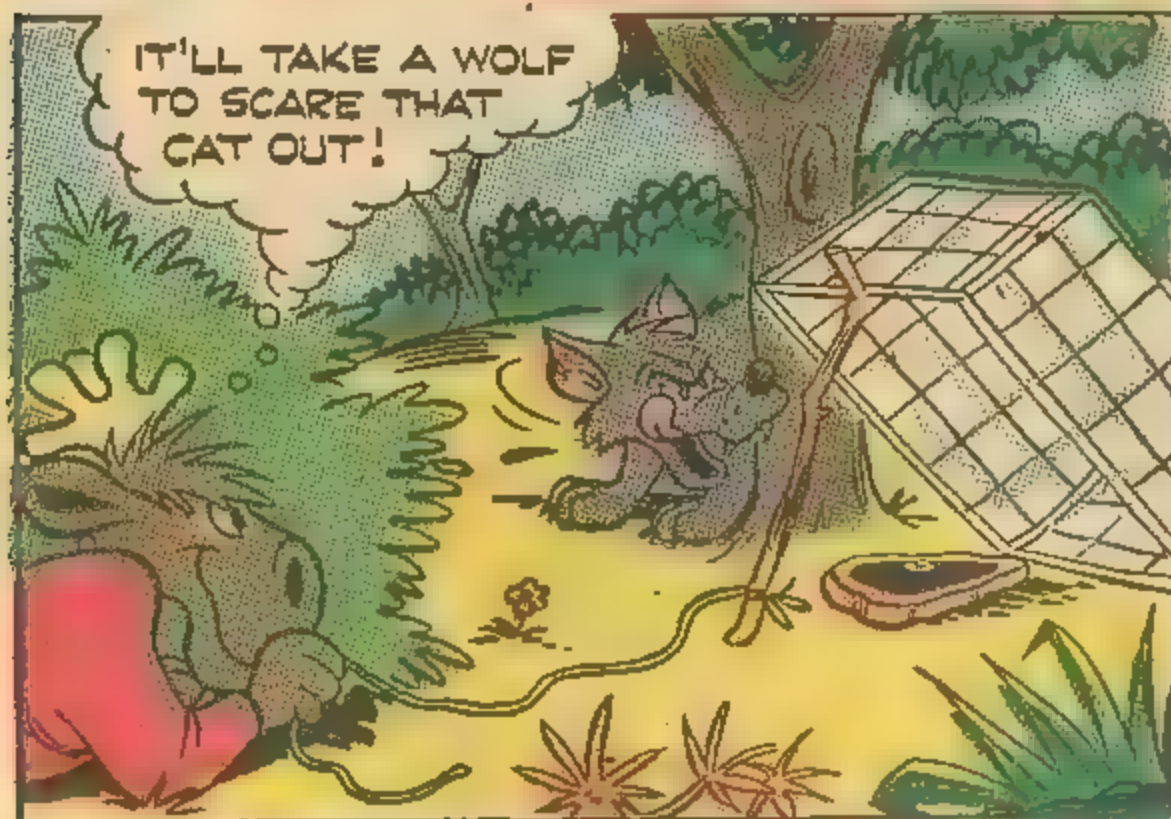
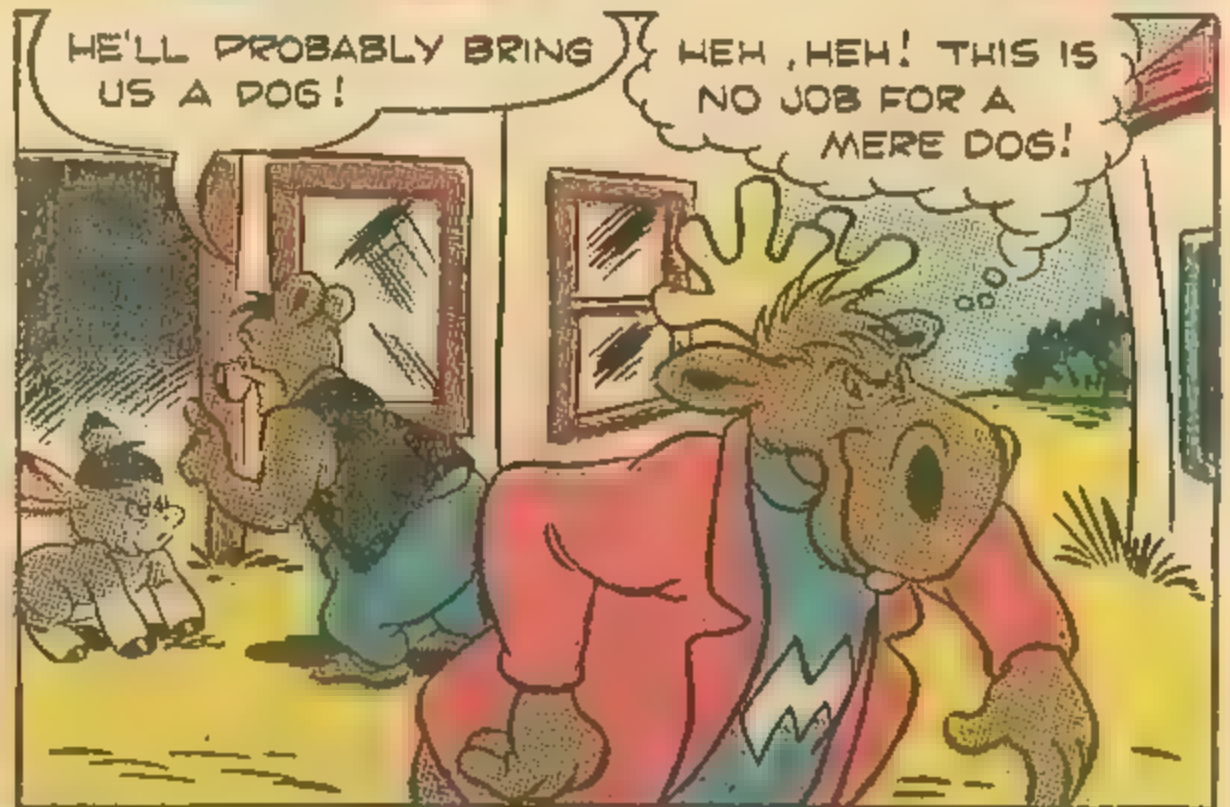
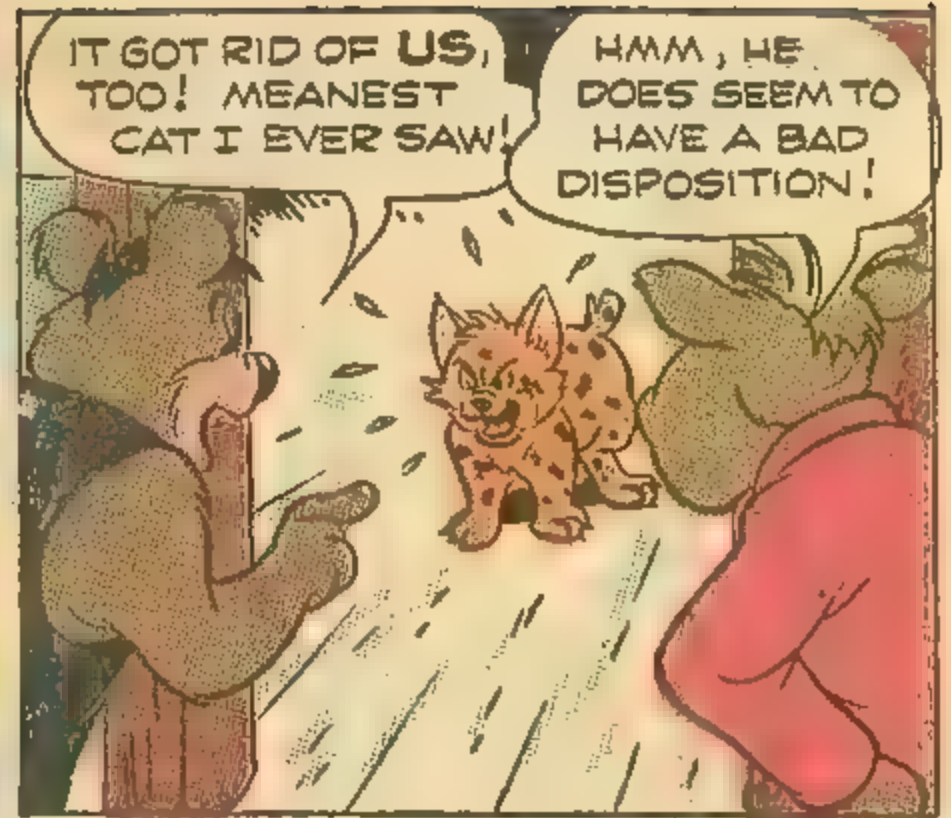
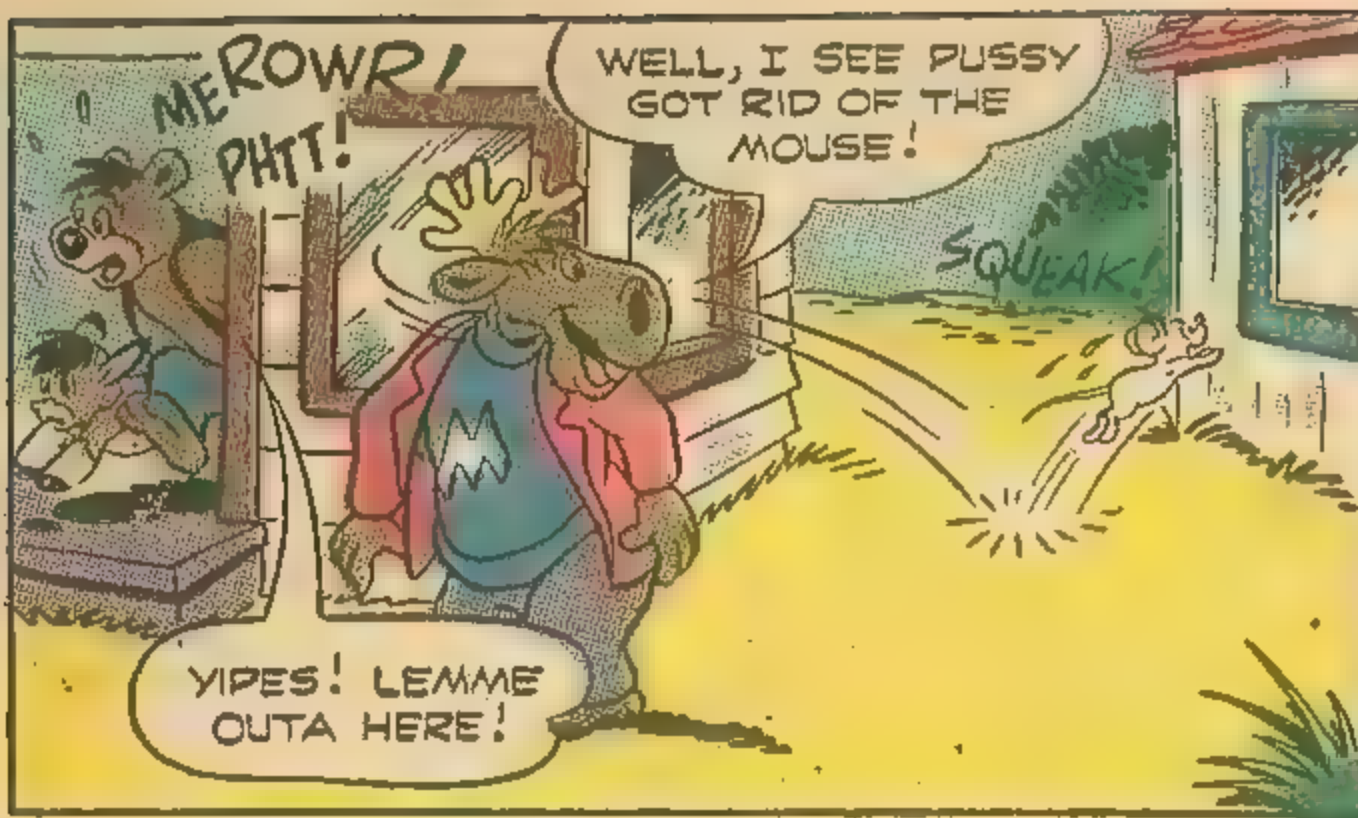


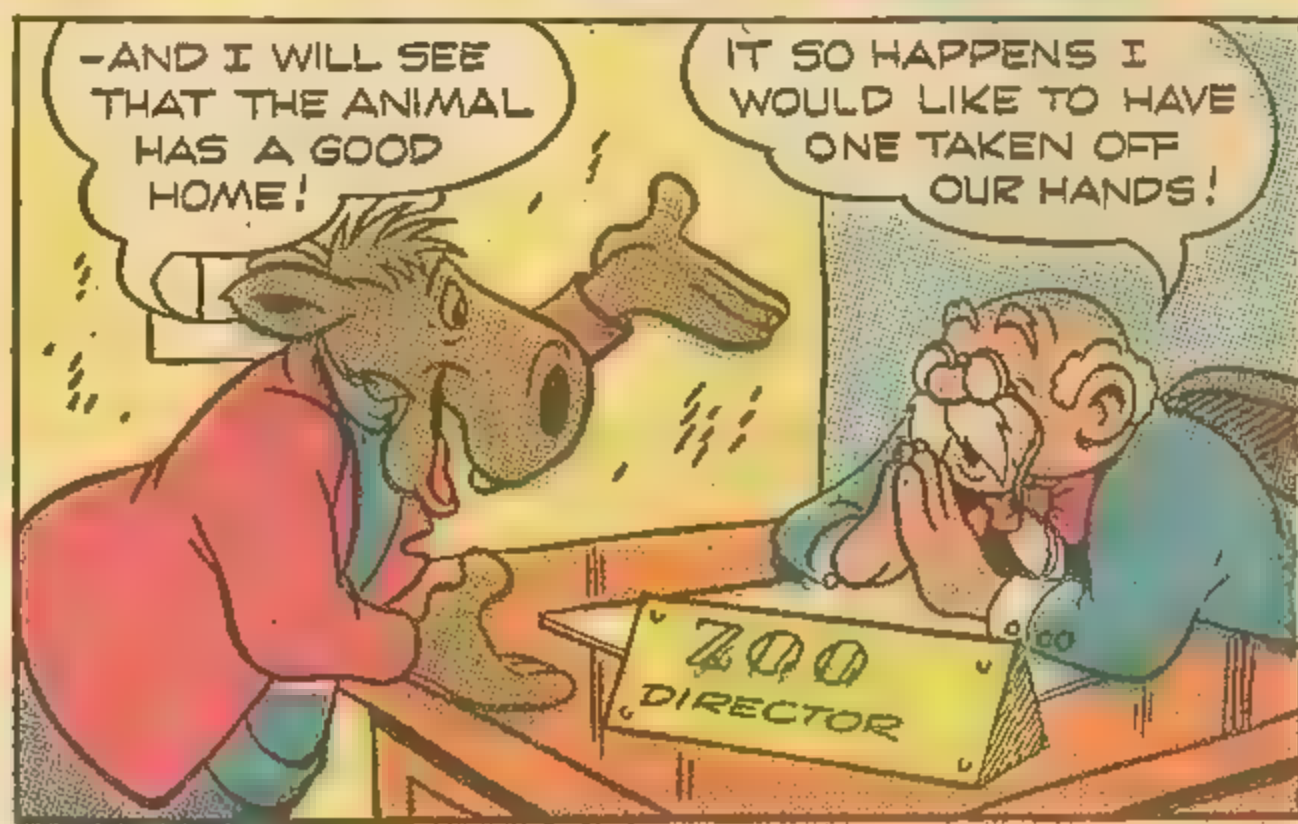
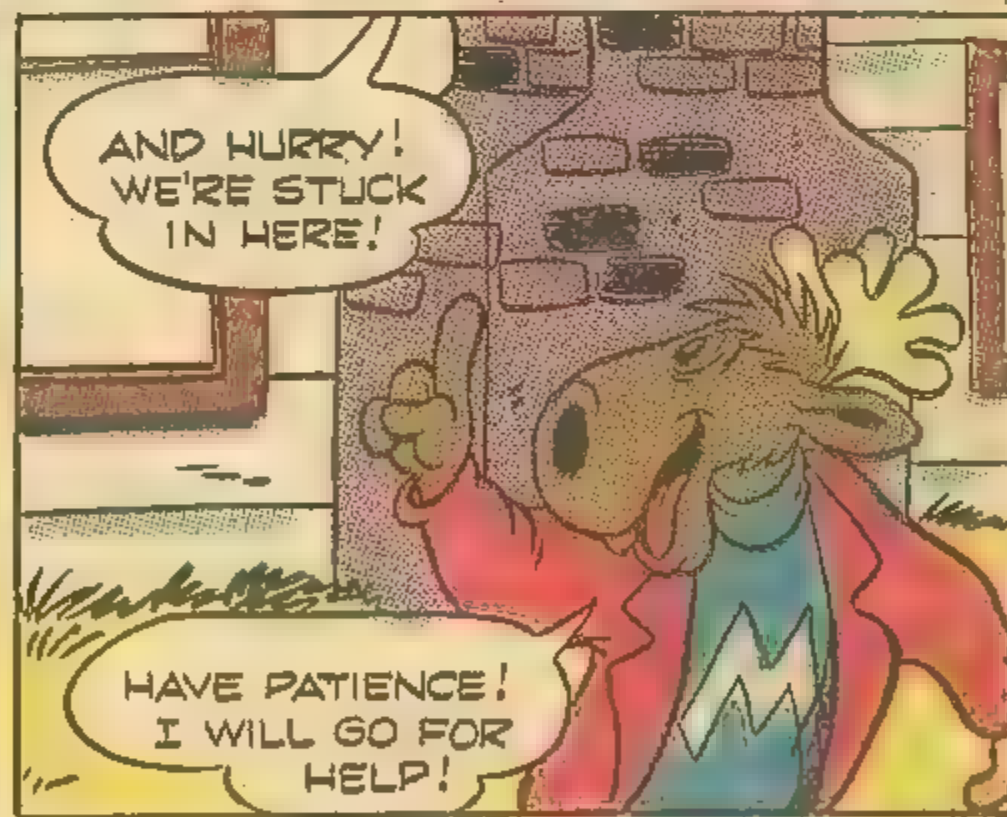
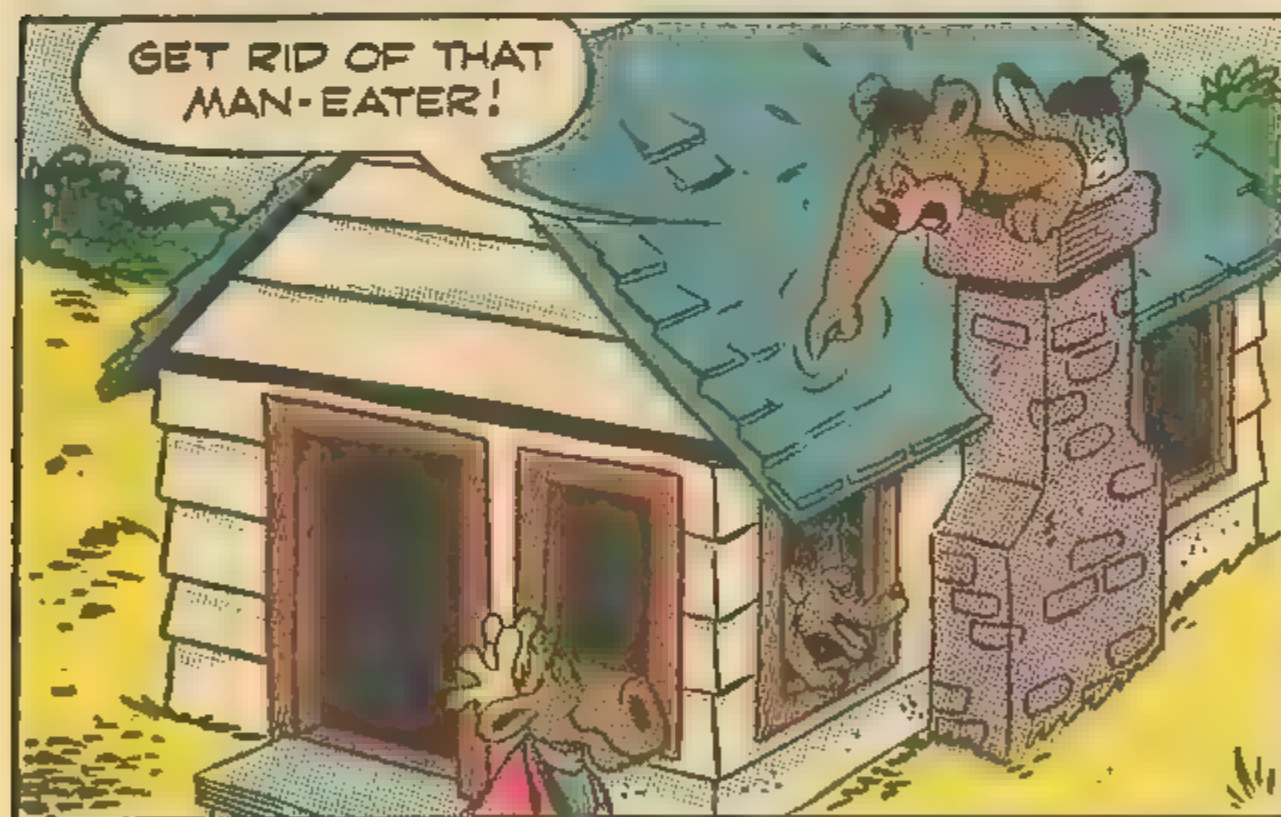
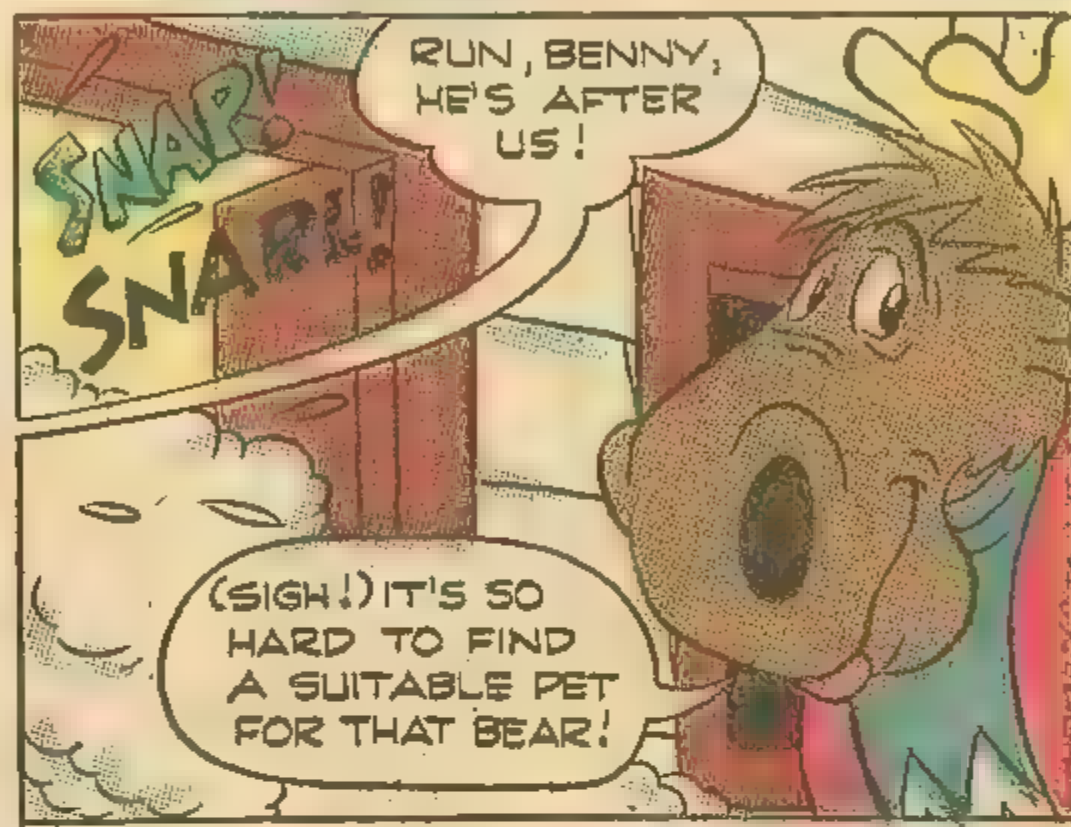
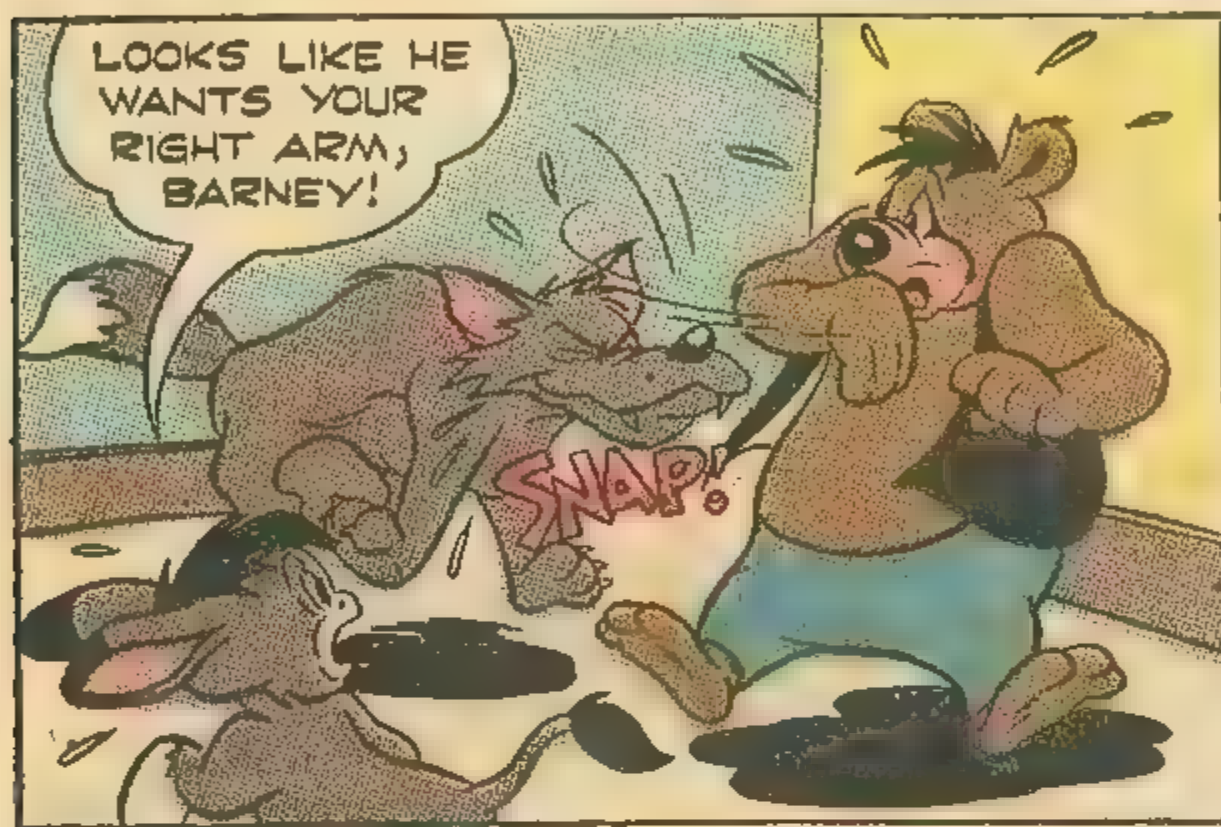
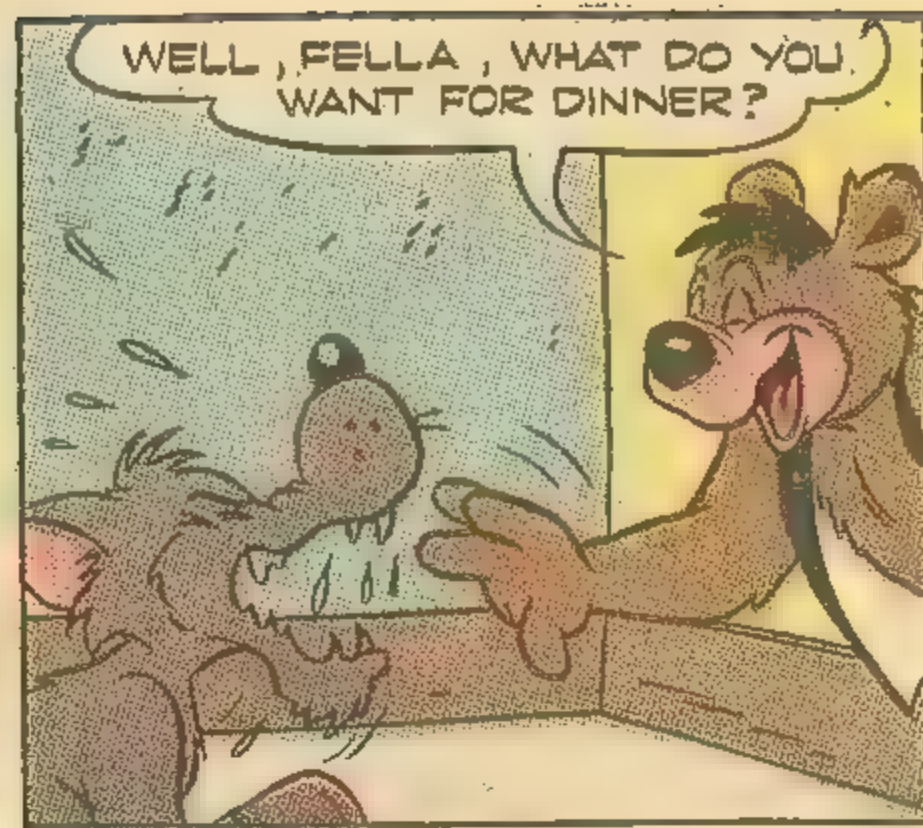
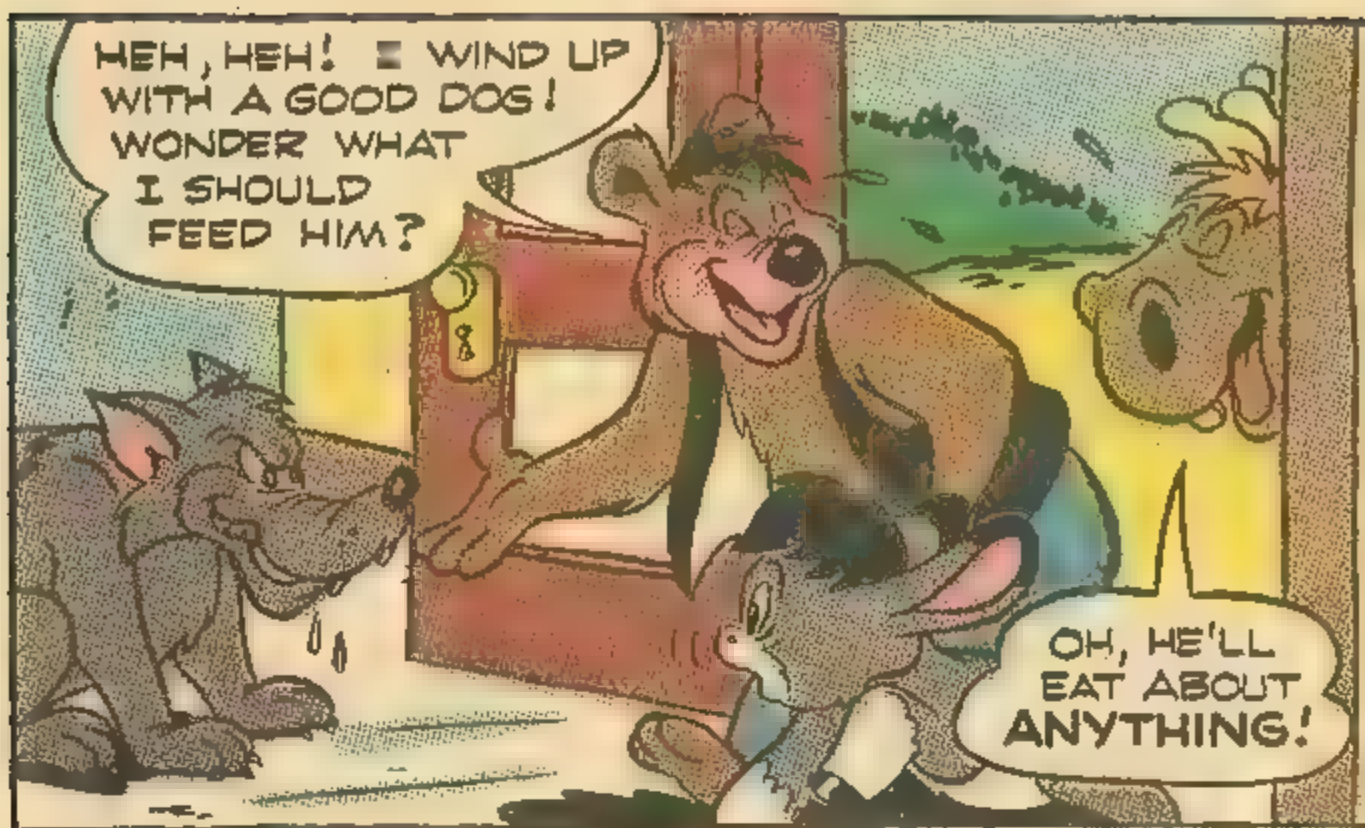
WELL, I THINK I'LL
BREAK OUT A HUNK
OF CHEESE!

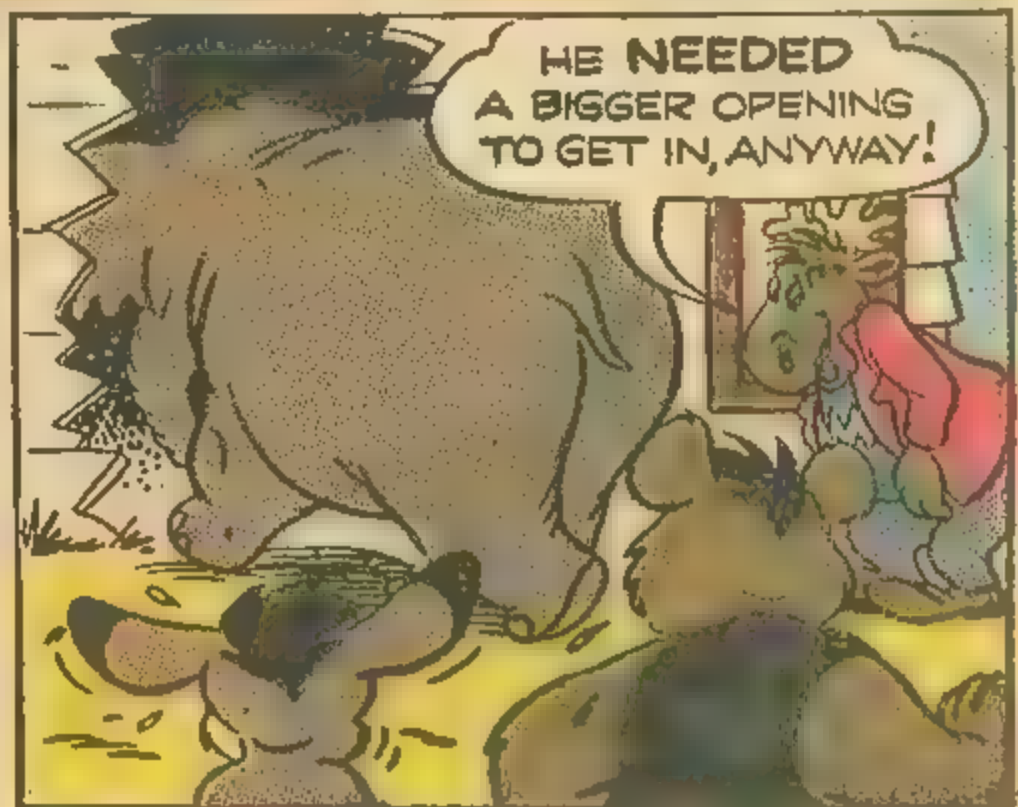
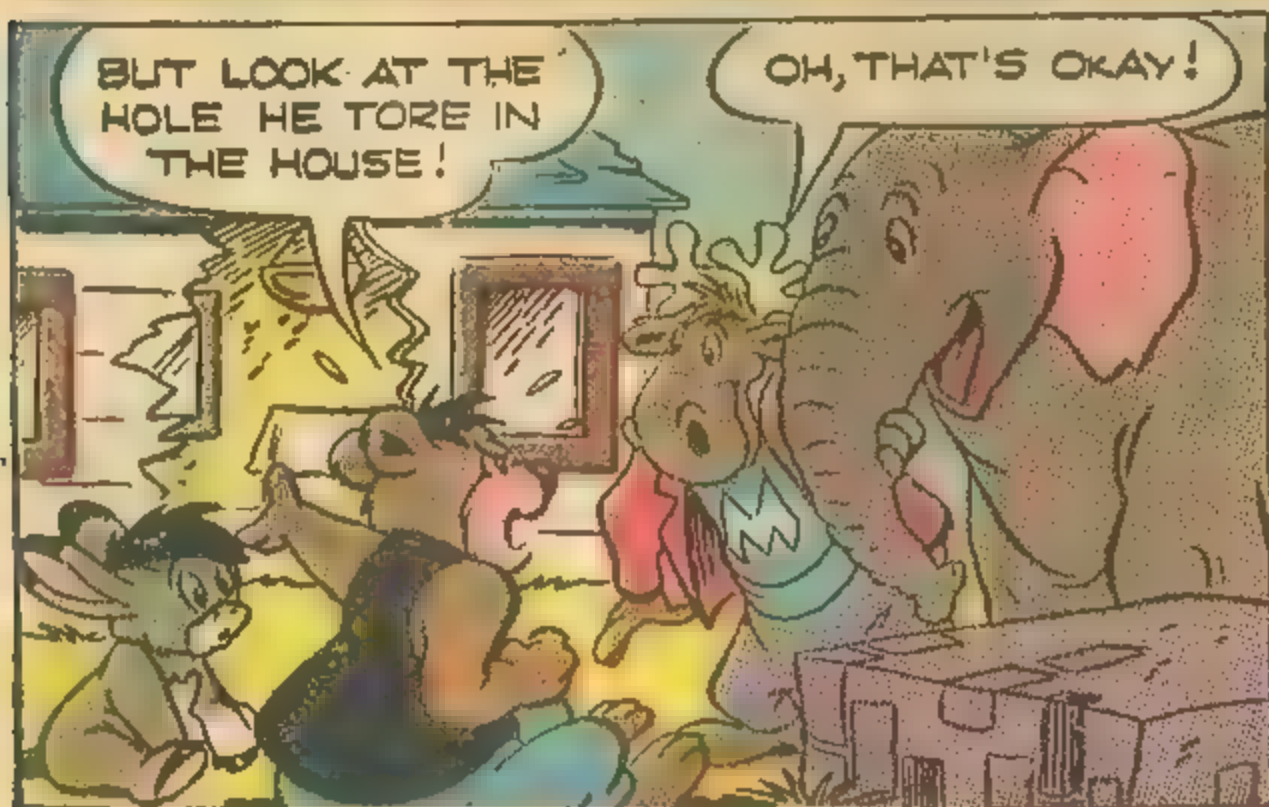
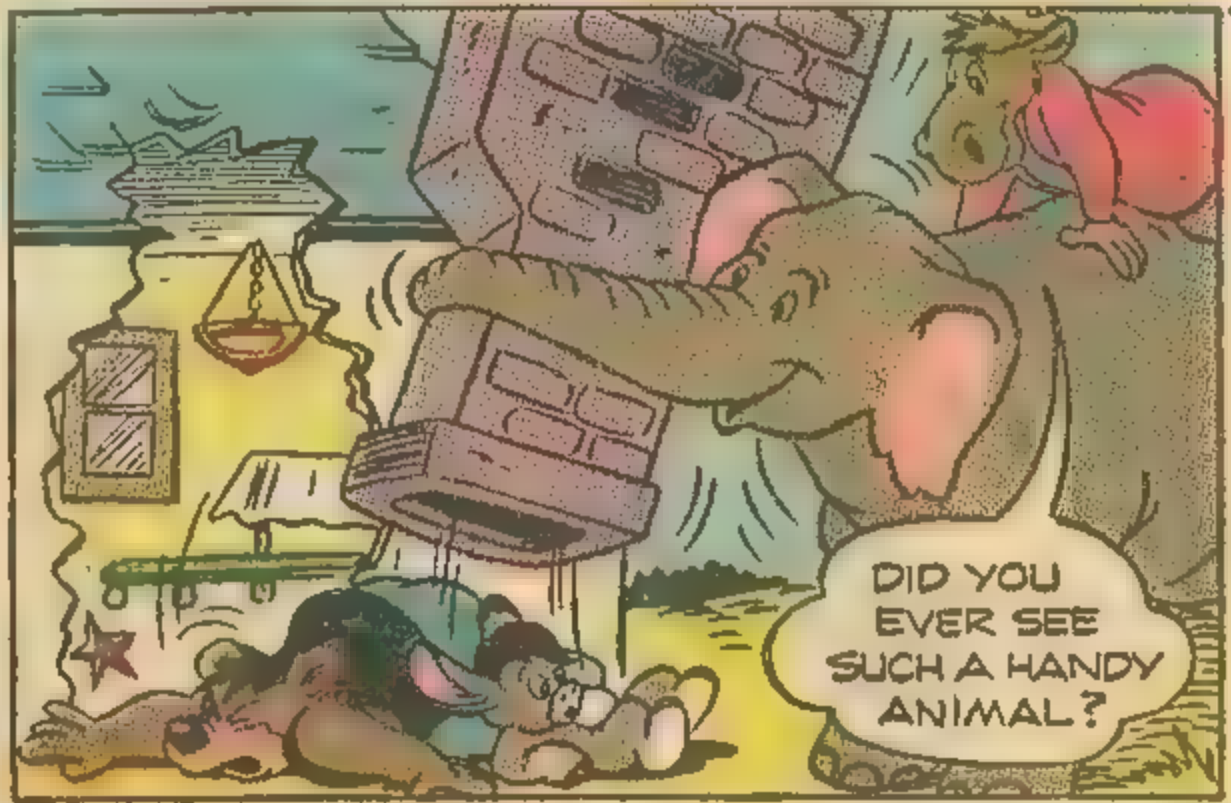
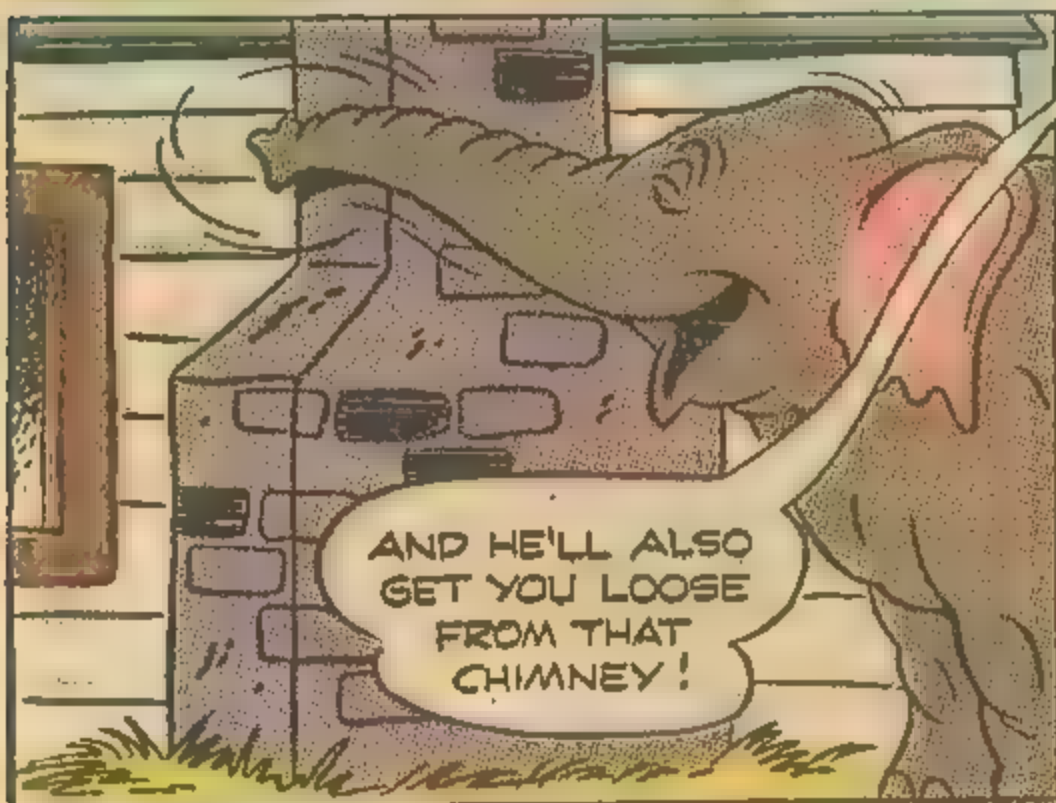
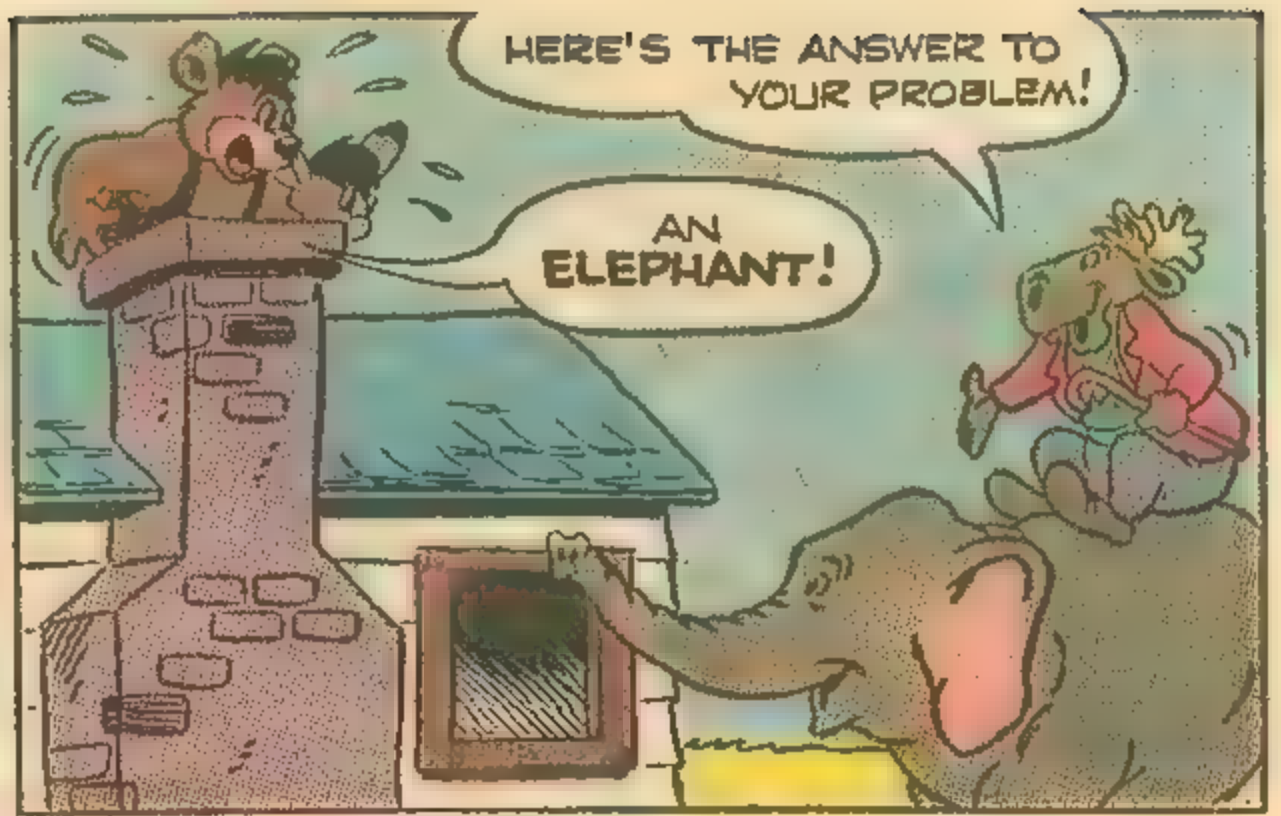
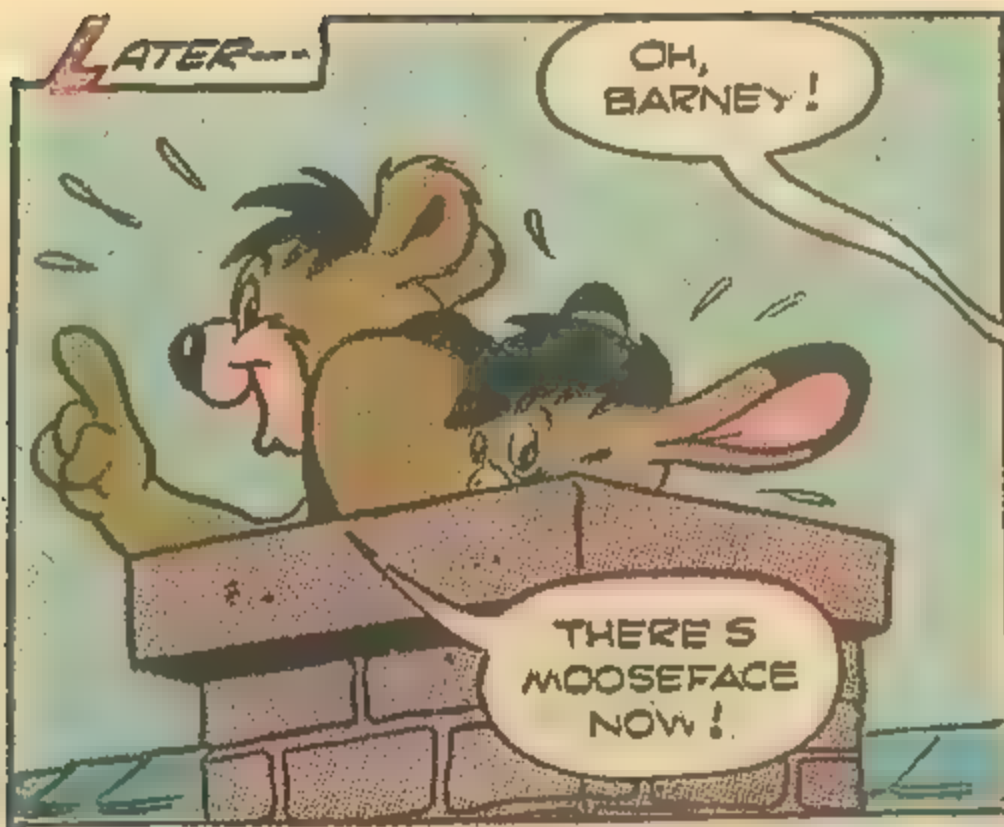


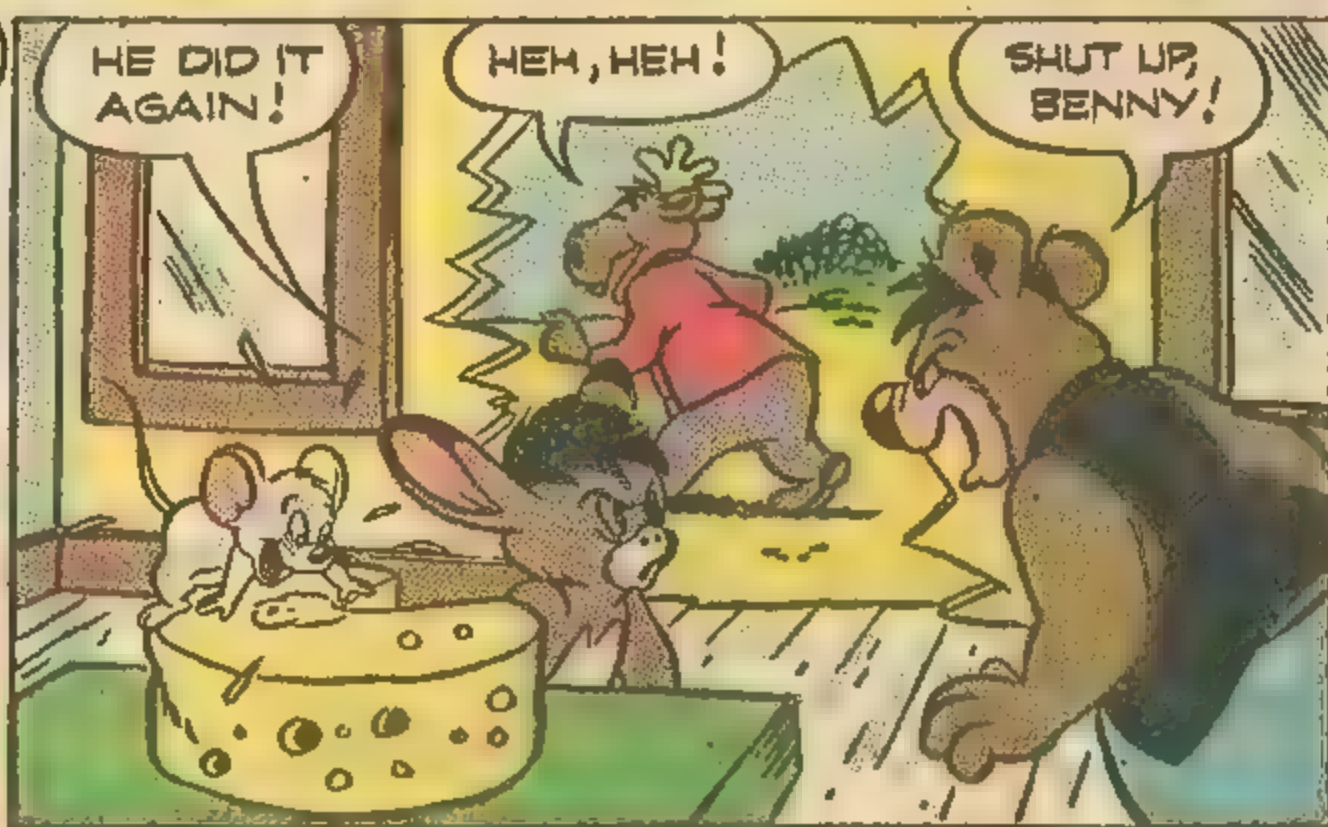
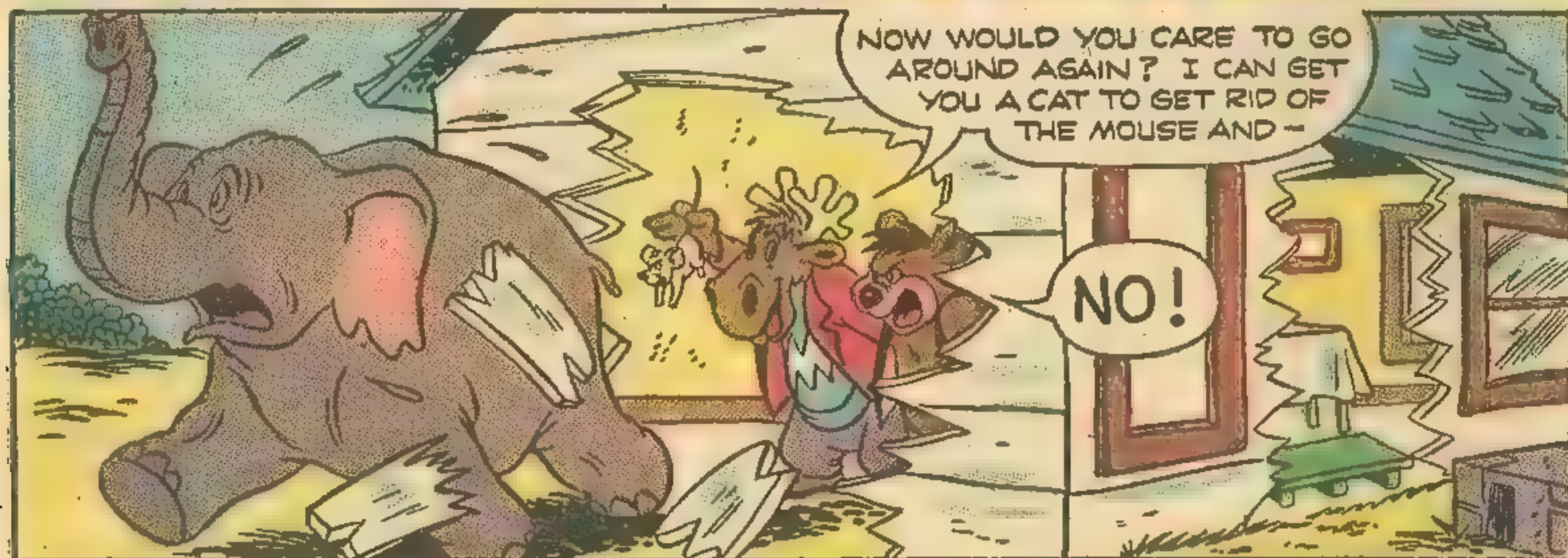
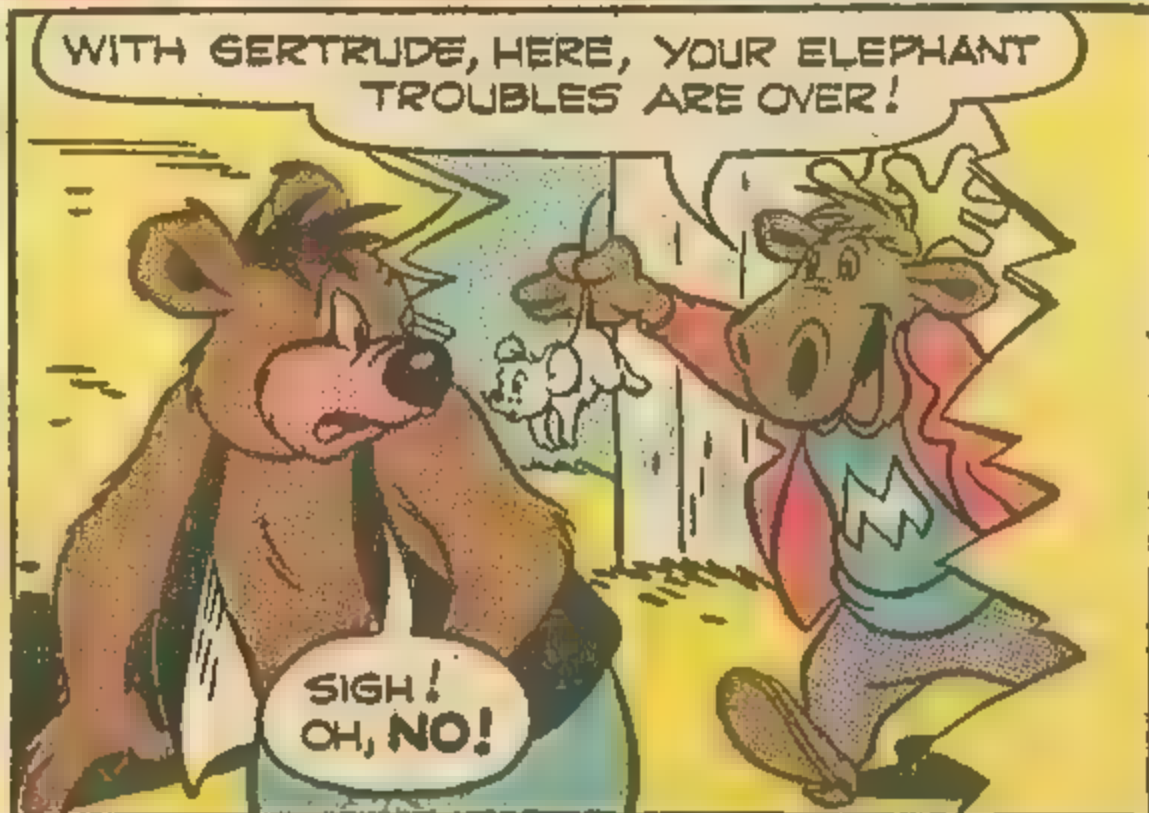
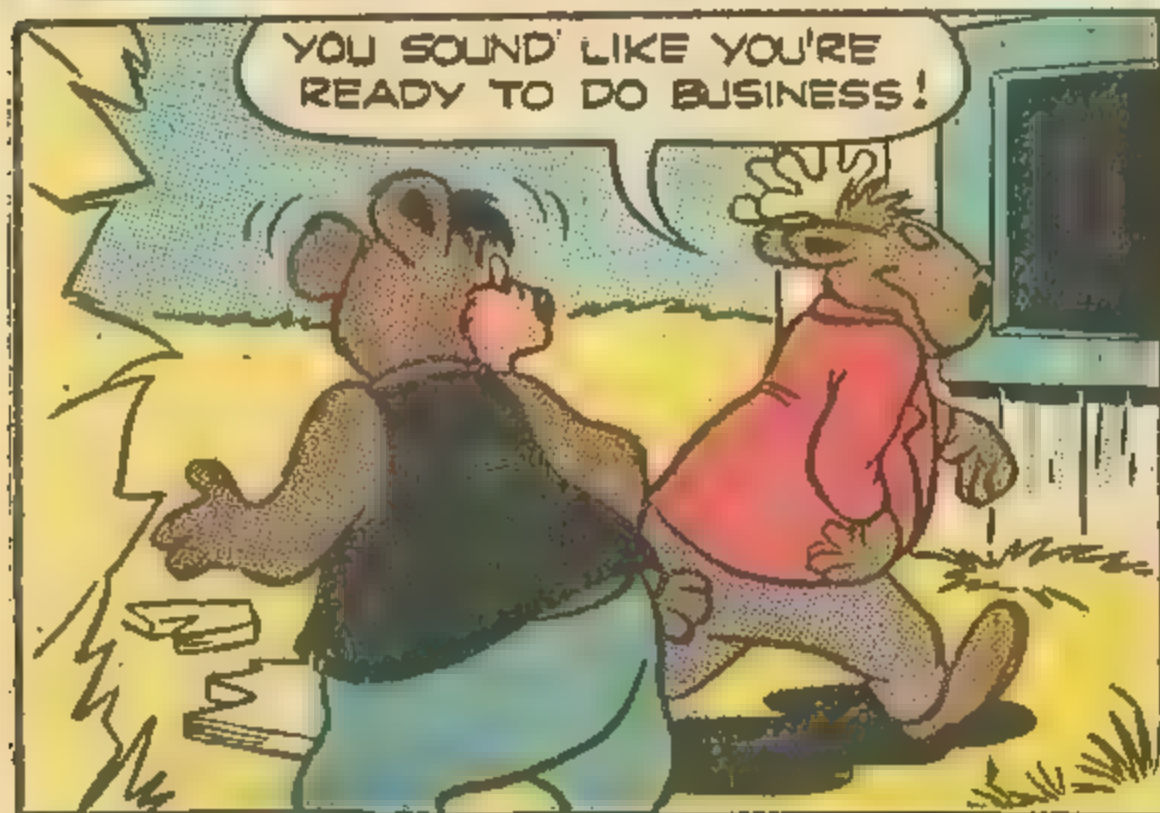
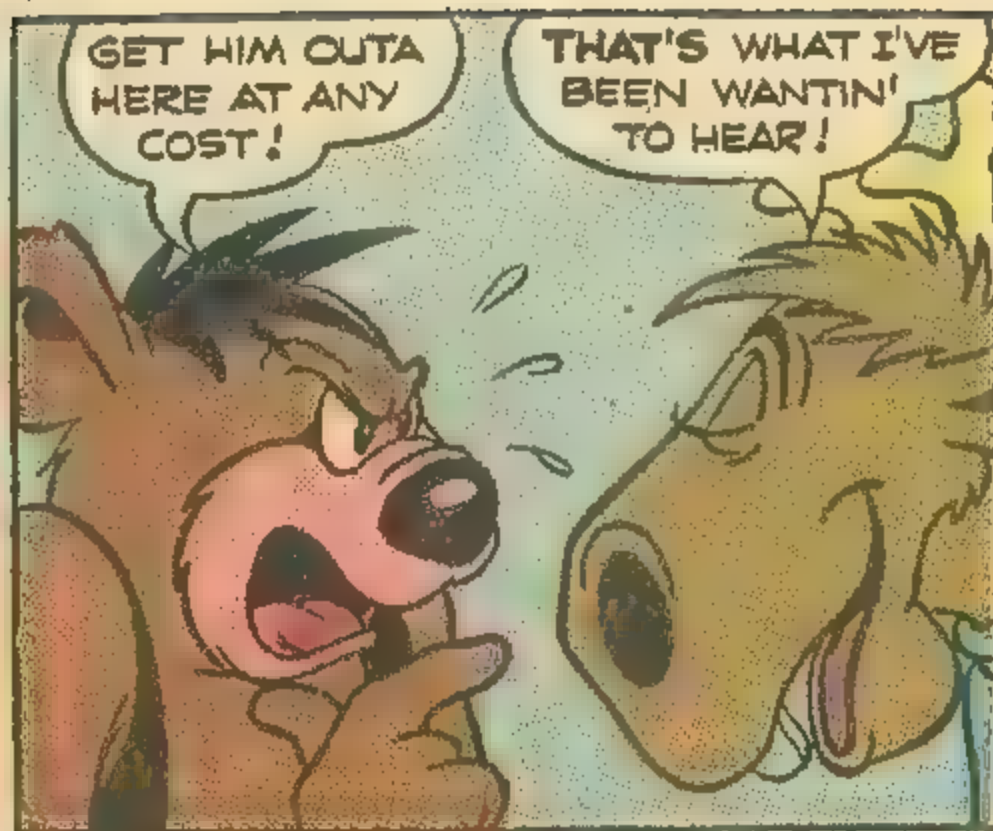
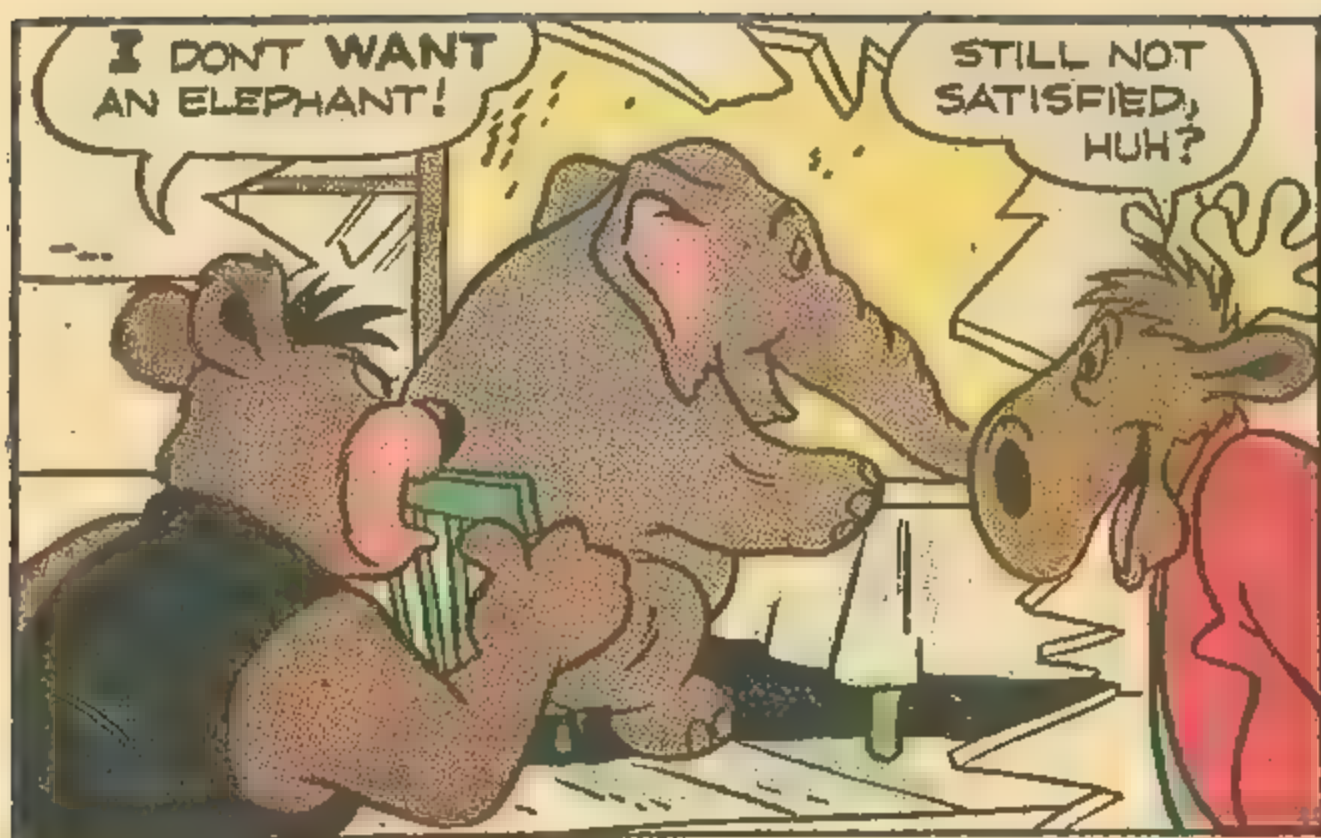




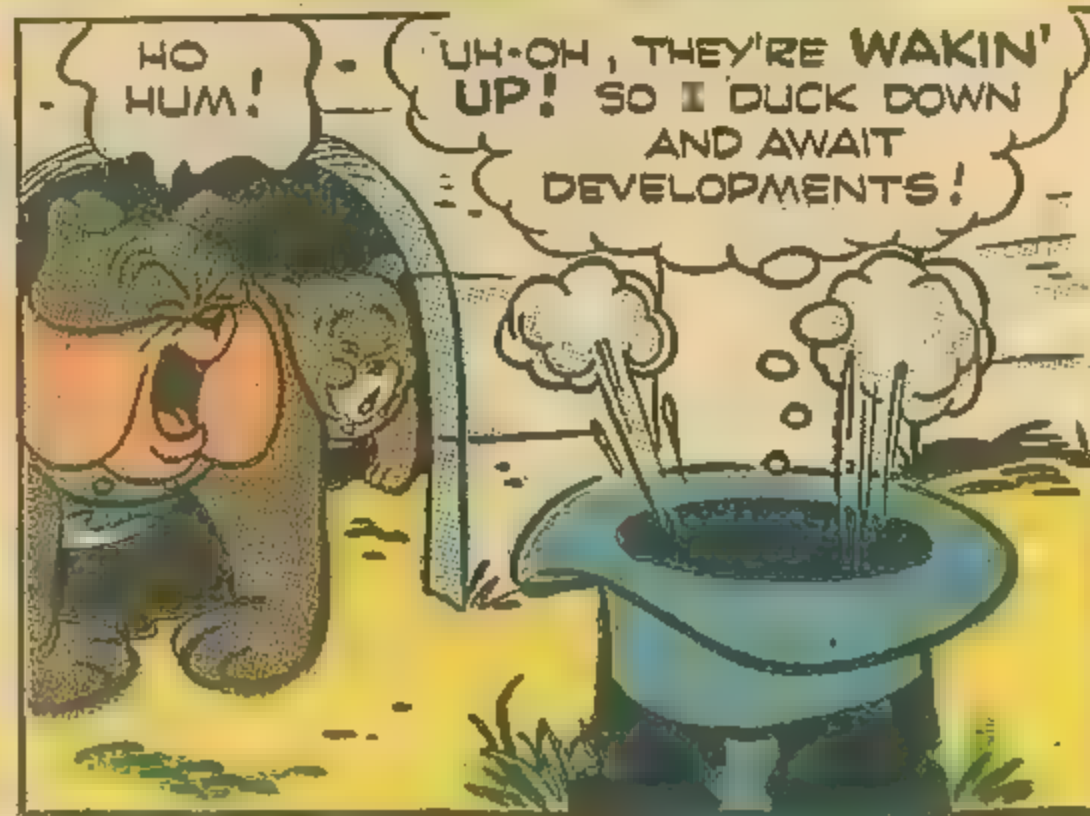
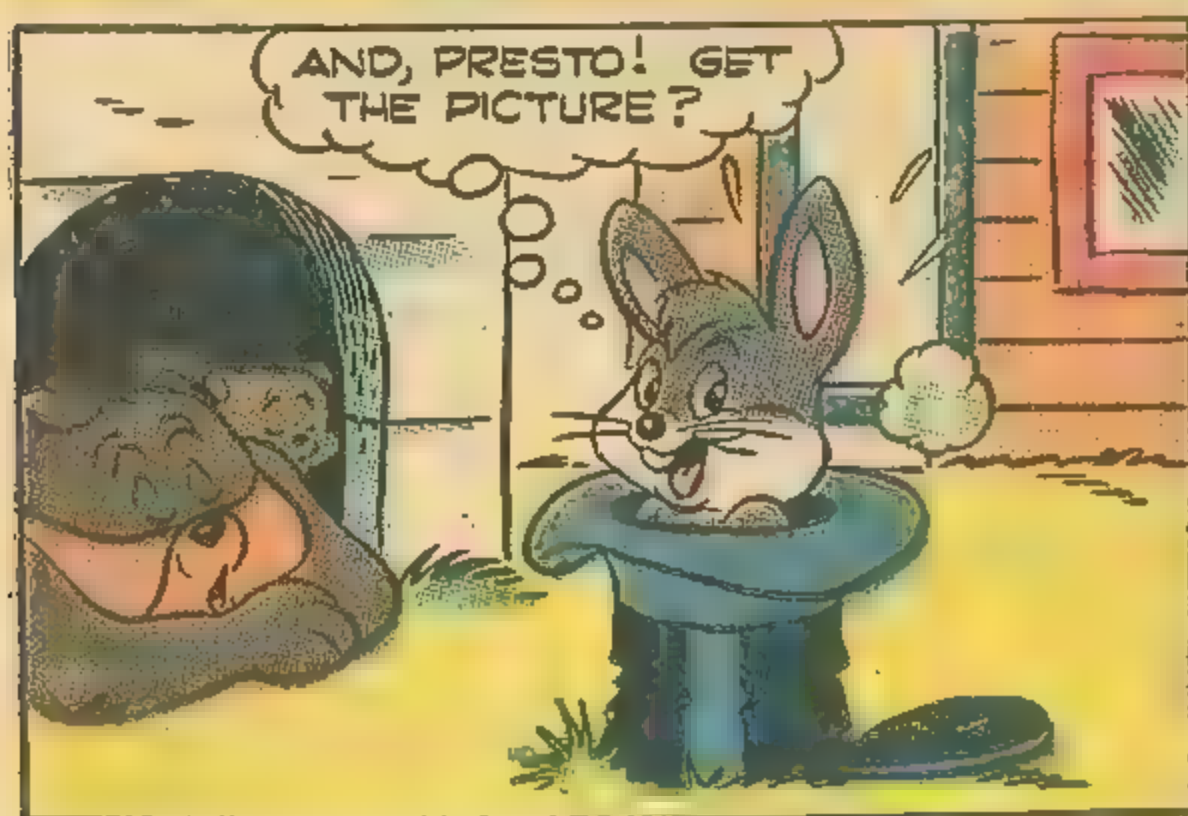
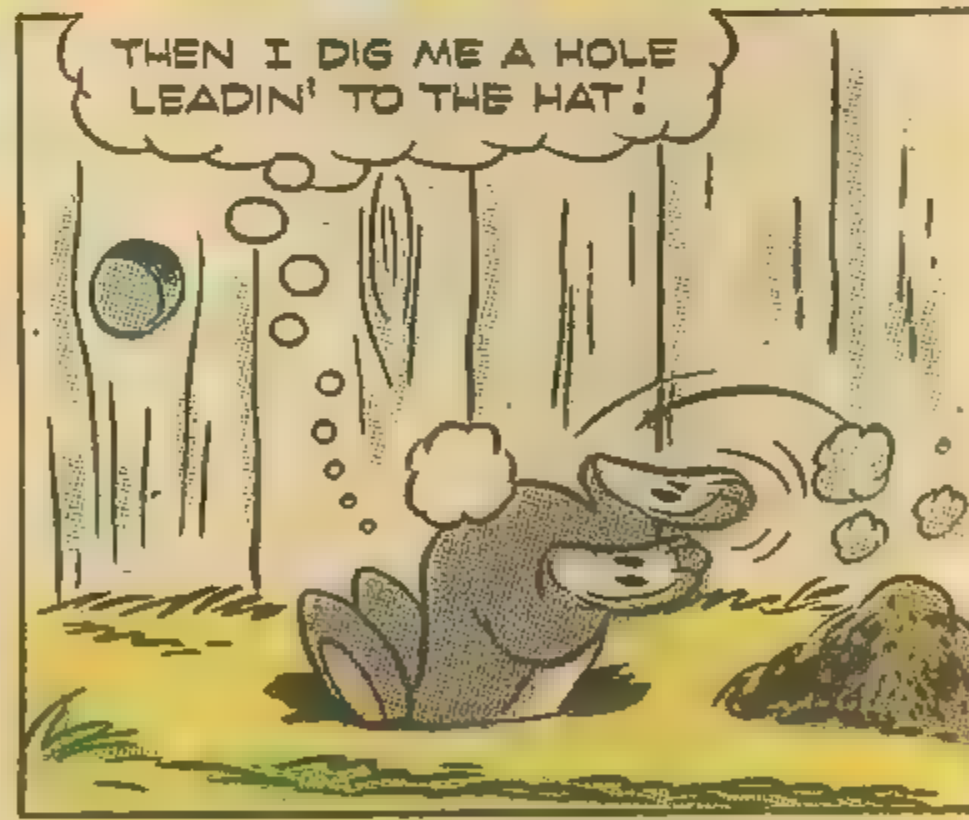
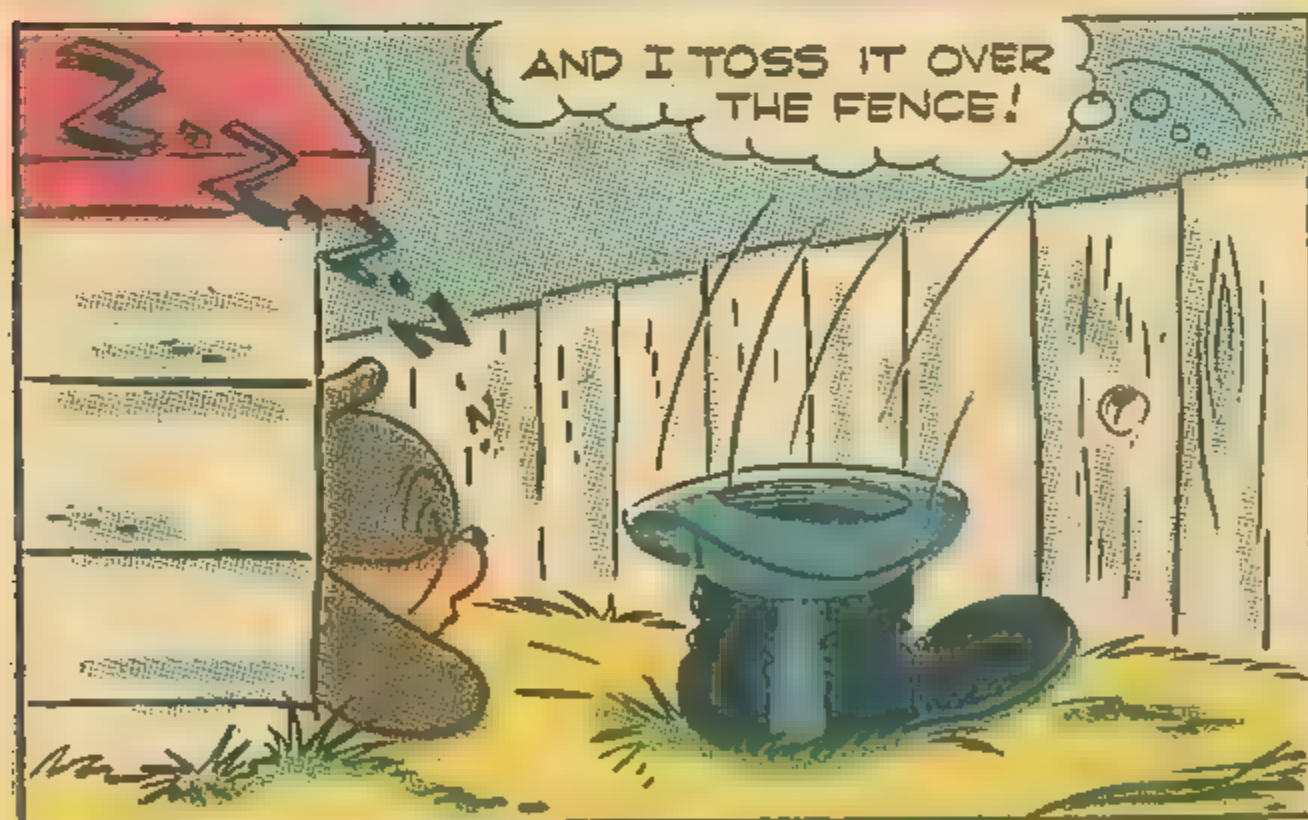
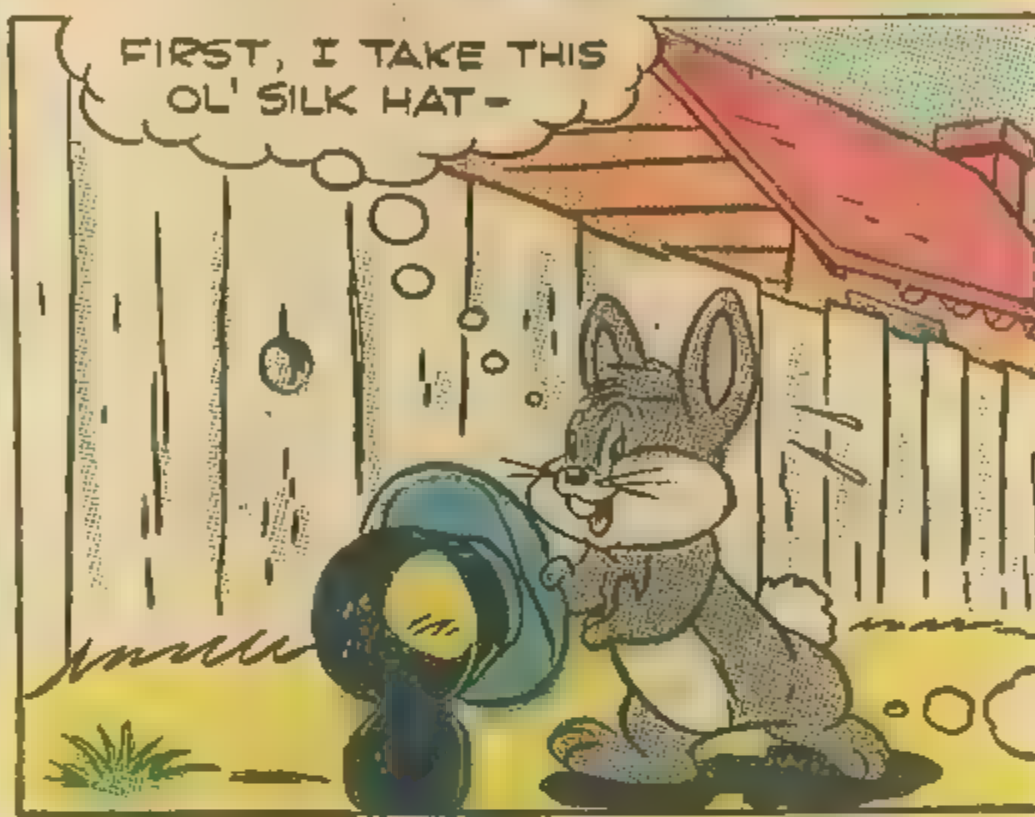
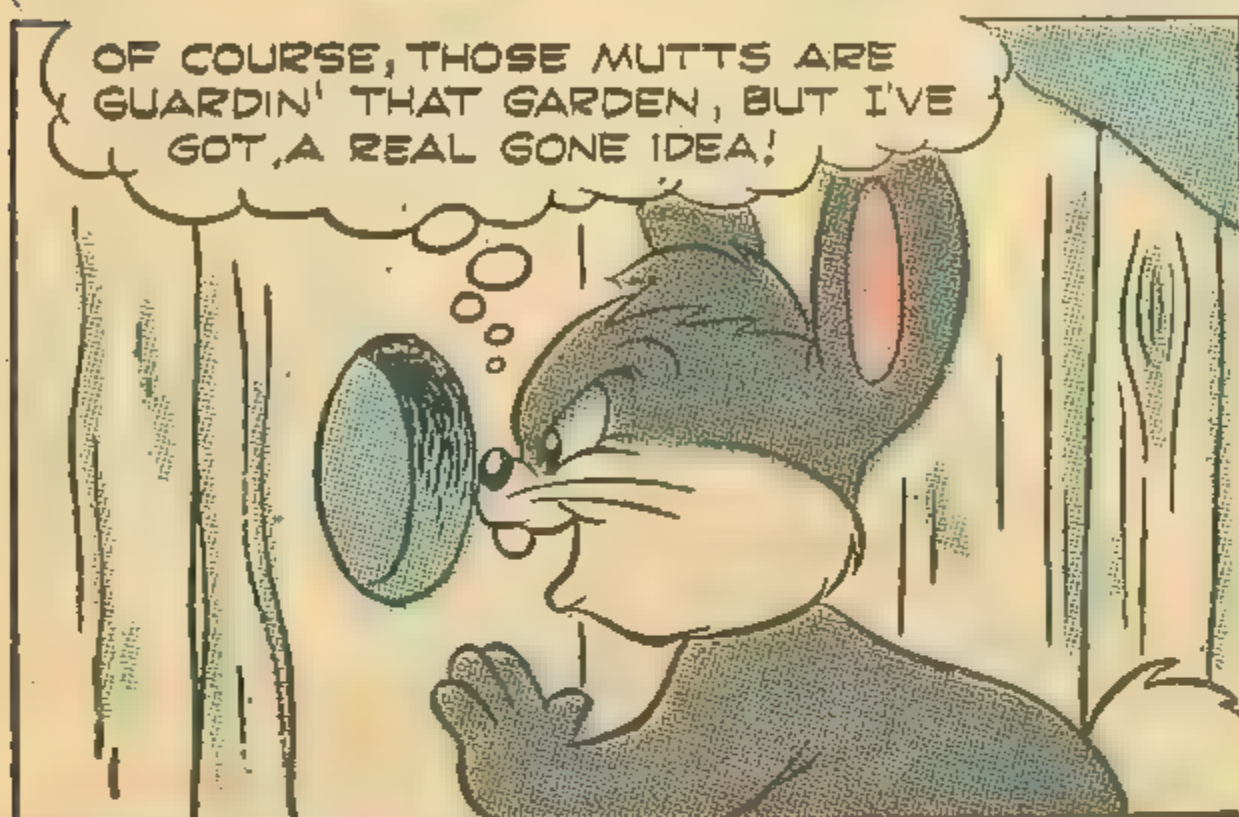
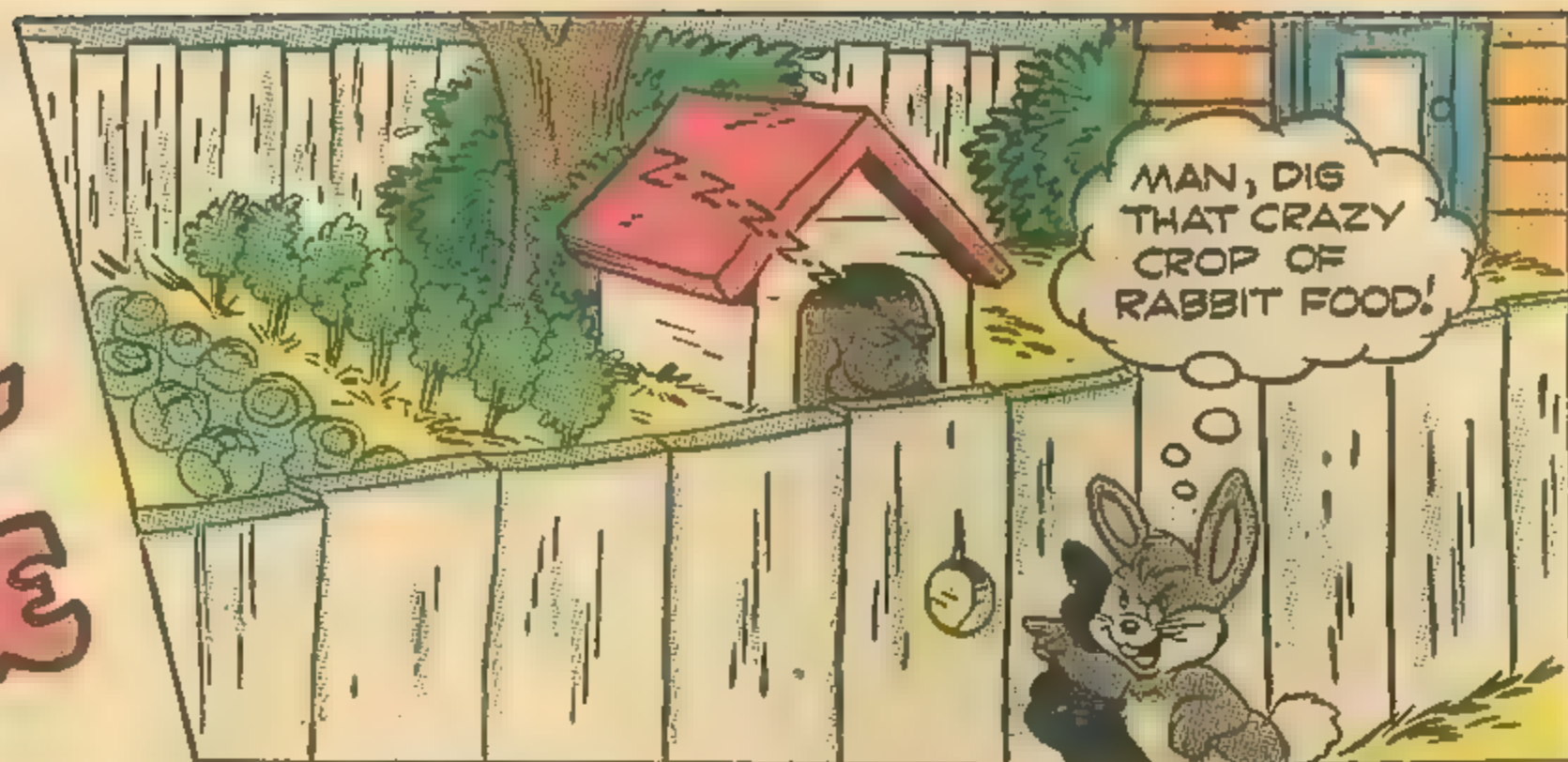


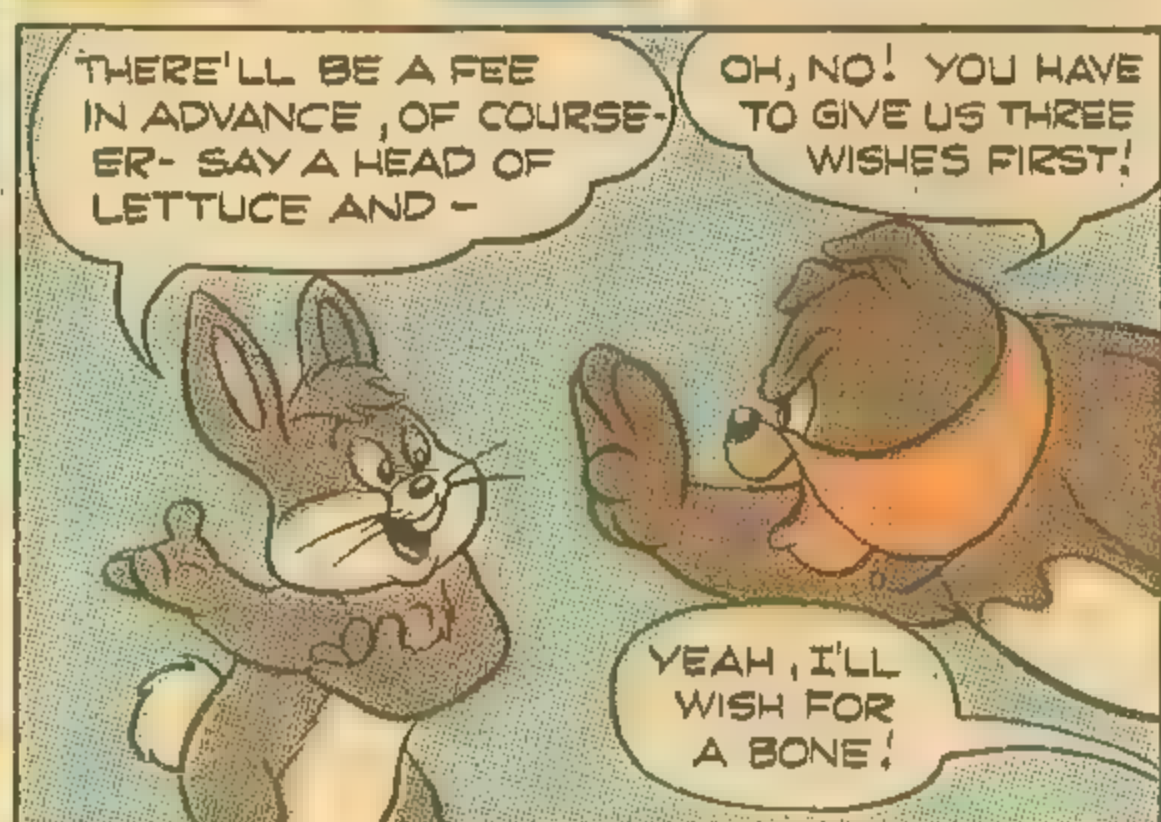
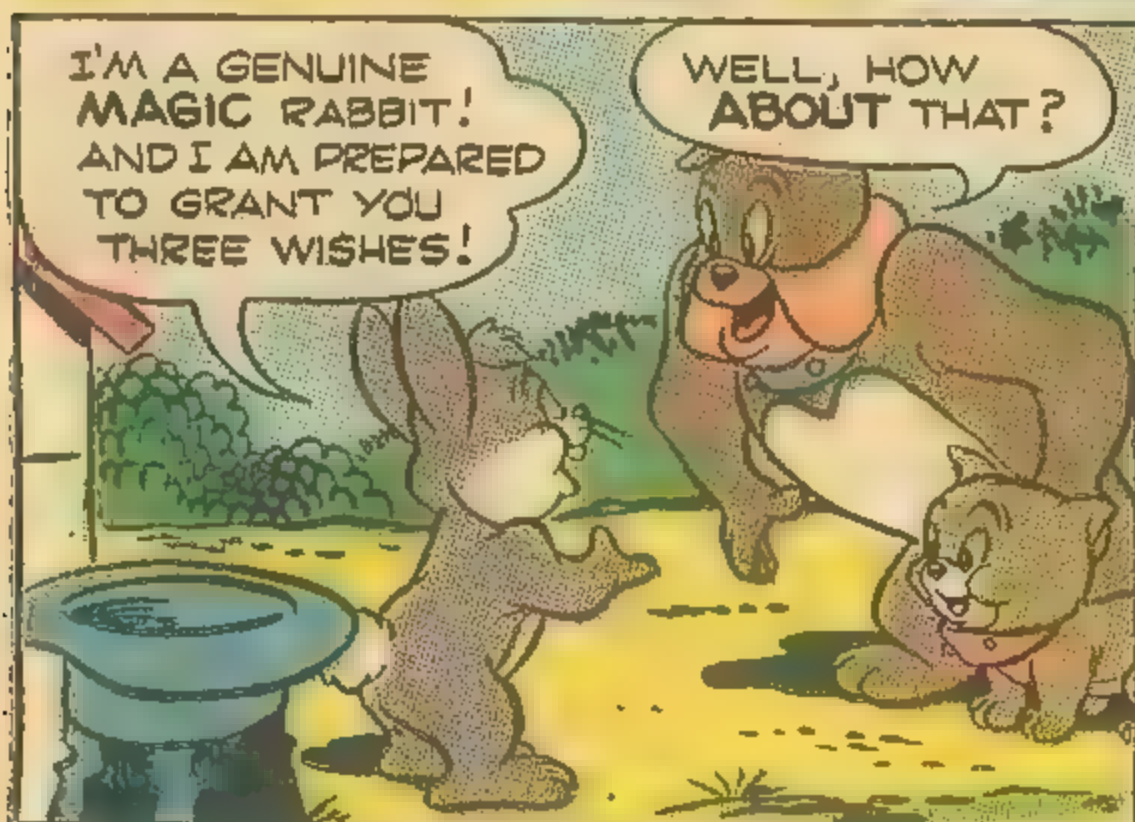
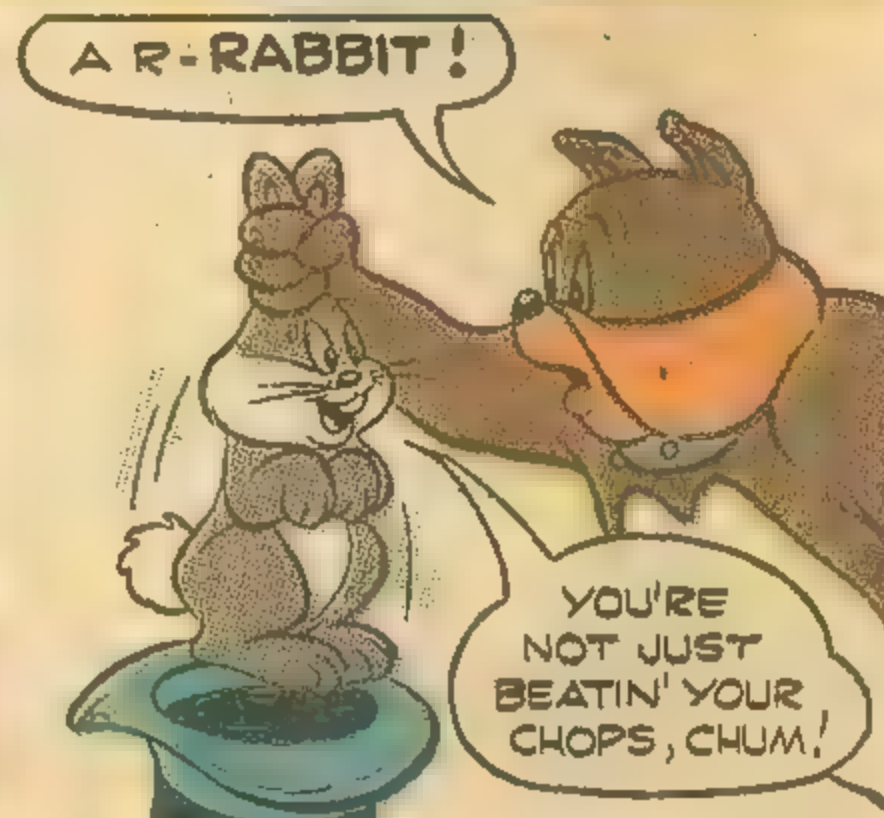
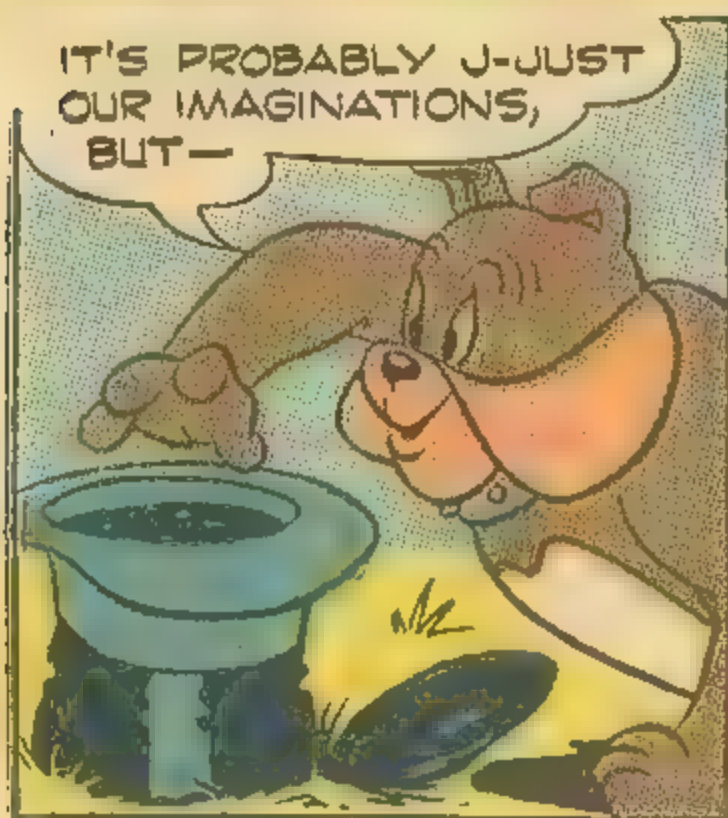
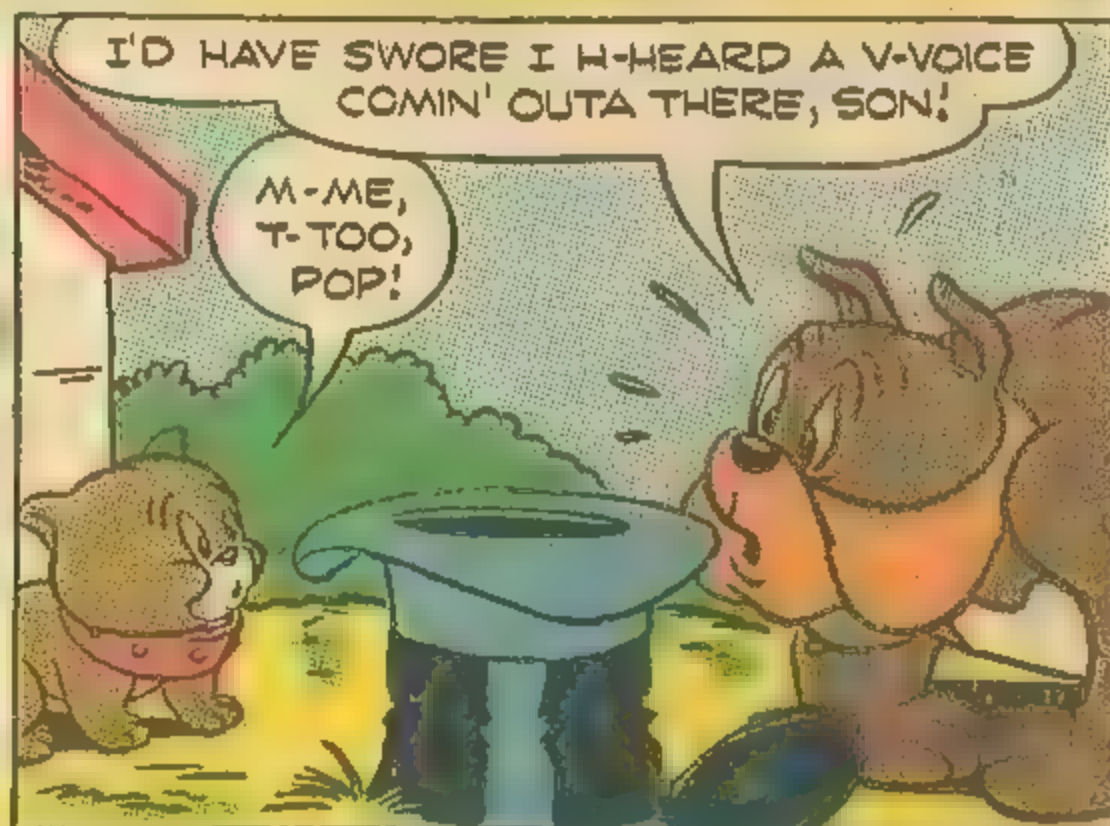
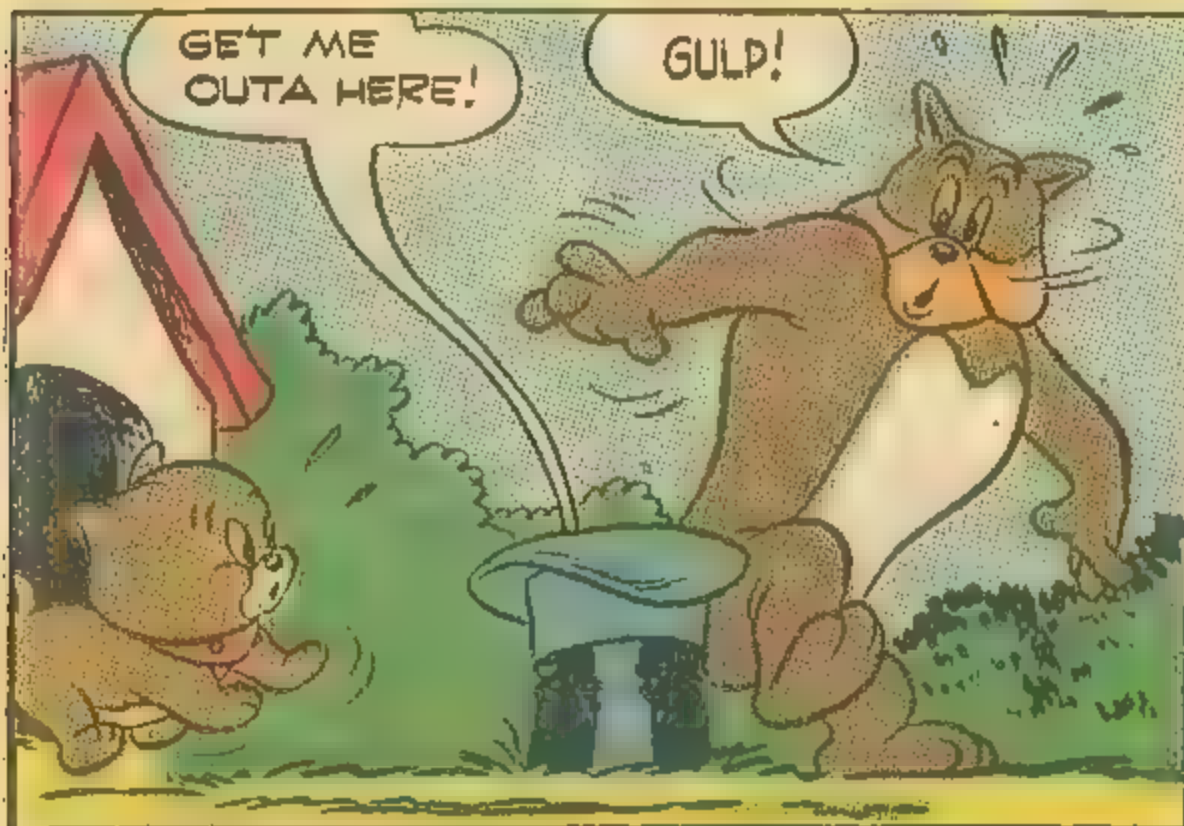
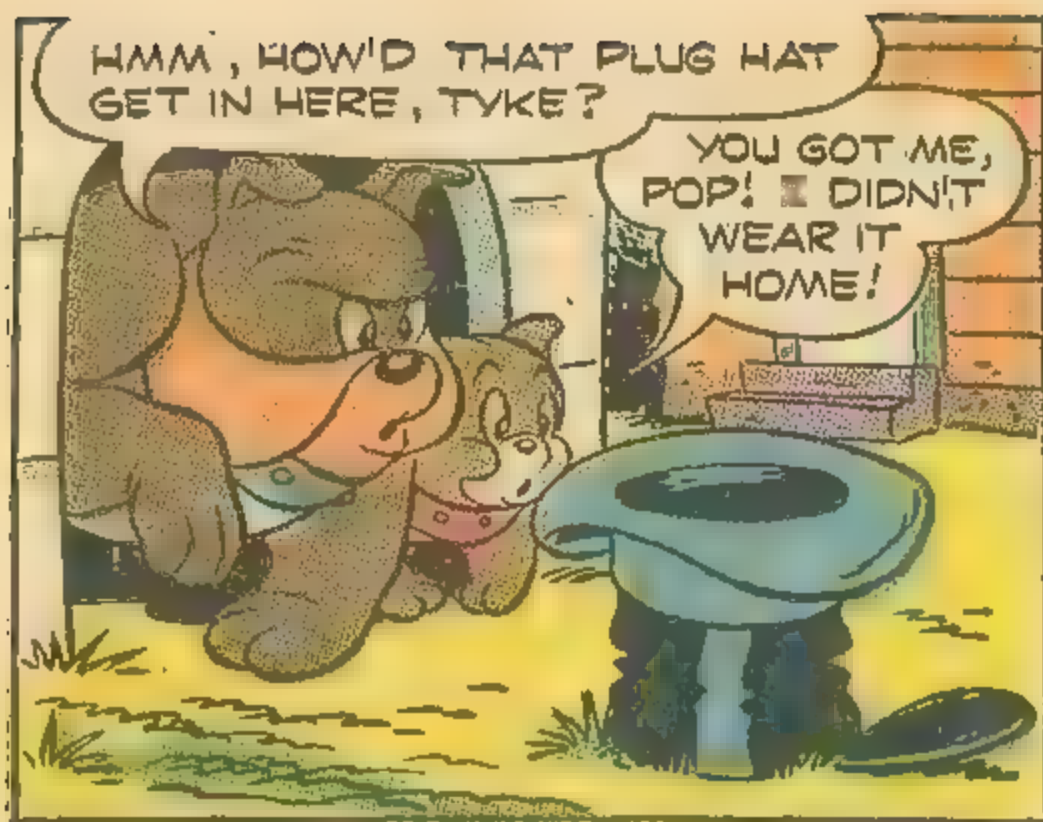


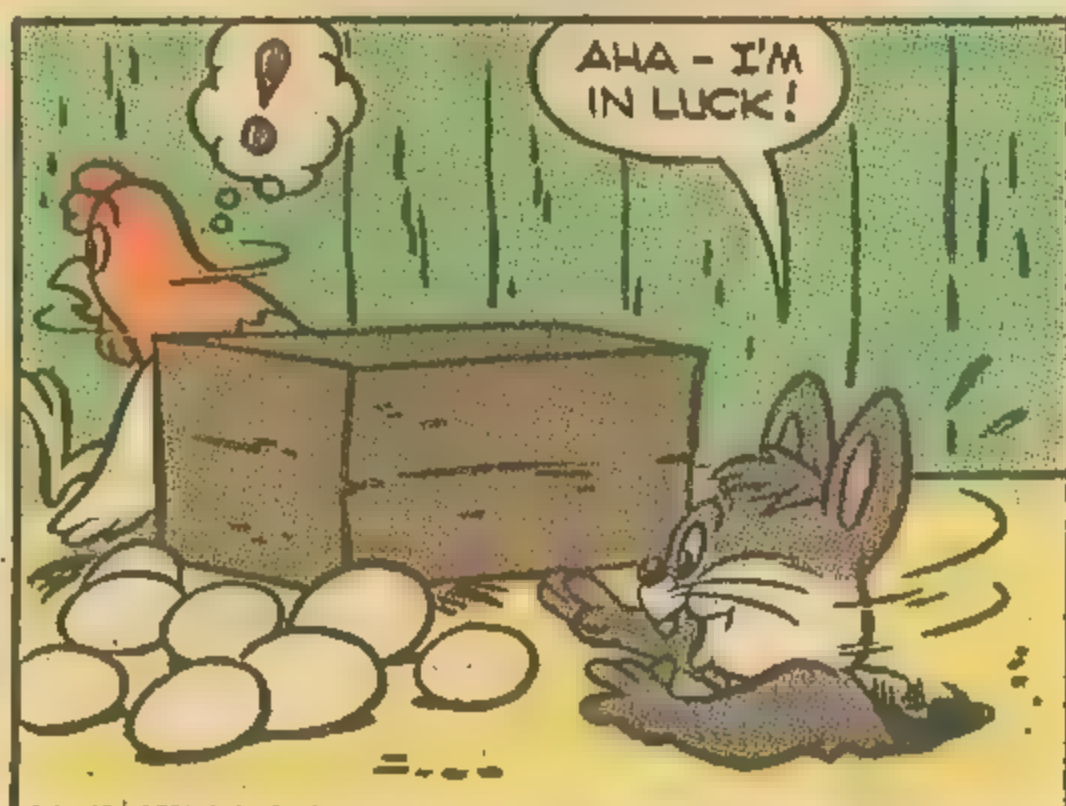
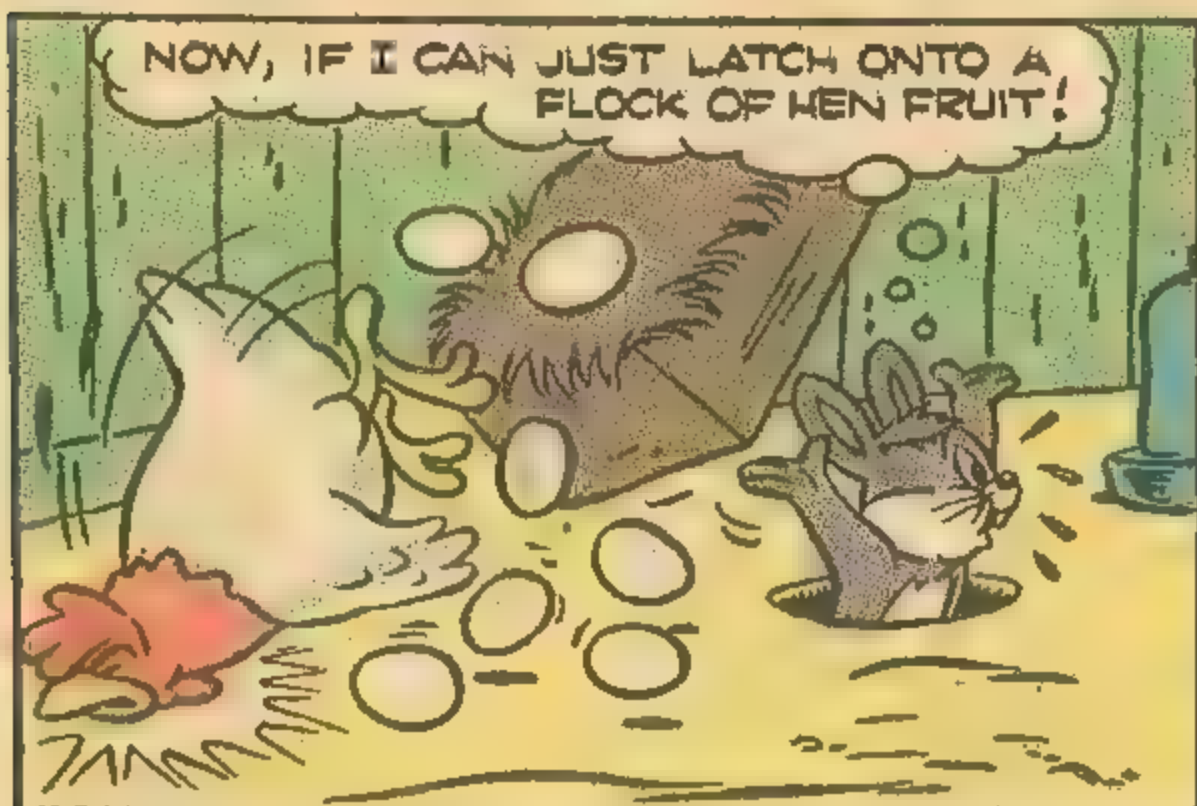
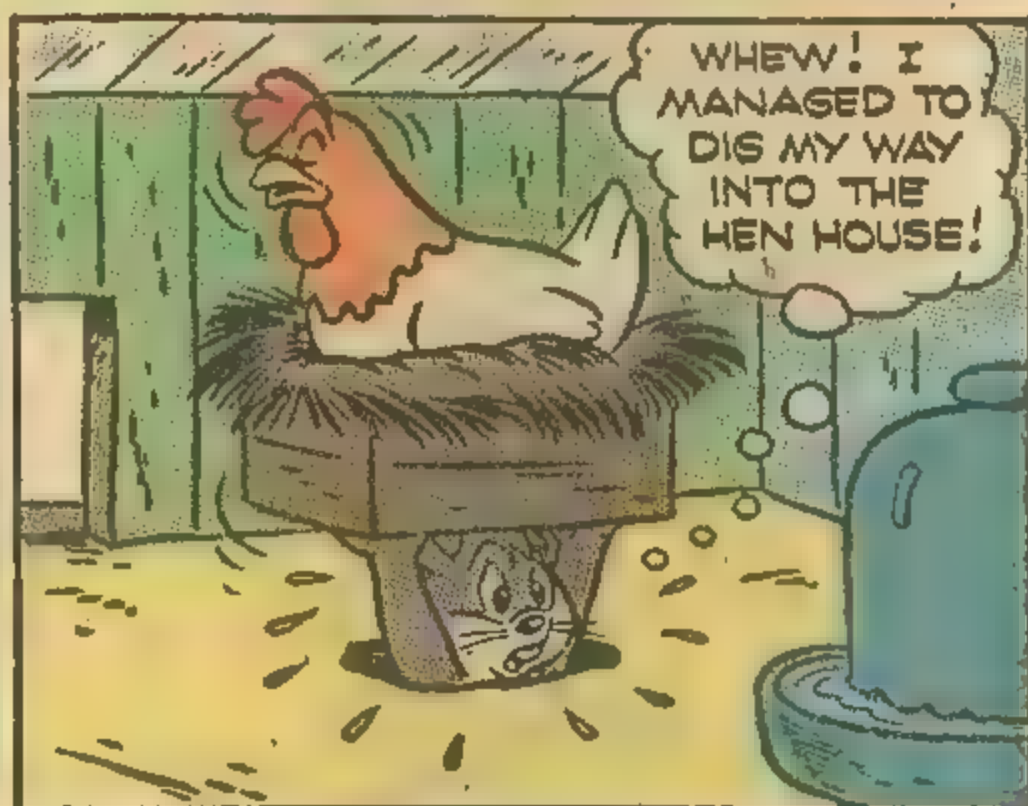
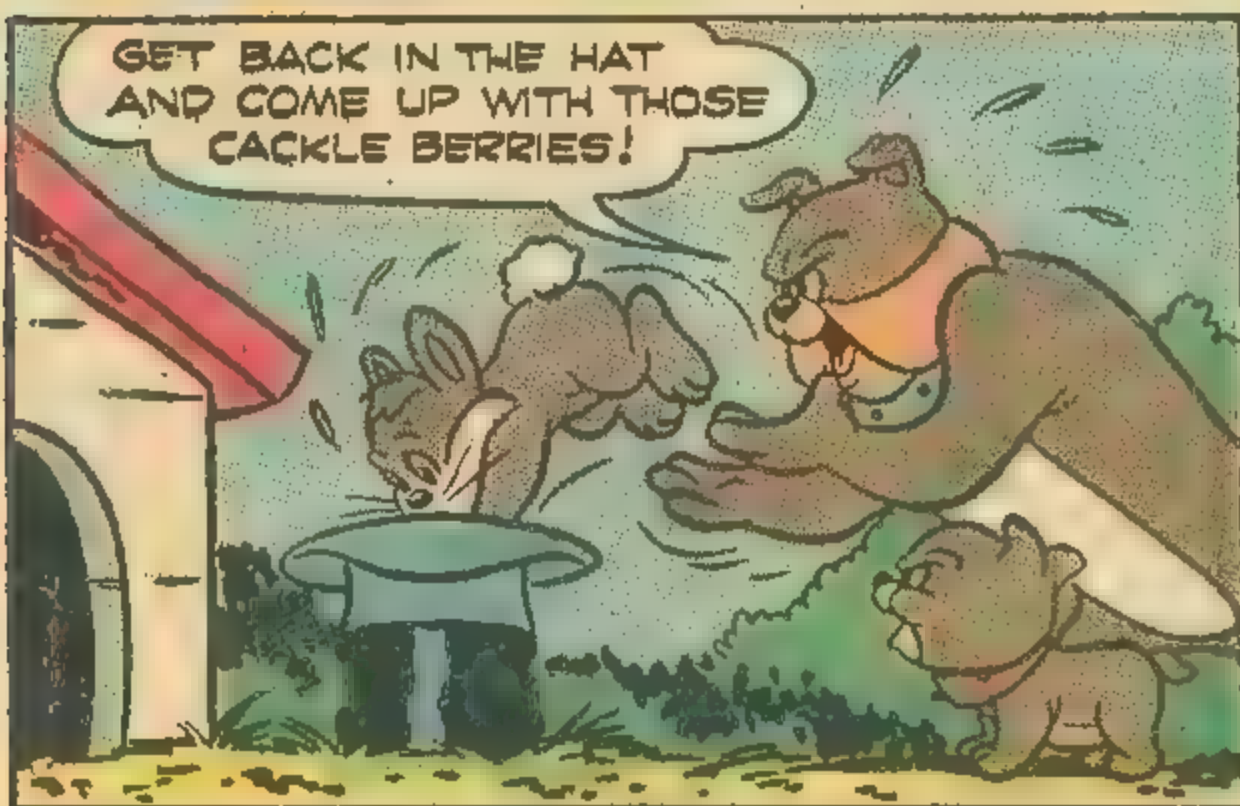
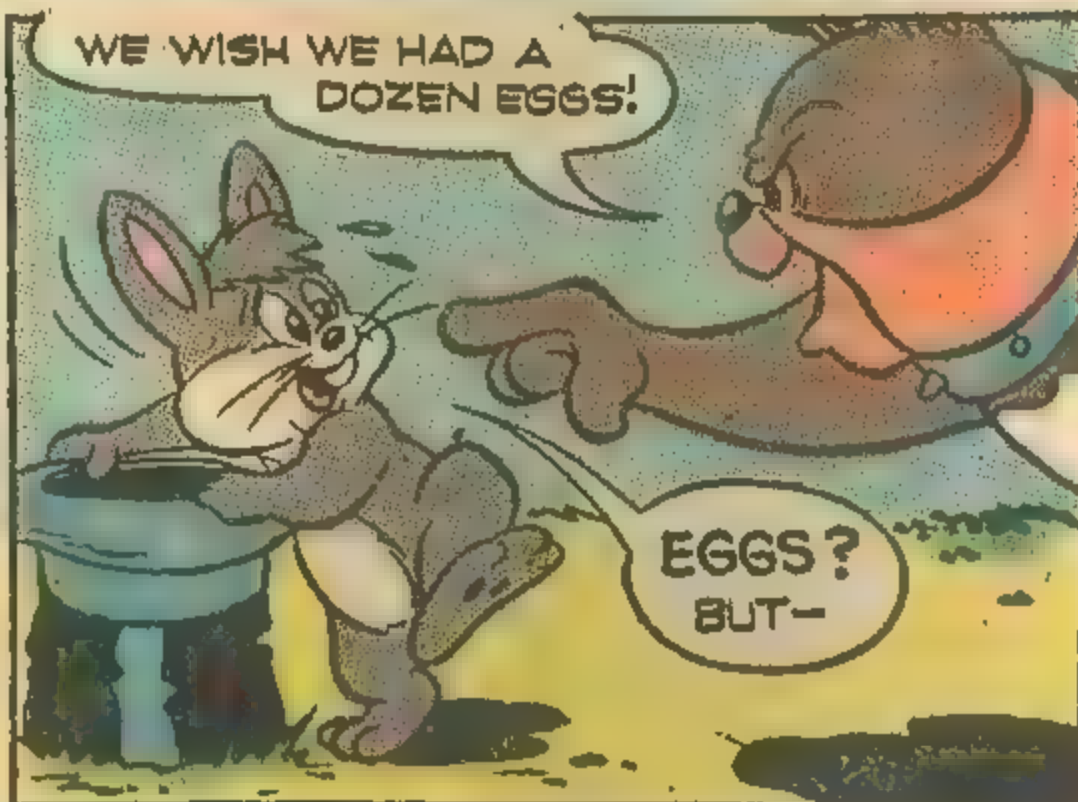
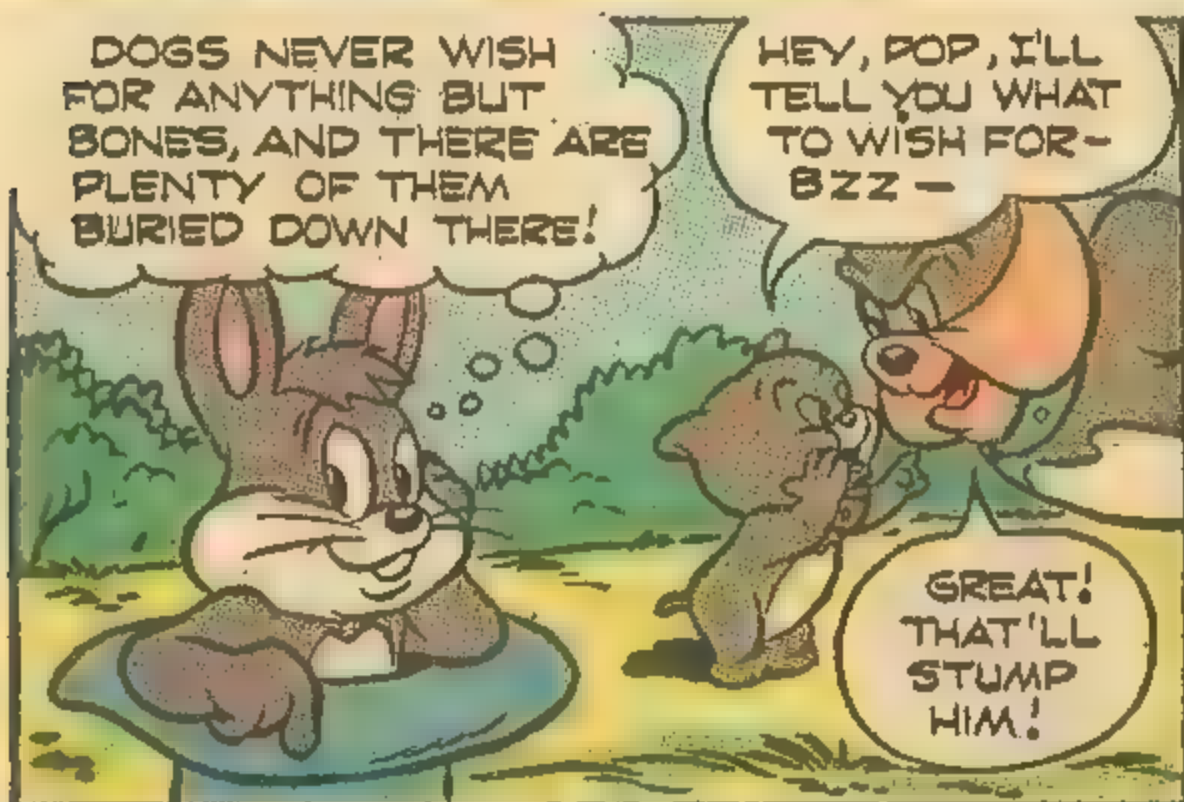
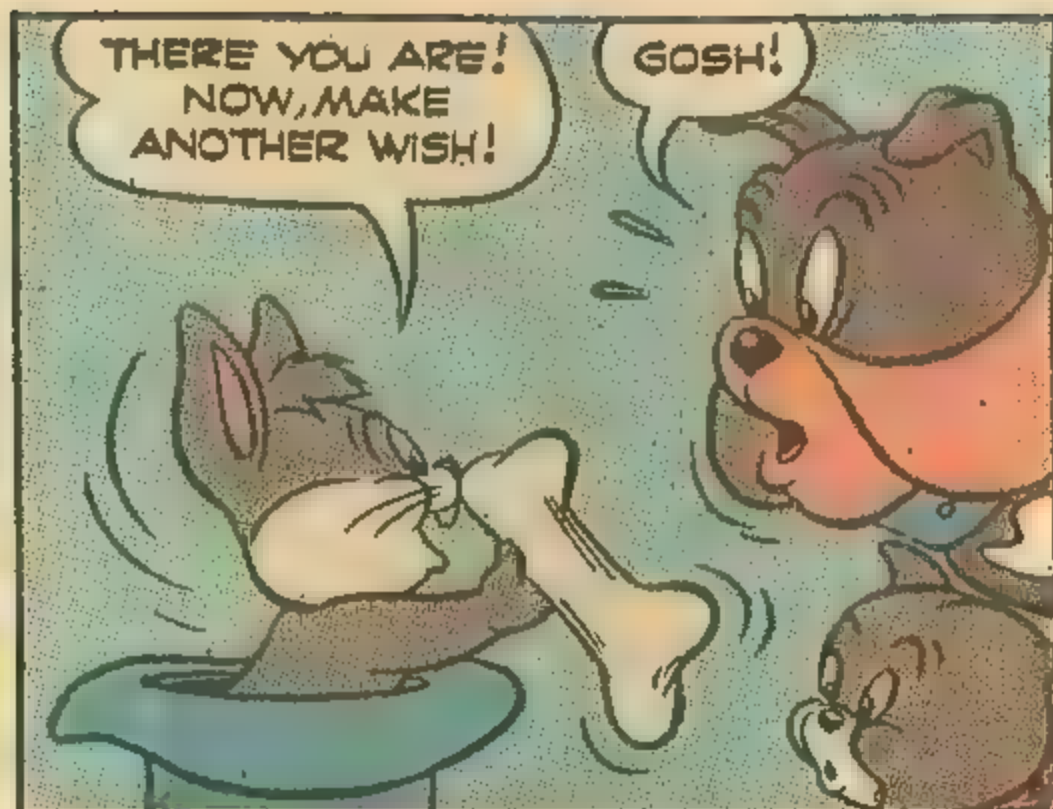
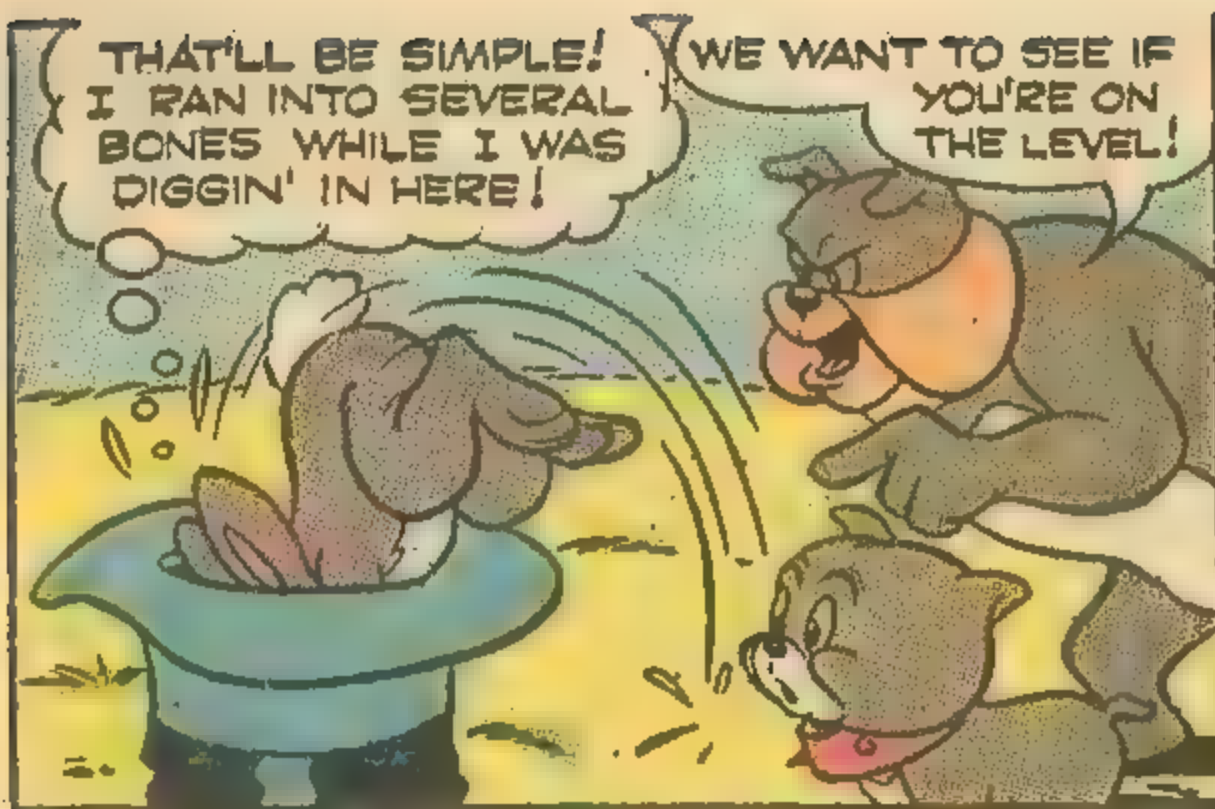


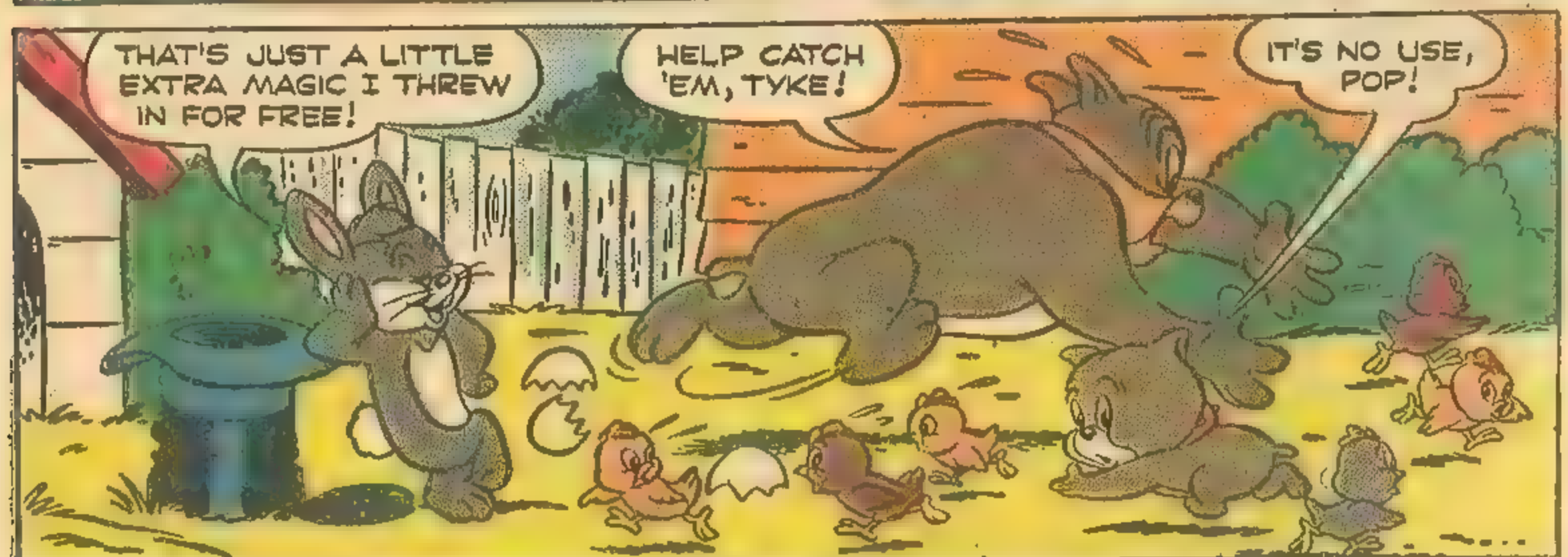
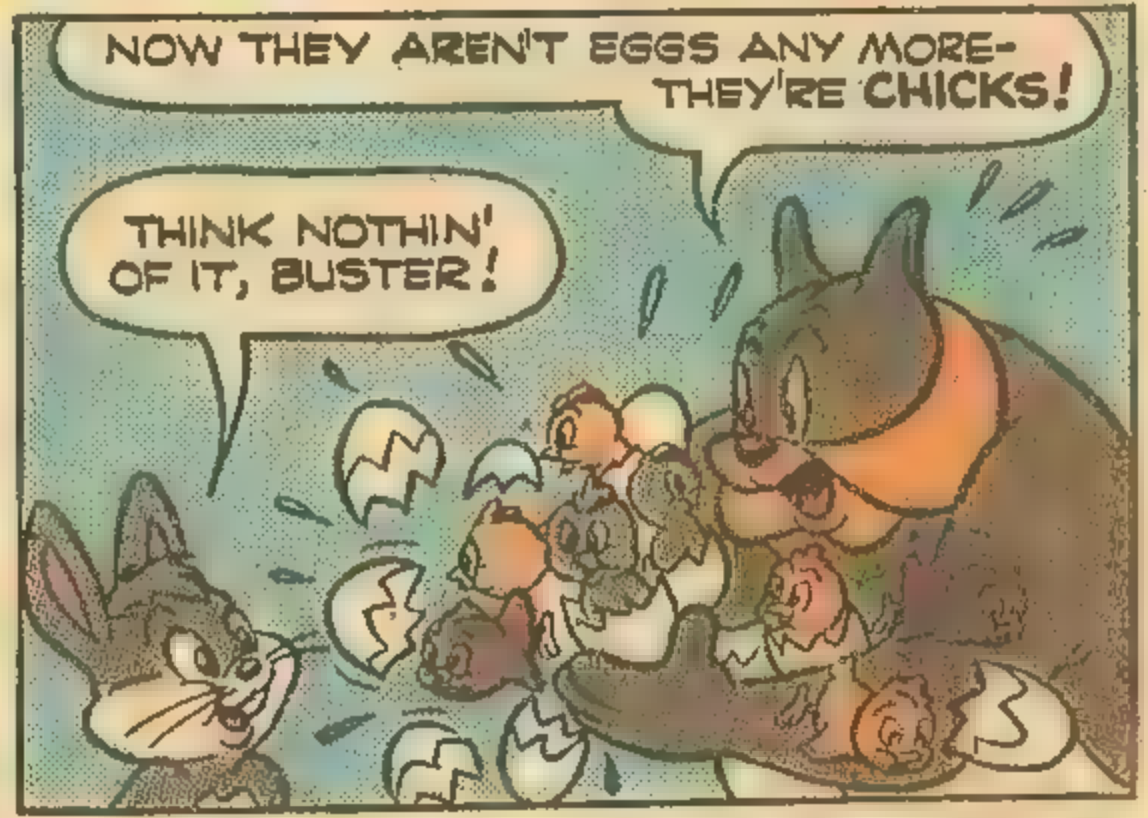
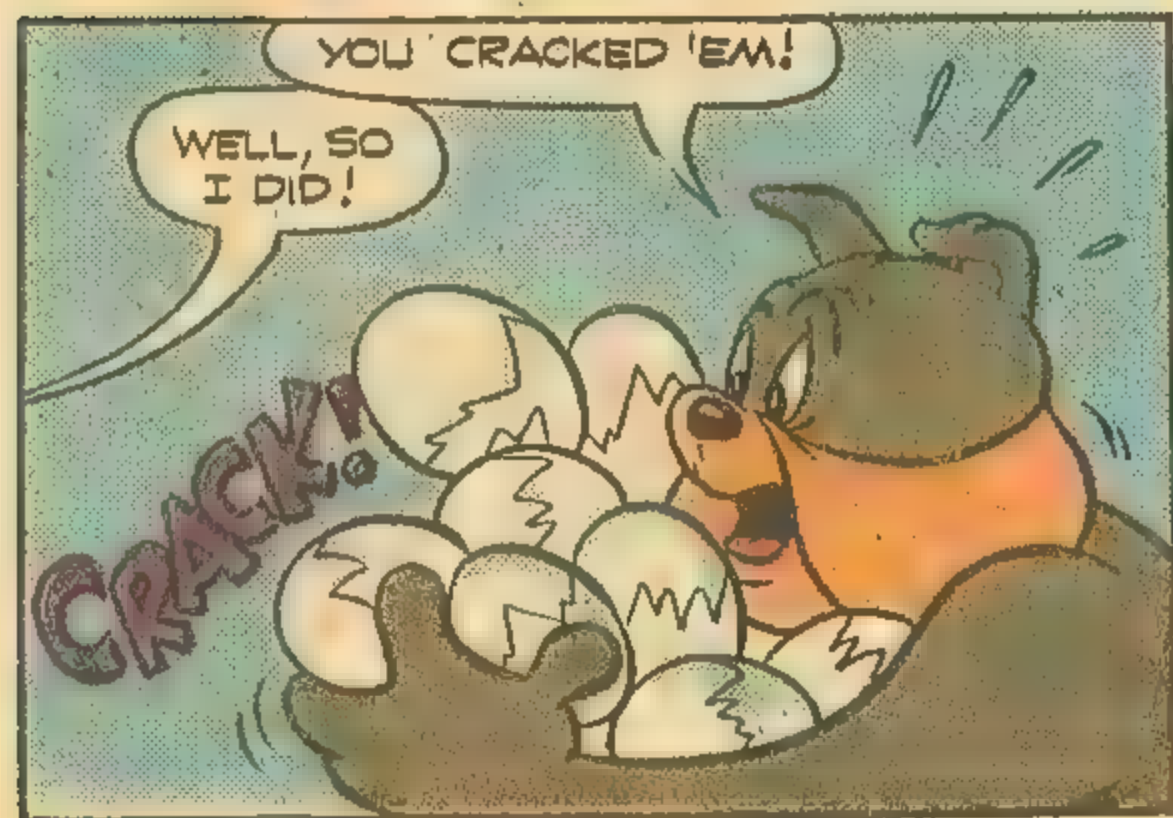
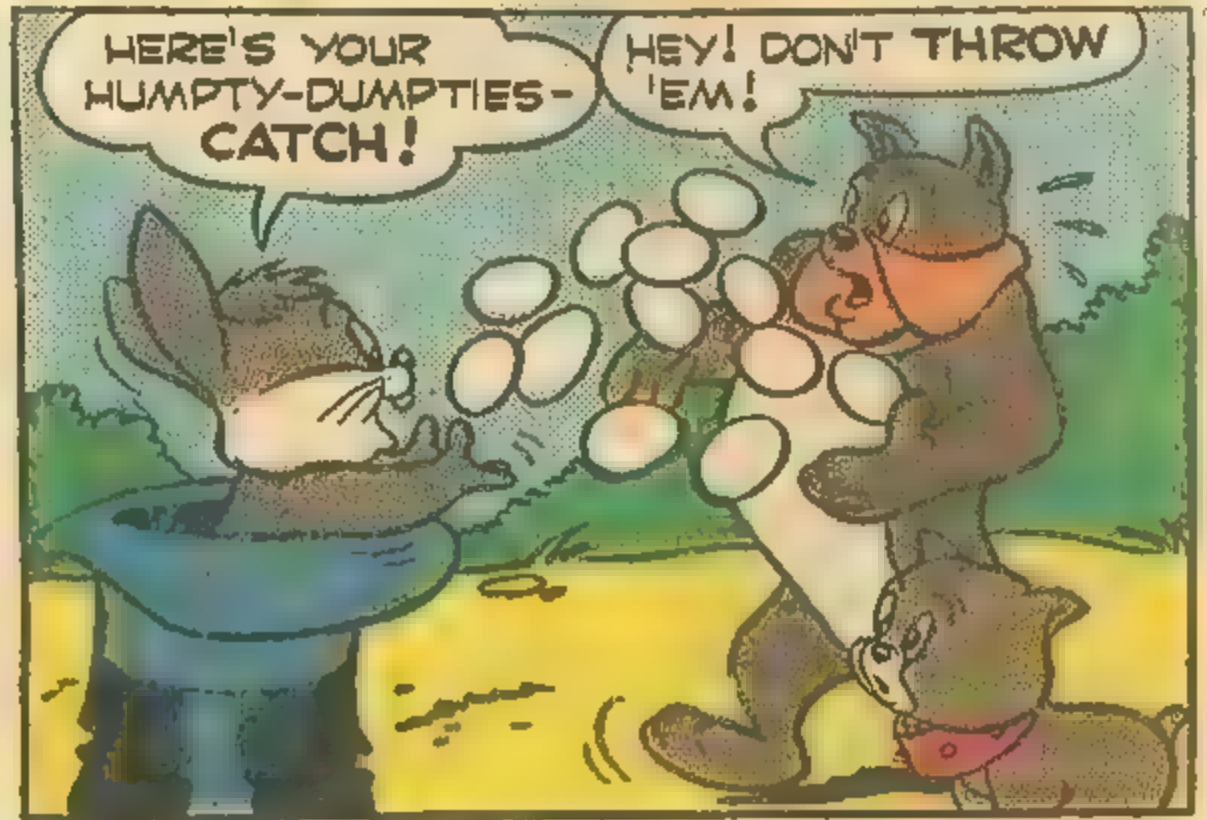
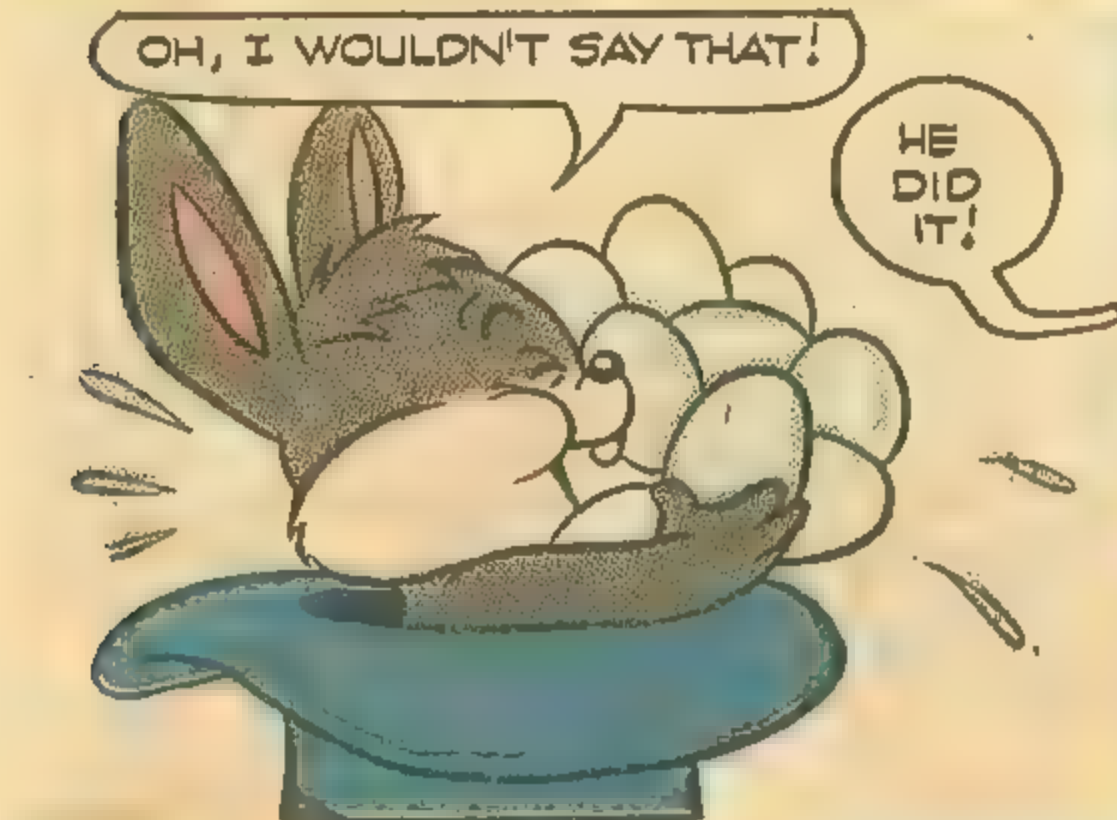
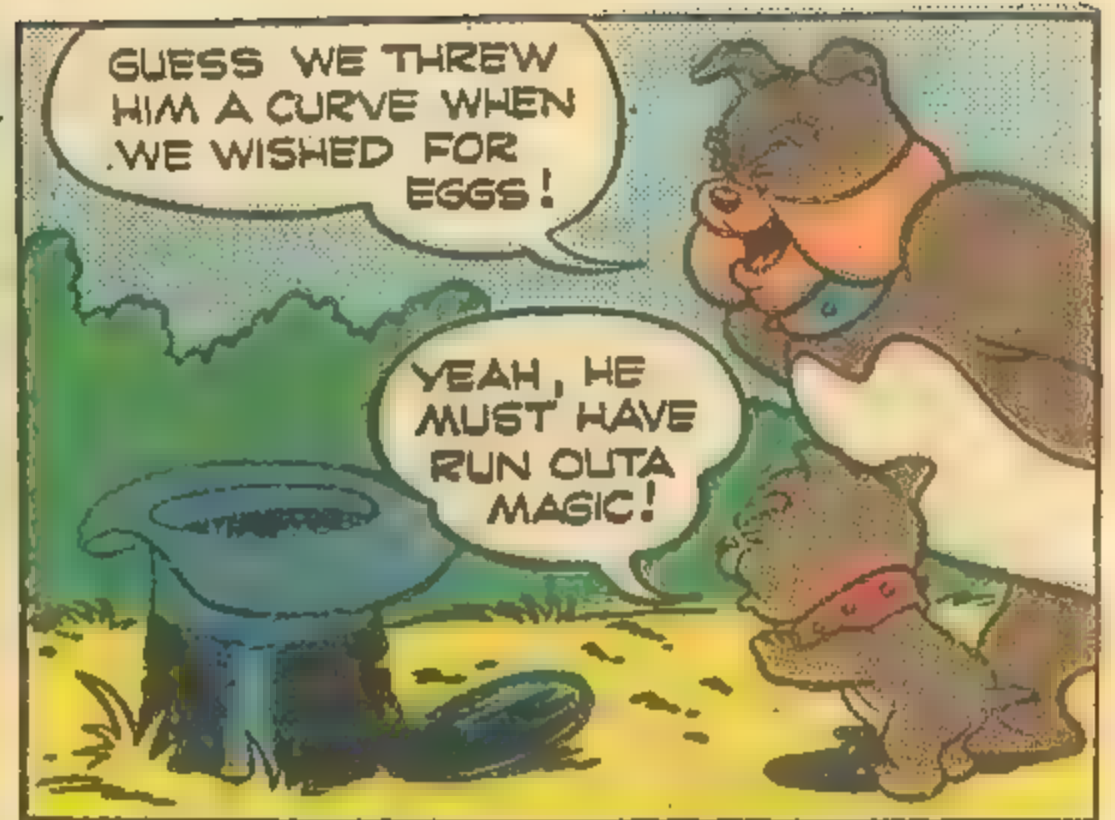
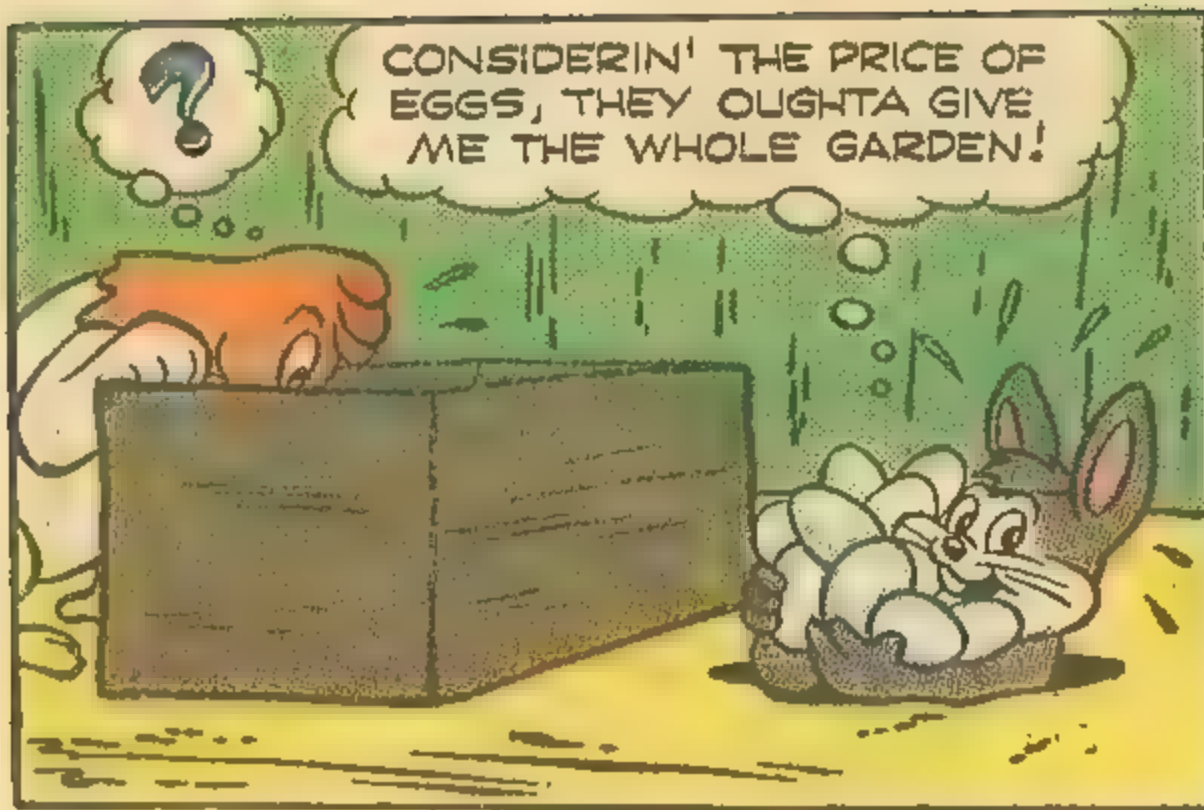


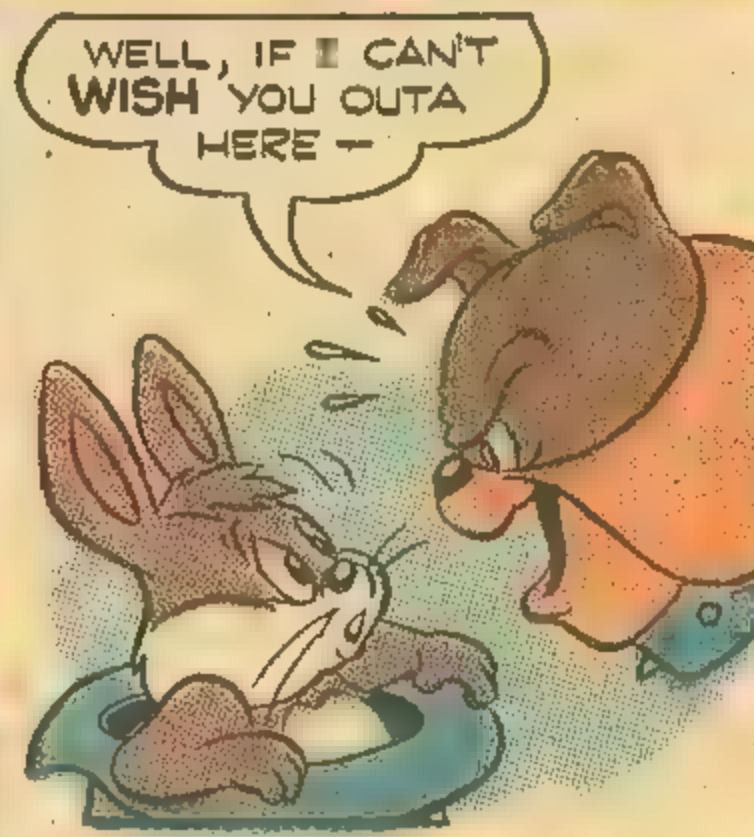
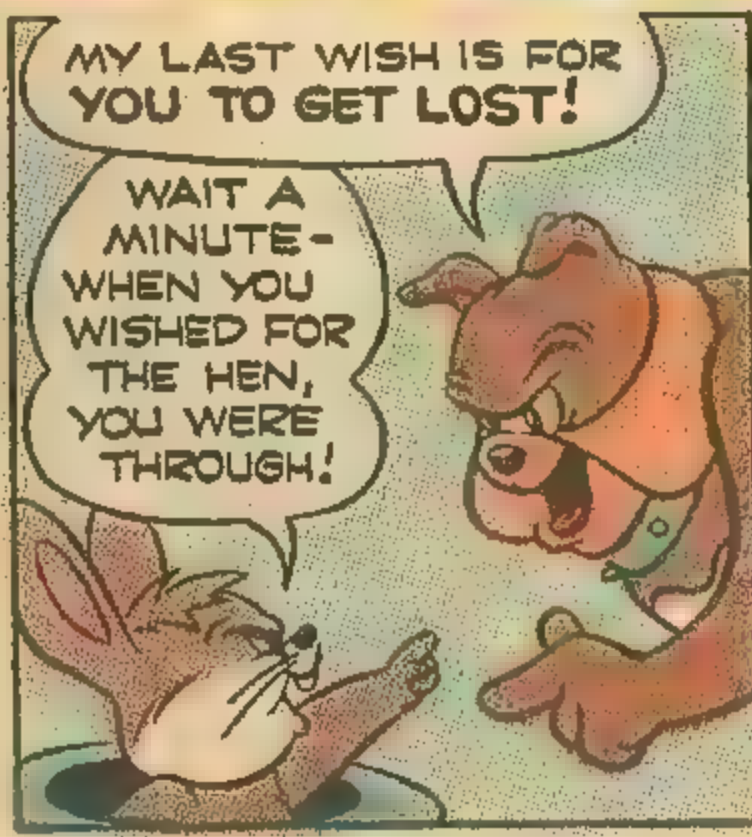
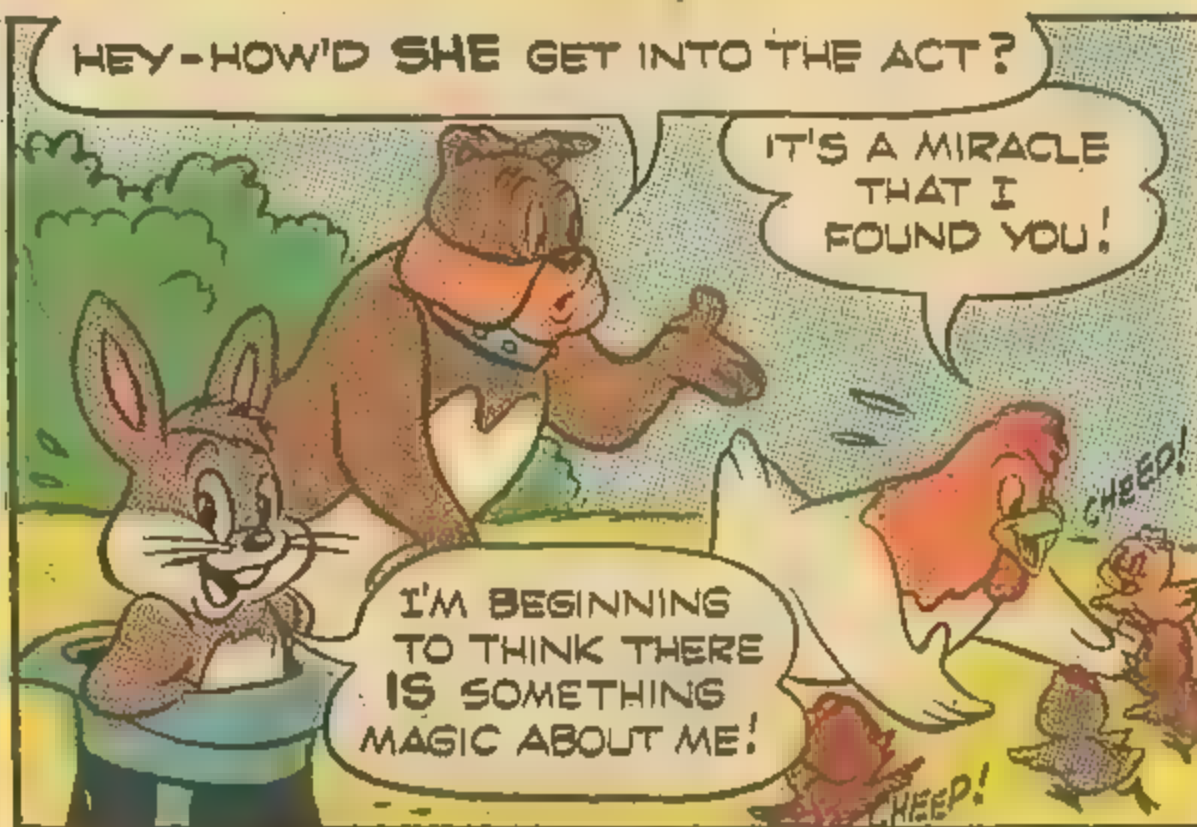
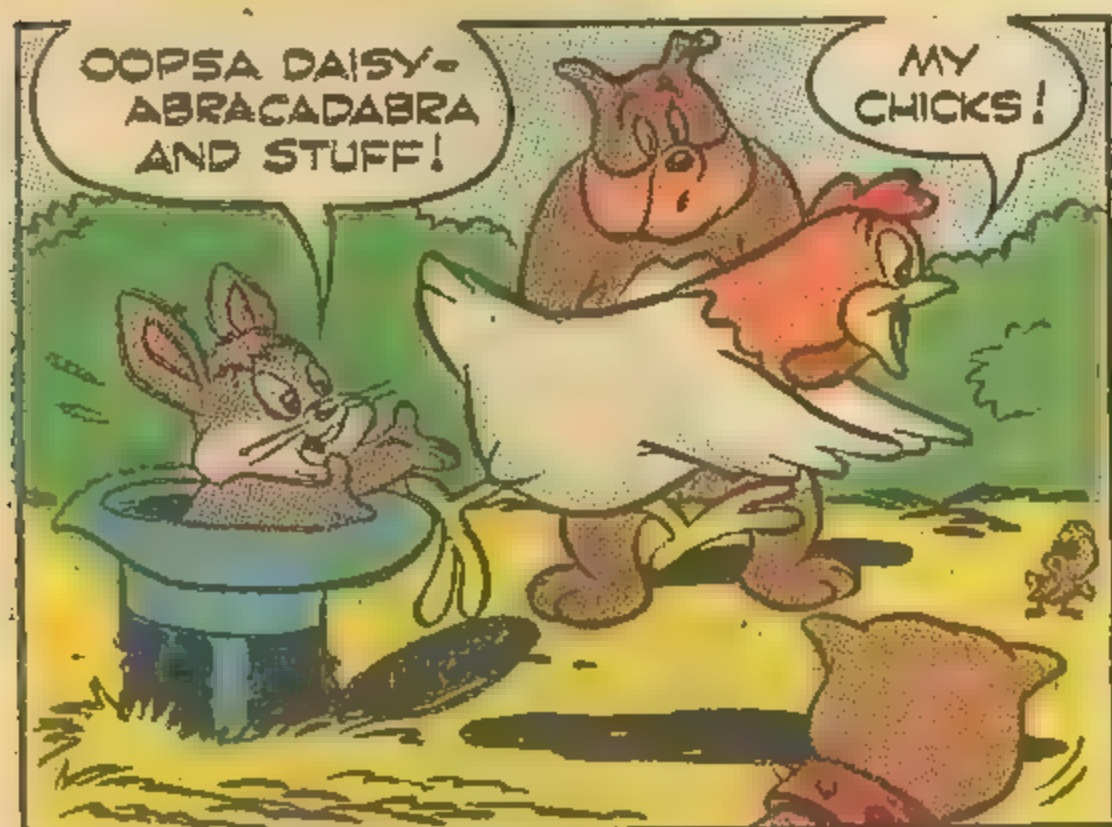
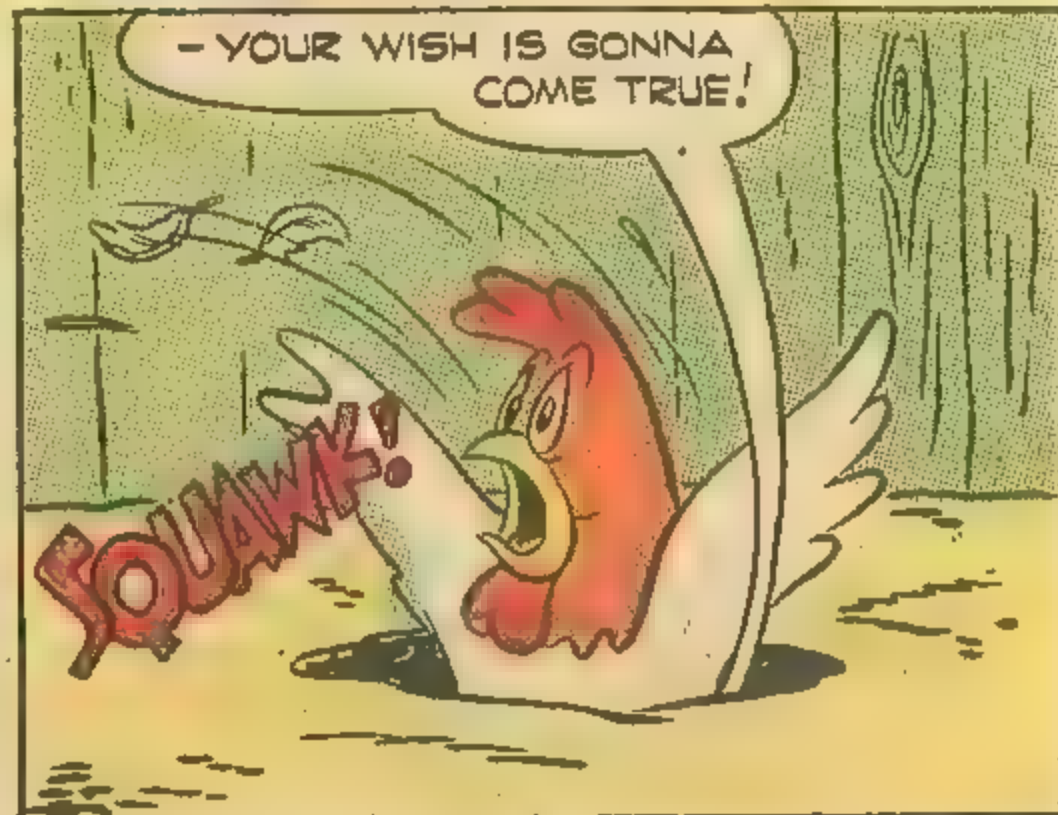
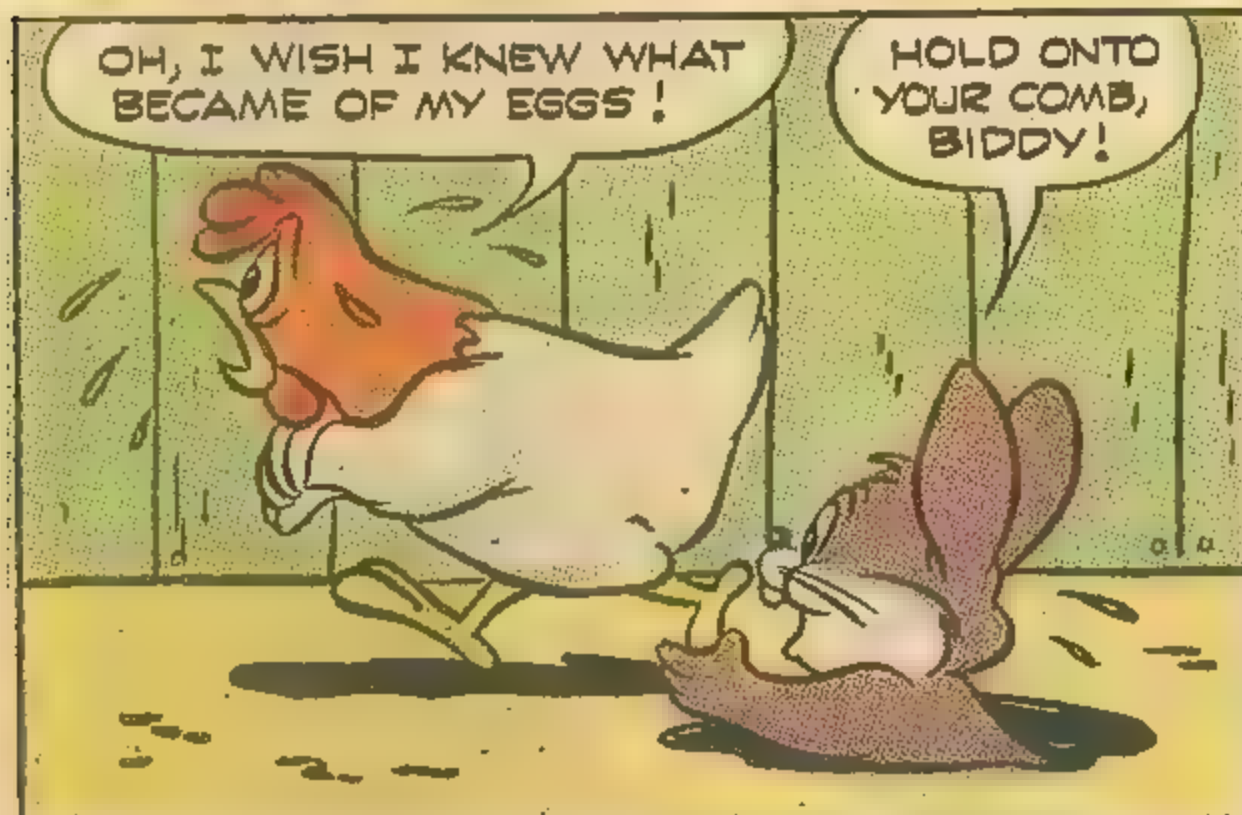
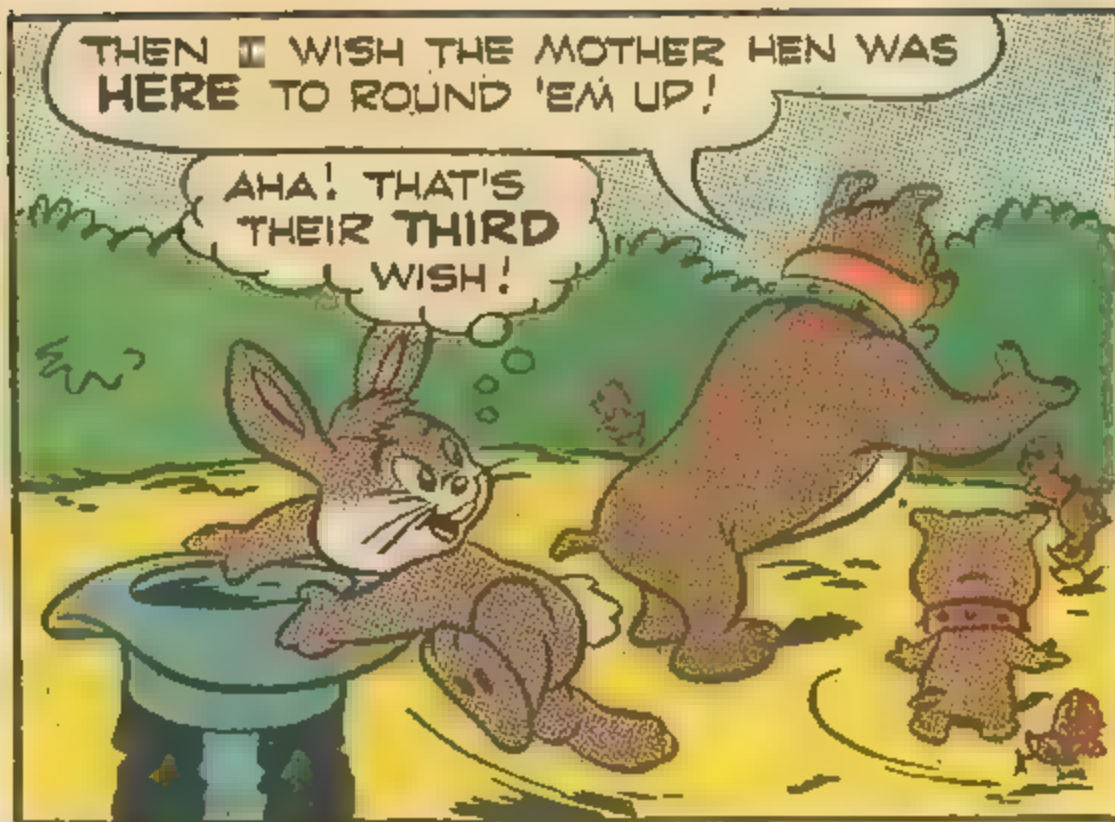
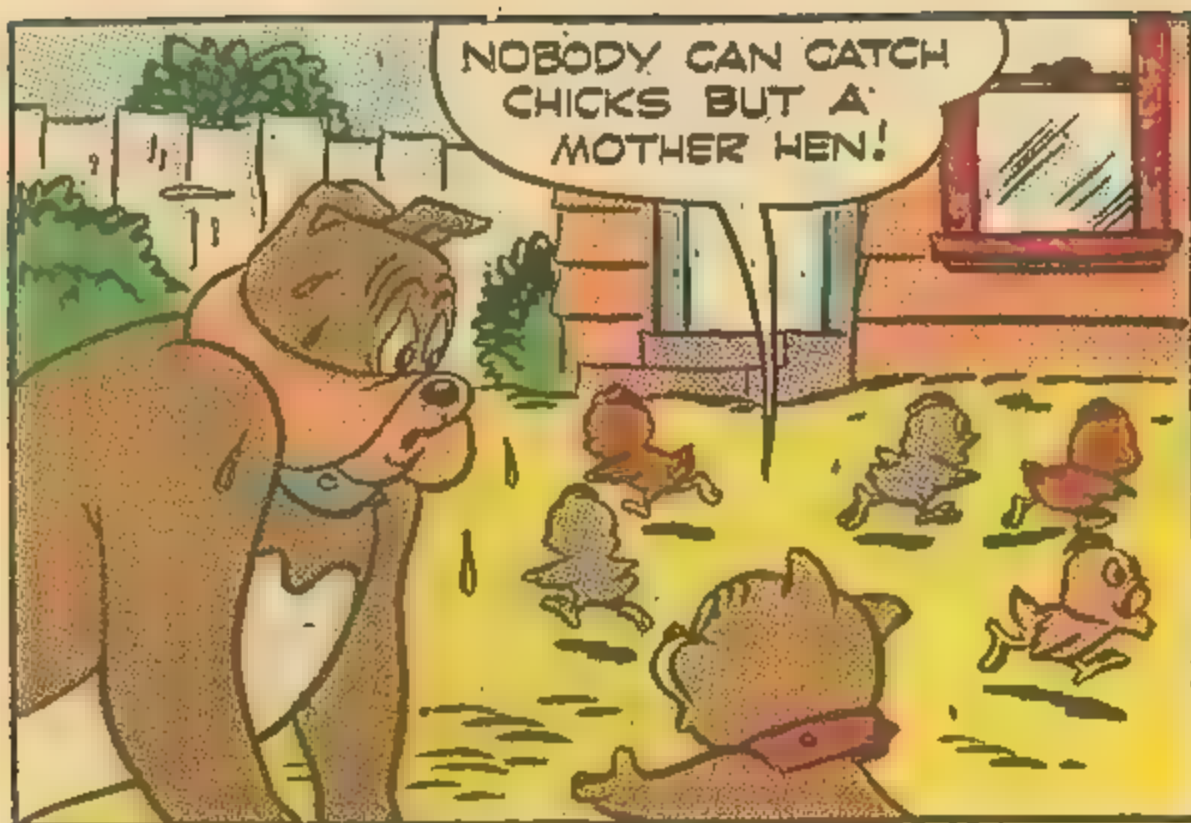
M-G-M CARTOONS
present
Big ~~SPINE~~ and Little ~~TAIL~~

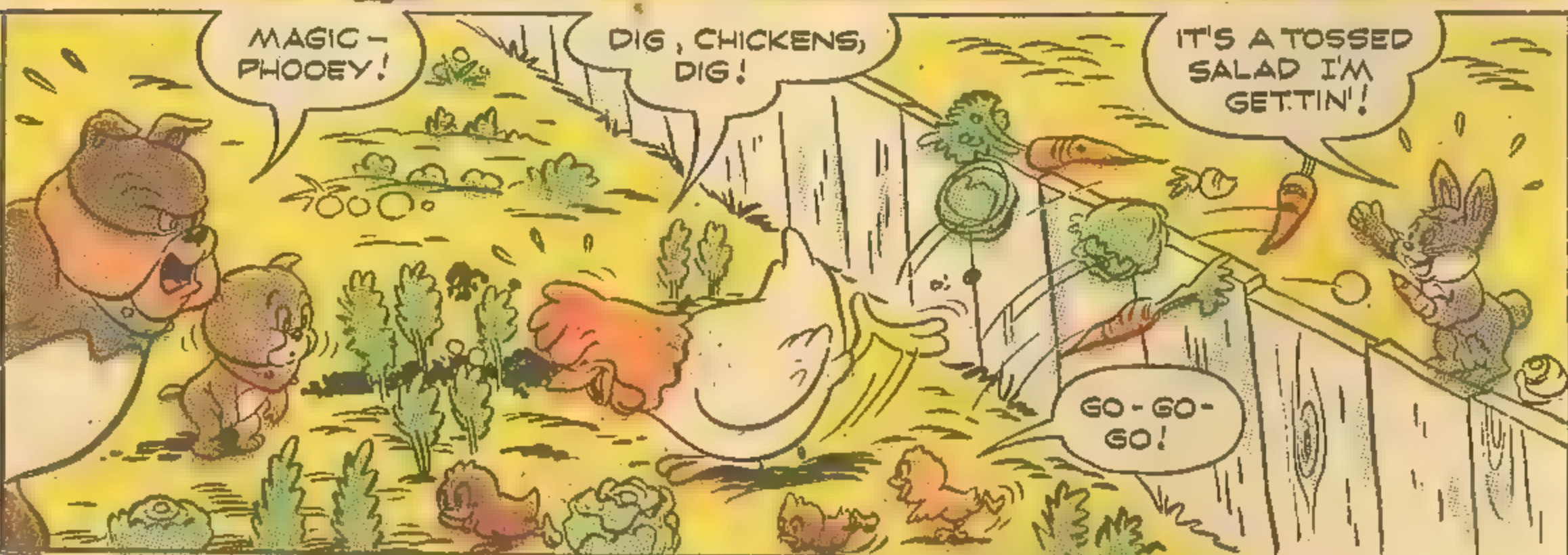
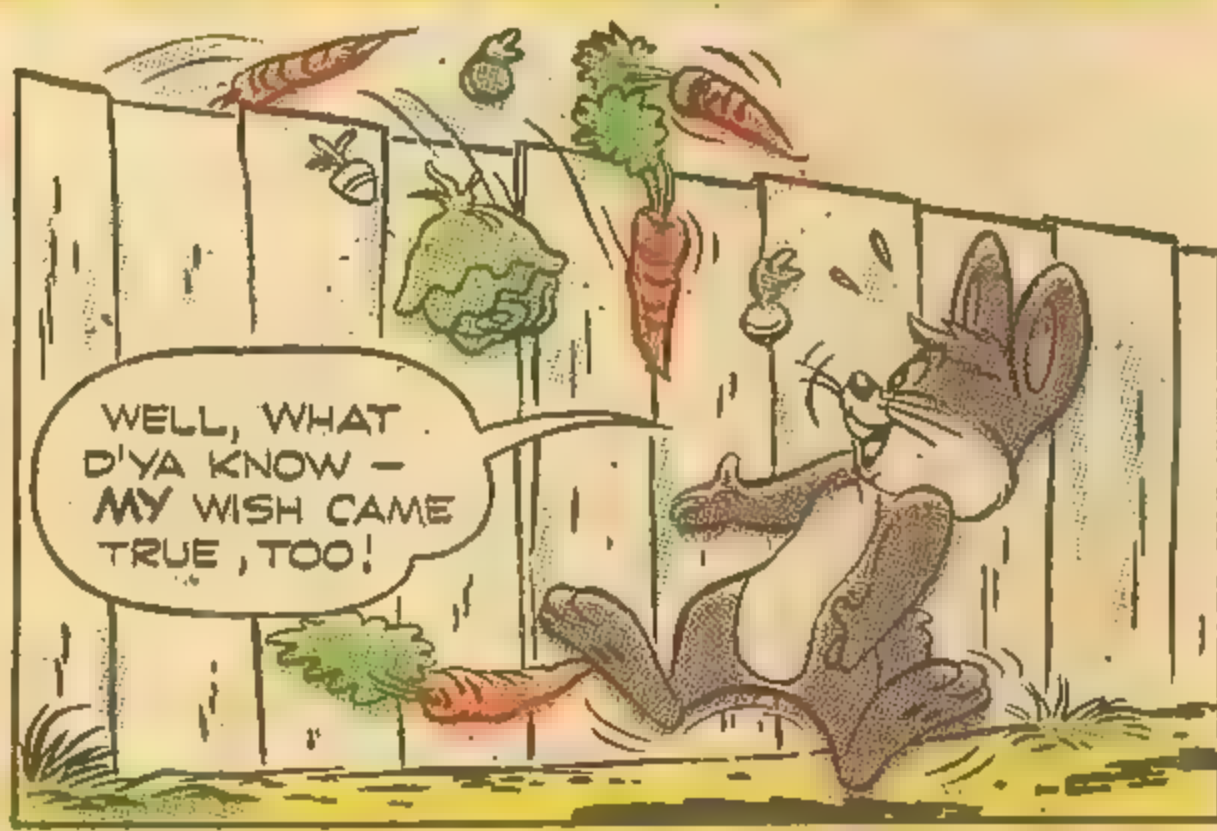
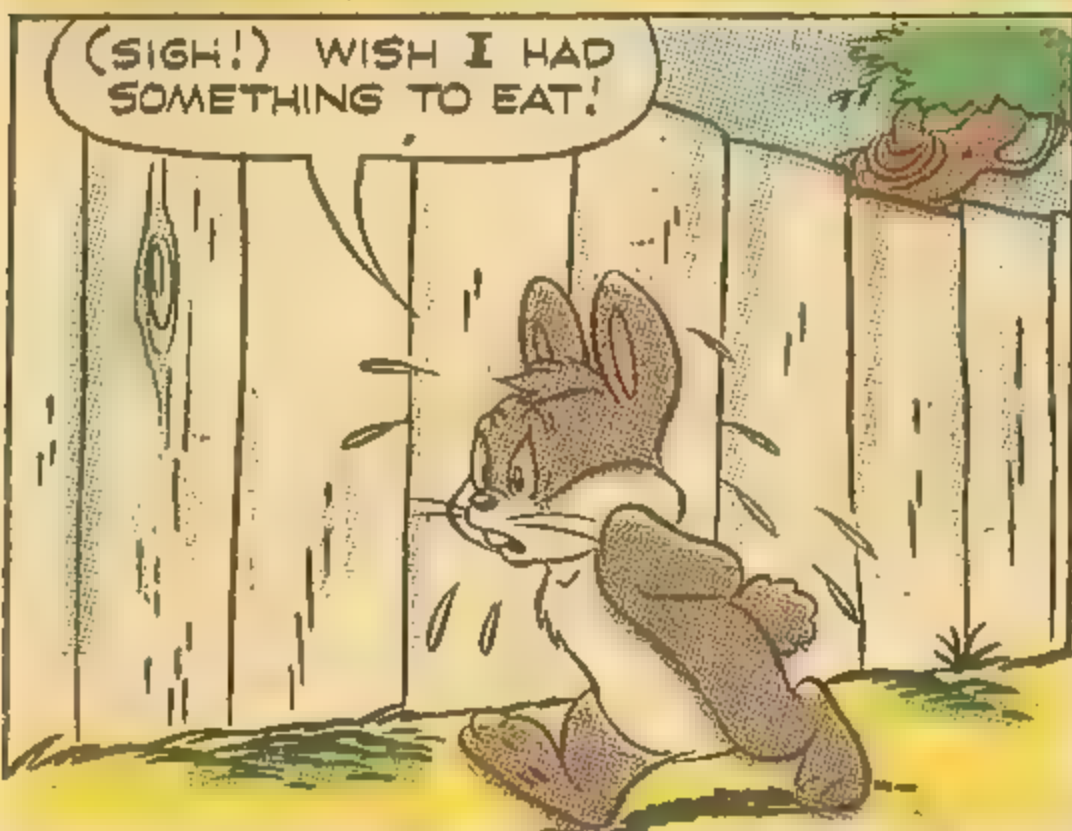
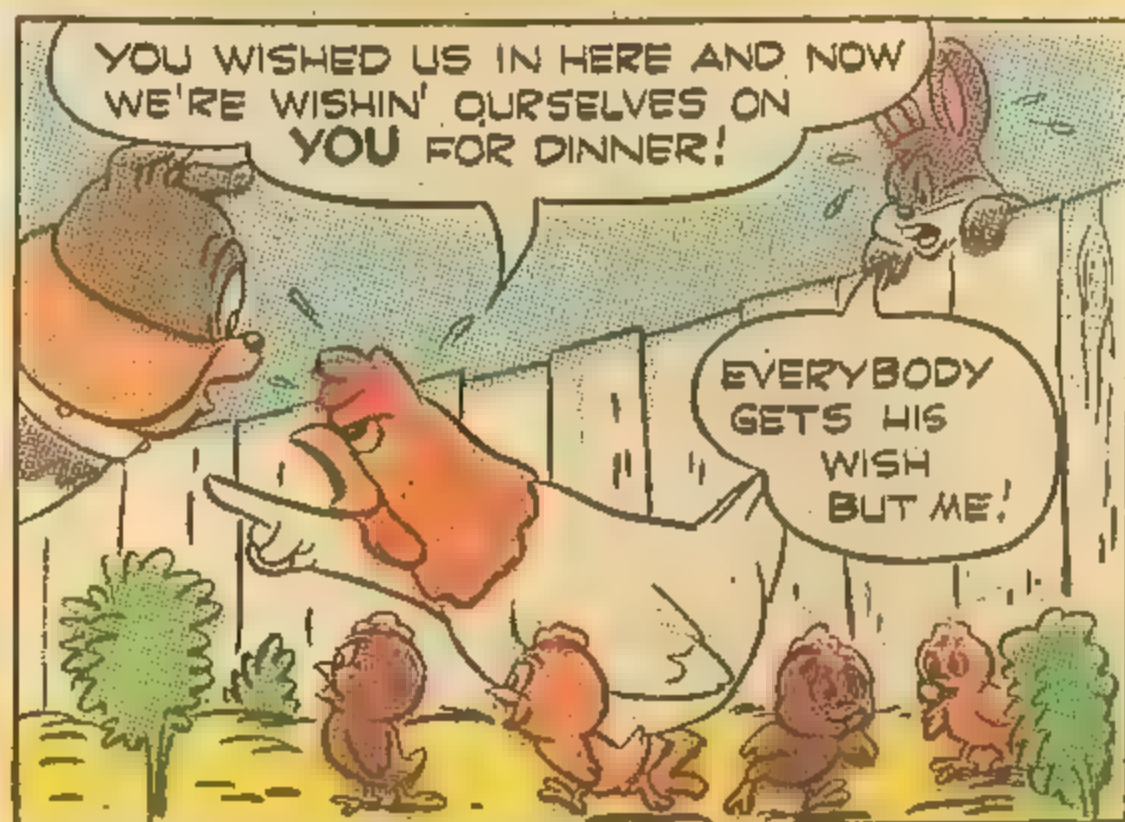
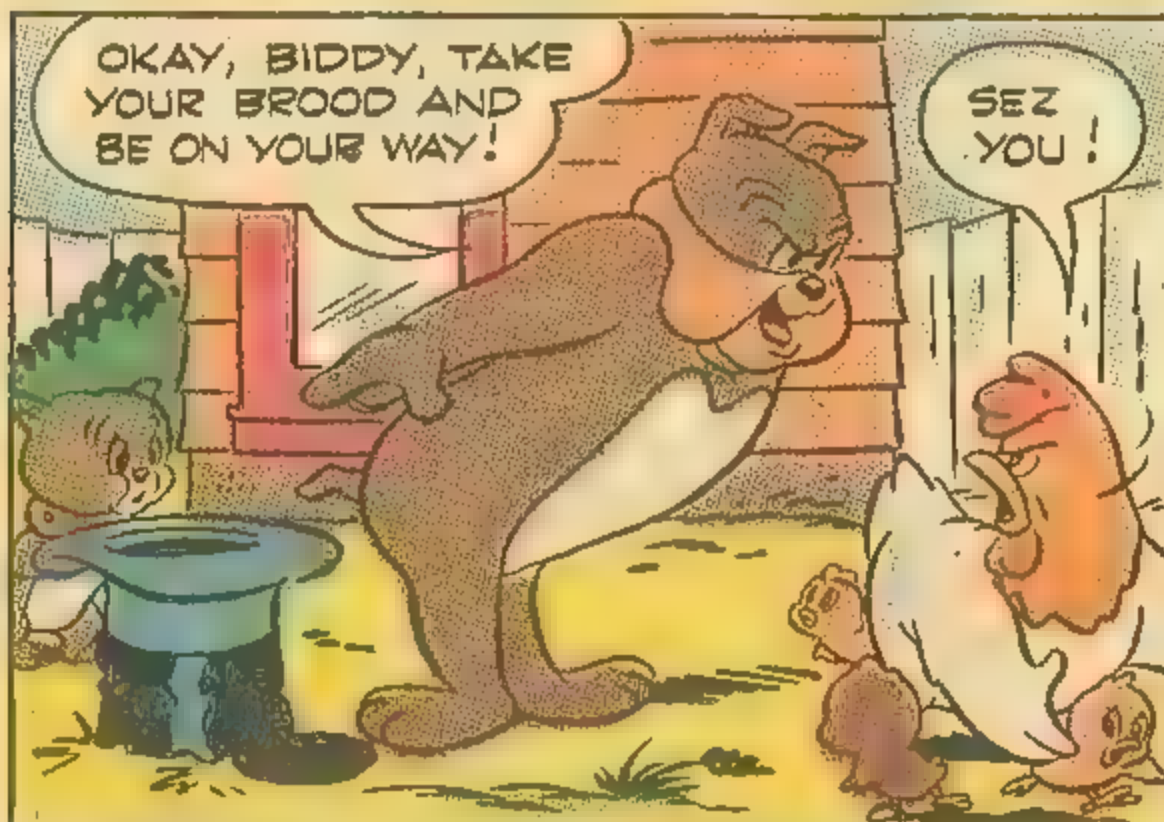
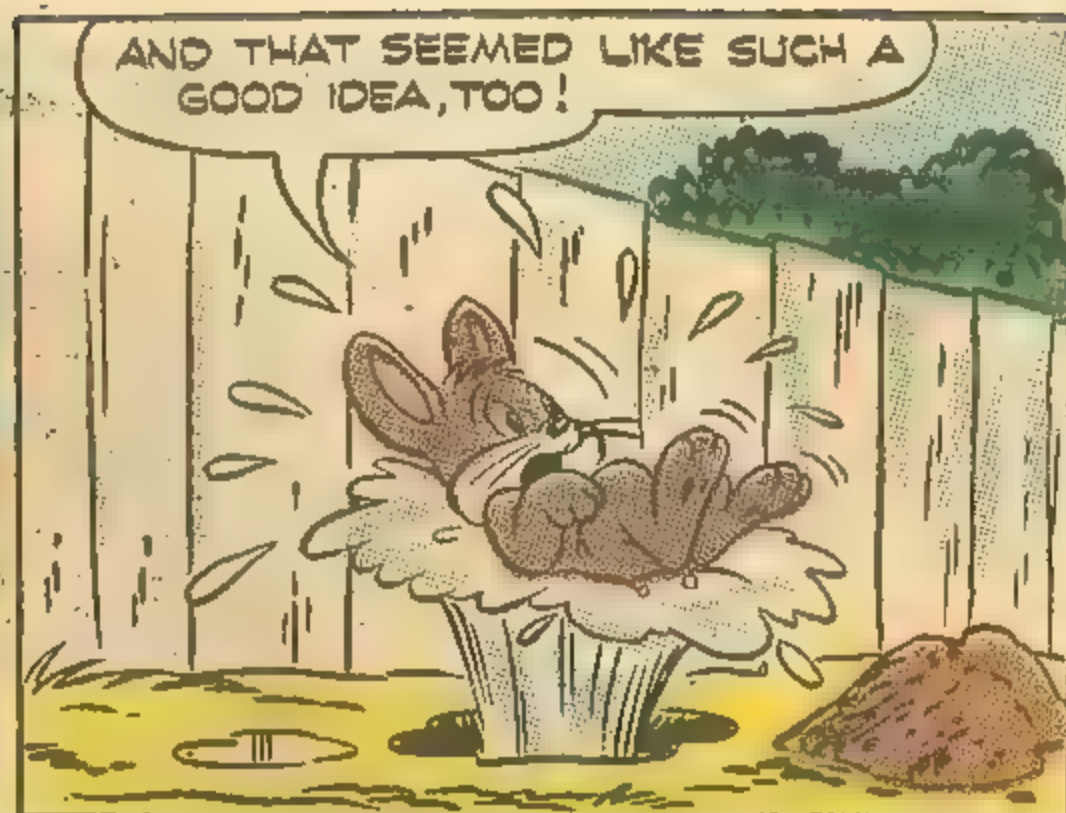












IT'S A TOSSED SALAD I'M GETTIN'!

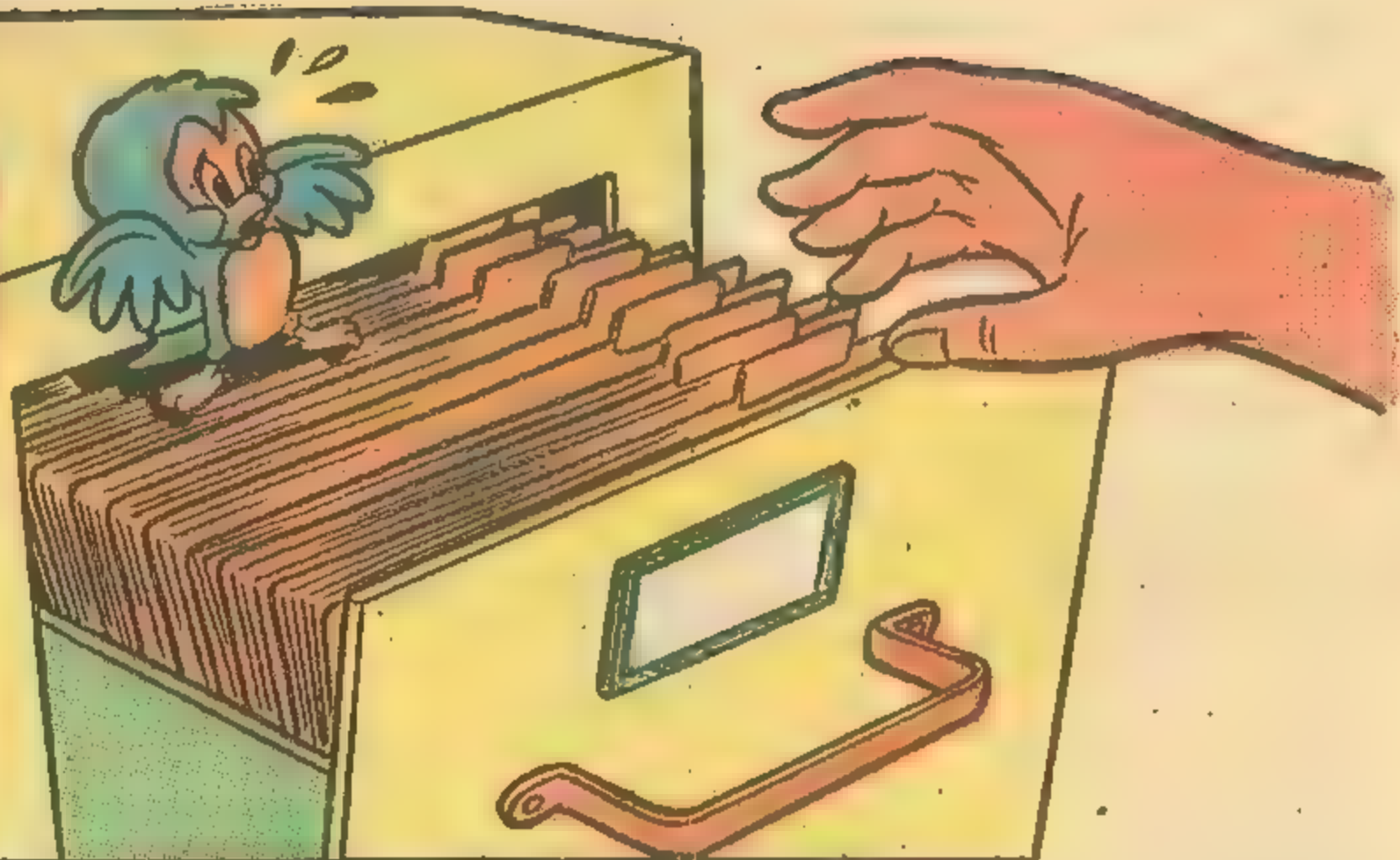
GO - GO - GO!

M-G-M CARTOONS

present

BERTIE BIRD'S

"BIG CITY ADVENTURE"



One night, Bertie Bird and George Goldfinch sat hunched up on the top of a telephone pole in the center of a big city, while above them, under them, and all around them swirled a thick, grey fog.

"Oooh!" said Bertie. "I can't see a thing! Guess we'll just have to perch here all night. We'll never make it home in this fog."

"I will!" chirped George. "At least I'm going to try!" And away he flew.

"George! Come back!" cried Bertie. "You'll crash into something! You might get hurt!"

"No, I wo —" George's voice stopped abruptly.

Alarmed, Bertie darted off to look for him, but the fog was so dense he couldn't tell whether he was flying straight ahead, up, down, or around in circles.

"Cheel!" he wailed. "This fog is terrible! I'll never find George — I just know it!"

Bertie was right—he did not find George. Instead, he accidentally flew through an open window of an office building, and crashed against something in the dark, empty office. When he came to, he was lying on top of a file cabinet.

There he stood a few minutes later, wobbly and dazed, when Molly Snappet, the cleaning woman, entered the room.

"Glory be!" shrieked Molly, as she switched on the light and saw Bertie.

"Chrrrttt!" cried Bertie, just as startled as Molly.

"Now, what might you be doing in here, young fellow?" asked Molly, setting down her vacuum cleaner. "Are you working

overtime?"

"Chirp!" answered Bertie. Then he winked at Molly and hopped down onto the edge of a file drawer which had been left open.

Molly laughed and winked back. "Oh, I see," she said. "You have a lot of filing to do!"

"Peep!" said Bertie, and cocking his small head to one side, he peeped into the file drawer.

"Oh! You only wanted to take a peep," laughed Molly heartily. "Well, now that you've had your peep," she continued, "I think I ought to close the drawer before you take a notion to file yourself away in the cabinet. I'd just have to waste my good time fishin' you out." Molly shooed Bertie off the file drawer and quickly pushed it shut.

In all the excitement of meeting Molly and finding himself in a strange room, Bertie forgot all about George. He perched on the green shade of a desk lamp and watched with fascination as Molly unwound the cord of the vacuum cleaner and plugged it into the wall.

"Twee see chirp?" he asked her, looking very puzzled.

Molly, who seemed to understand him perfectly, answered, "Sweeping! That's what I'm about to do, little bird. And I think you probably won't like the noise one bit."

In spite of the warning, Bertie let out a terrified shriek and darted about the room in a panic when Molly turned on the vacuum cleaner.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he screamed at Molly.

But if Molly understood him this time, she didn't answer. She just kept on with her sweeping. Bertie tried desperately to find an opening through which he could escape, racing from one corner of the room to another. Then all of a sudden he remembered about George.

"Oh! Poor George!" he cried. "I've just got to get out of here and find him!"

Once again, Bertie started frantically flying about the room and shrieking at the top of his lungs.

Molly didn't seem to understand. She finished her sweeping and started her dusting. "Tsk, tsk!" she said, as Bertie kept on squawking. "What is it that's got you in such a tizzy now? If you're hungry, have patience. We'll enjoy an elegant bit of lunch in just no time at all."

But Molly's words didn't cheer Bertie one bit, and he kept on yelling until finally Molly, finished with her cleaning, opened the door to leave.

"Free at last!" he cried, overjoyed, and darted out of the room.

Poor Bertie. He soon found he wasn't free at all—he had only flown into a corridor, and was as much of a prisoner as before. He was very confused and very disappointed.

"Let me out!" he screamed, flying up and down the corridor.

At last Molly understood. "Come along," she called, opening the elevator door and stepping inside. Bertie popped in with her, and Molly closed the door.

"Up or down, sir?" Molly giggled.

But Bertie was in no mood for jokes. Here he was a prisoner again. "ChirUP!" he screamed crossly at Molly.

"You are up, silly bird," laughed Molly. "And you're goin' down to the lobby and like it." She pressed the button, and down shot the elevator.

"Eeek!" squealed Bertie, as he whacked his head on the ceiling. "This is the end of me!" He dropped to the floor of the elevator and squatted miserable in a corner.

Then somewhere below him he heard the chirp of a bird.

Molly heard it, too. "Bless my stars!" she exclaimed. "What's happening now? It sounds like a whole convention of sad, lost birdies!"

It certainly seemed so, for when Molly brought the elevator to a stop on the first floor, there stood Mister Duckenlooper, the night superintendent of the building—and he was holding George Goldfinch.

With a glad cry, Bertie darted out of the elevator and snuggled close to George on Mister Duckenlooper's hand.

"Oh, George!" Bertie cried. "I'm so glad I've found you!"

"Me, too!" chirped George. "You were right, Bertie—we can't fly home in this terrible fog."

Then while Bertie and George chirped, chatted, and twittered about their experiences, Mister Duckenlooper smiled at Molly and said, "Cute little pair! I found the goldfinch lying unconscious on the sidewalk when I went out to buy a newspaper. He must have bumped into the building in the fog."

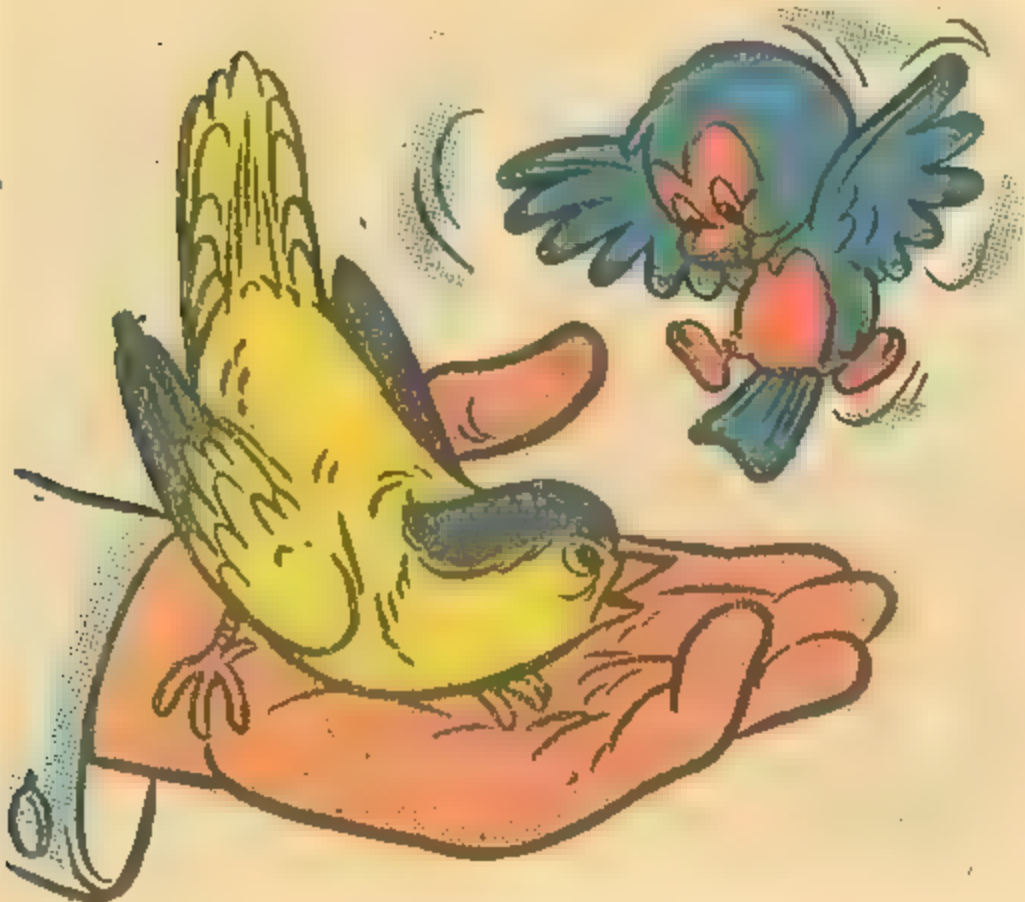
"Poor little tyke," said Molly sympathetically. Then she told about finding Bertie. "Bring them along, Mister Duckenlooper," she continued, "and I'll feed them a bit of my lunch."

So Bertie and George ate lunch with Molly, and after Molly had left, Mister Duckenlooper took care of them until the morning sun chased away the fog. Then he set them free.

"Race you home, George!" cried Bertie happily.

"Bet I beat you!" called George.

And away they flew toward their homes in Apple Tree Lane, very happy to be leaving the big city.



M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

WUFF, *the* PRAIRIE DOG

GEE, SAMMY, ALL
WE NEED NOW IS
A SPACE SHIP!

YEAH... BUT DON'T CALL ME
SAMMY! I'M CAPTAIN
NIGHTWING OF THE
INTERPLANETARY
PATROL!

WELL, CAPTAIN NIGHTMARE,
YOU'LL BE NOTHING BUT
A MEMORY SOON!
HEE, HEE!

AND I'M GENERAL
NUISANCE OF THE
COYOTE
PATROL!
HUH?
CHARLIE!

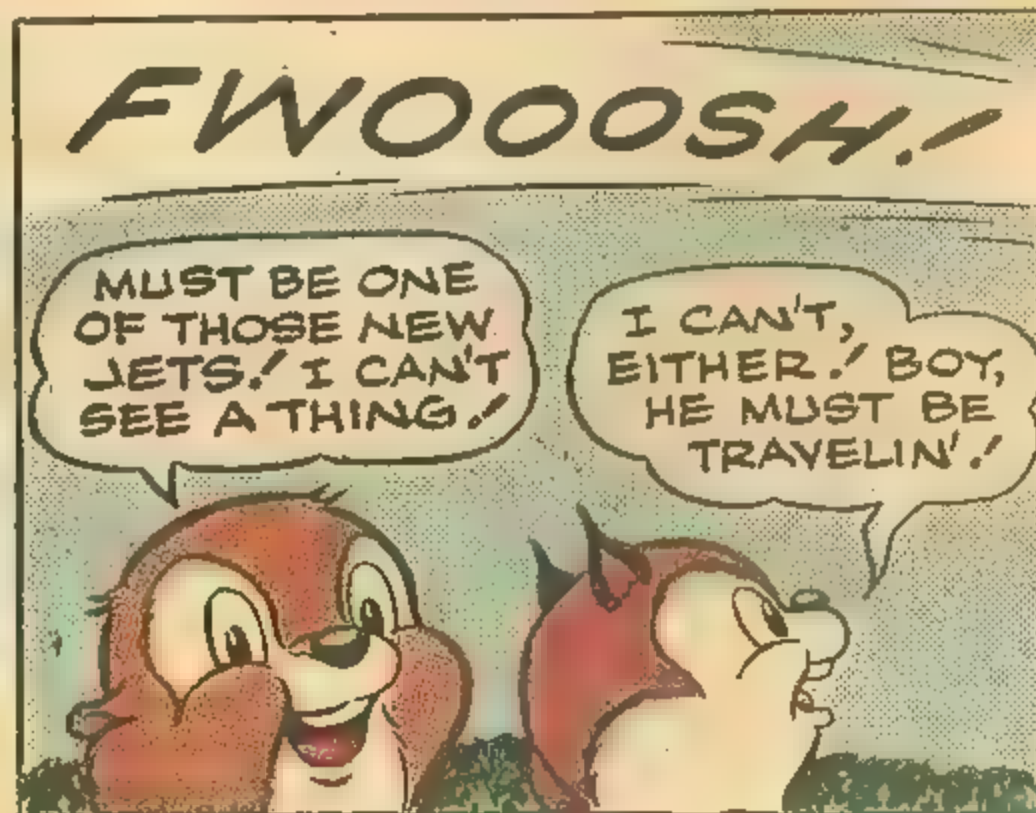
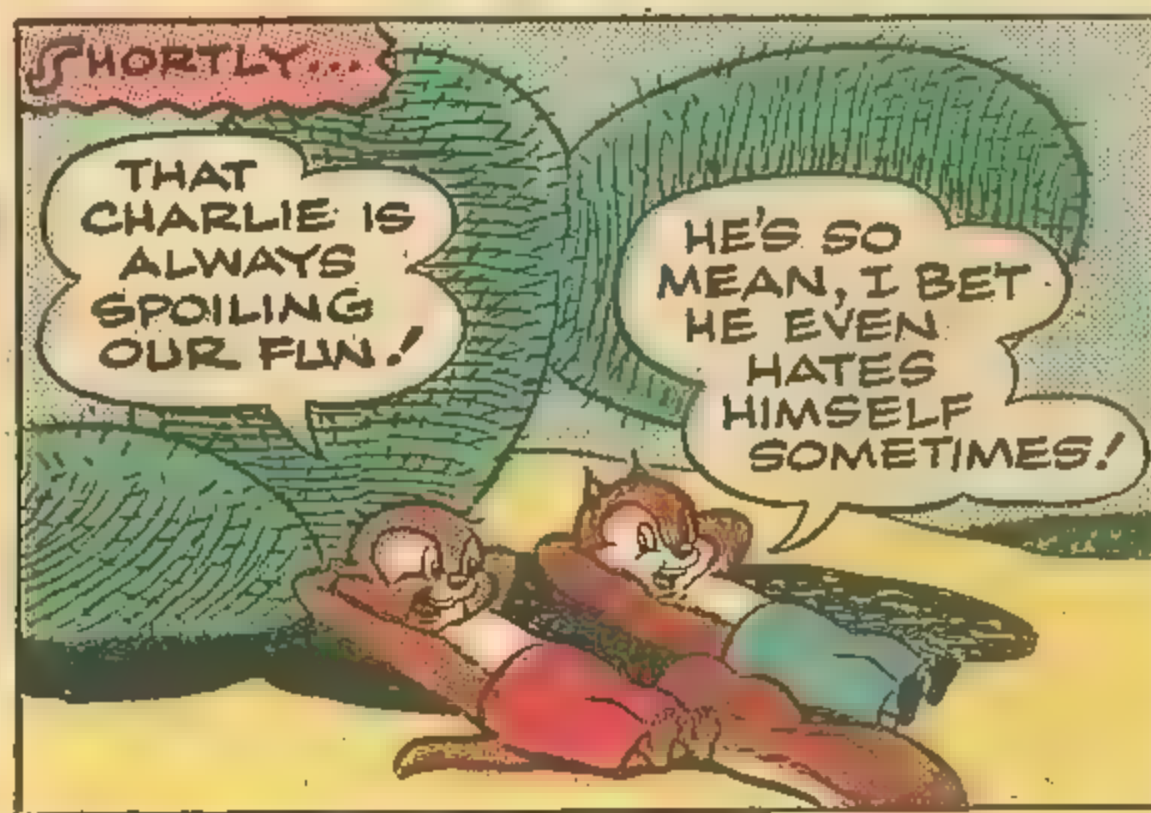
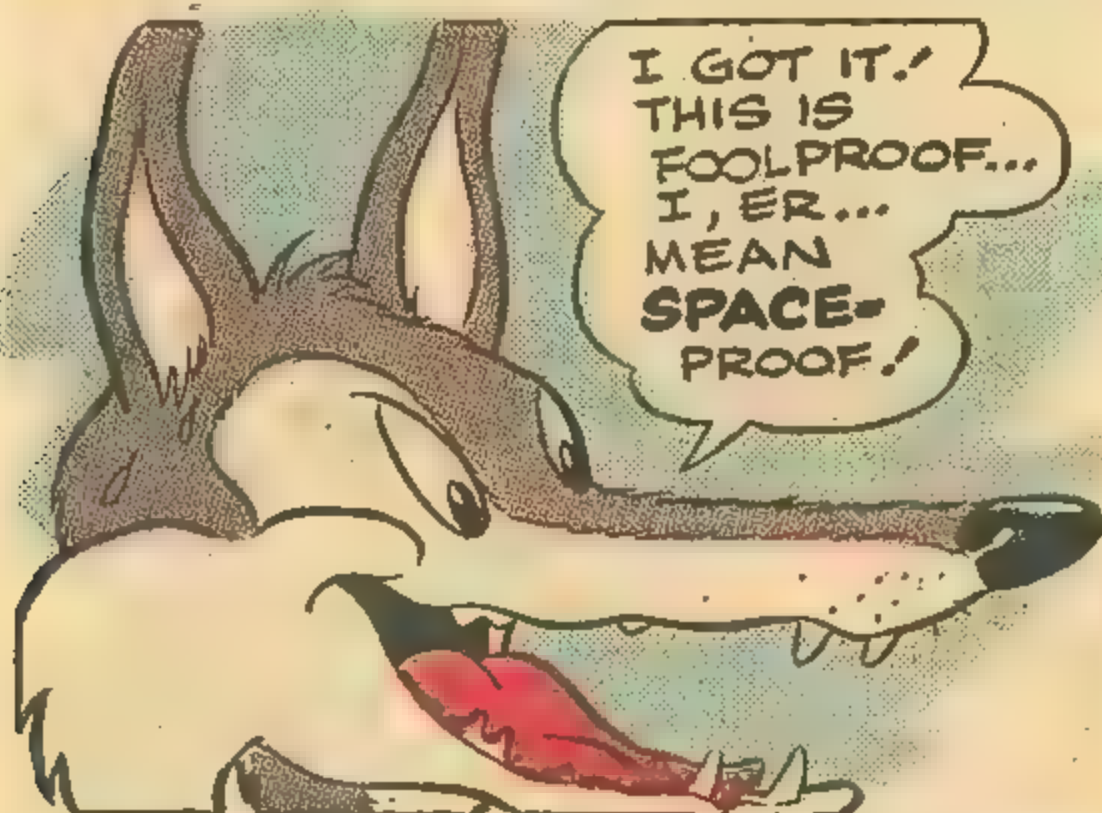
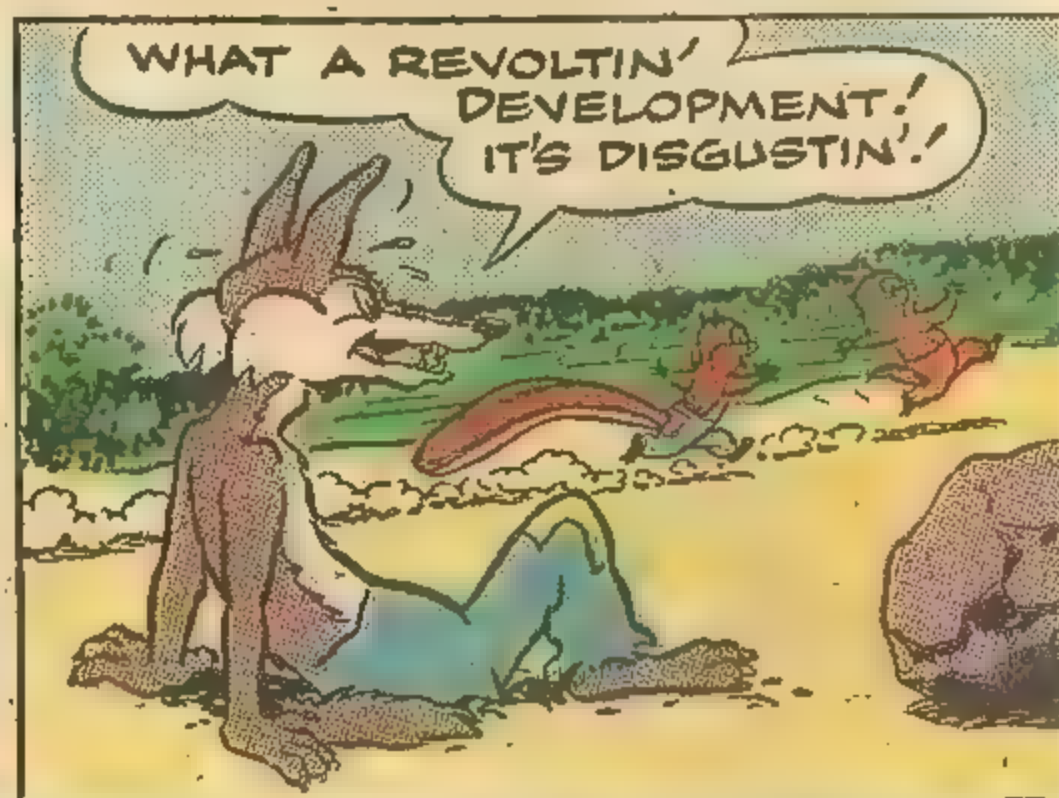
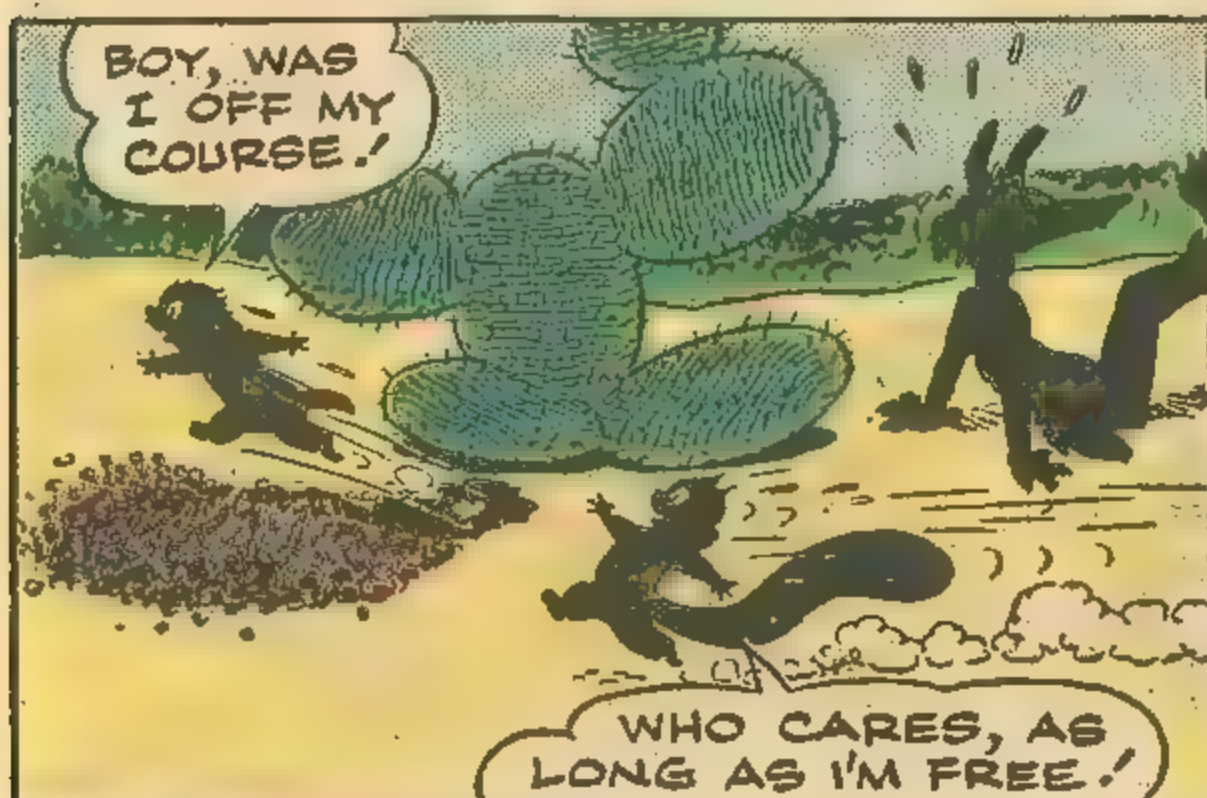
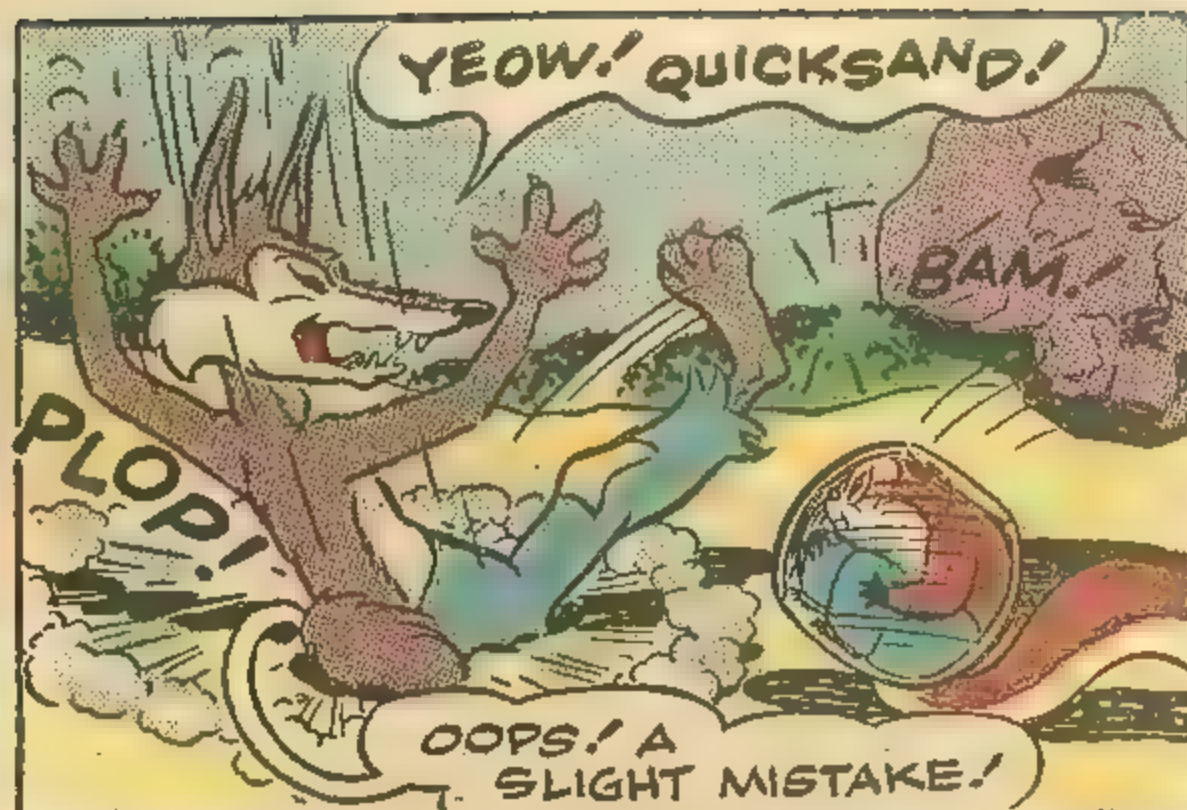
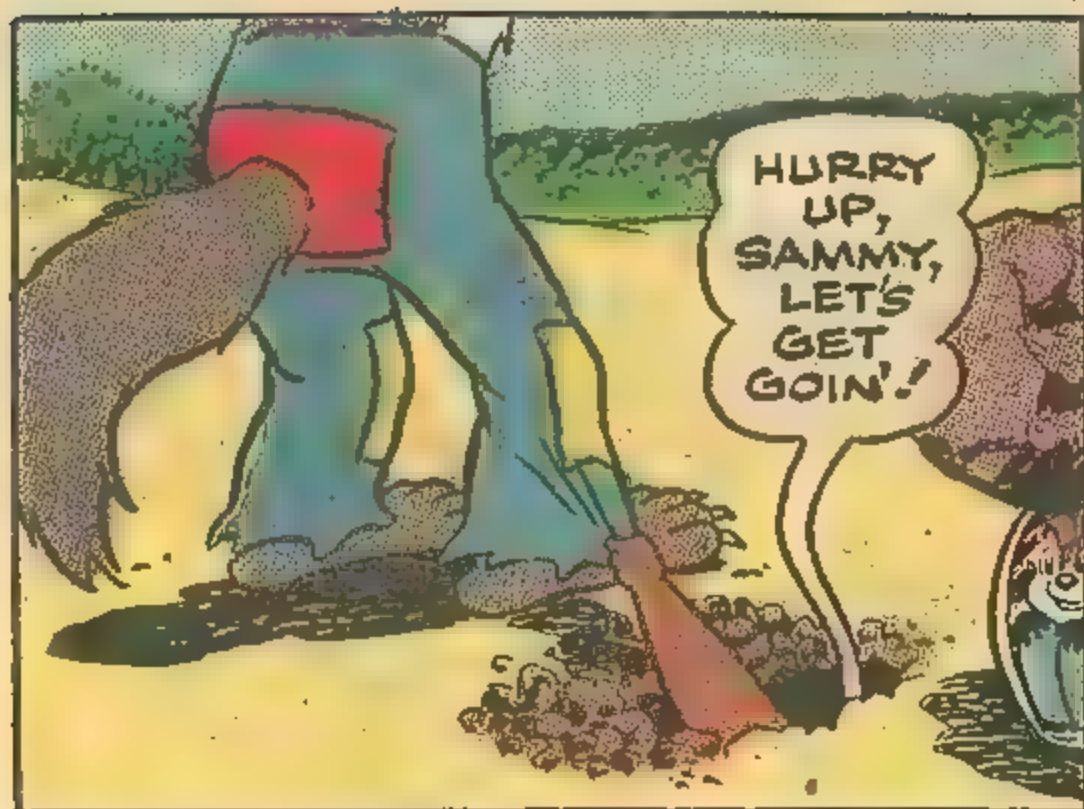
WUFF!...
I'M
TRAPPED!

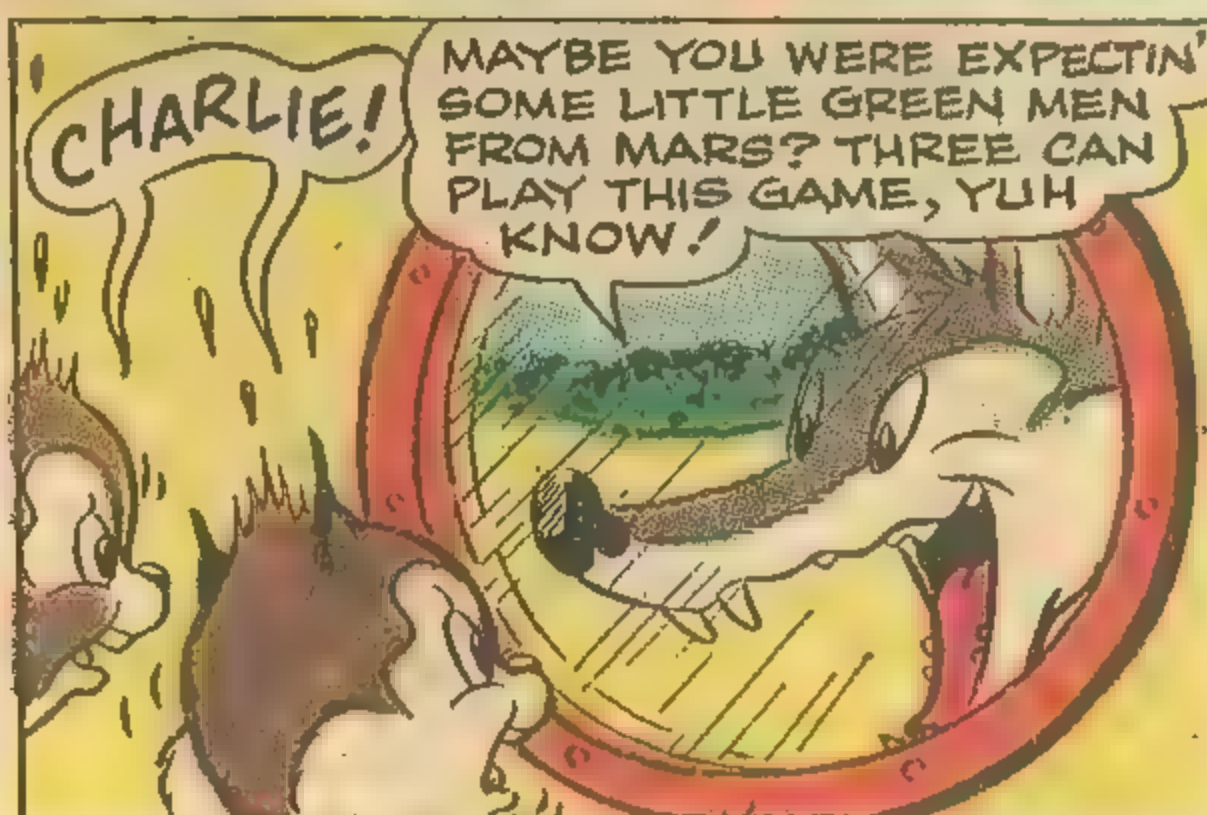
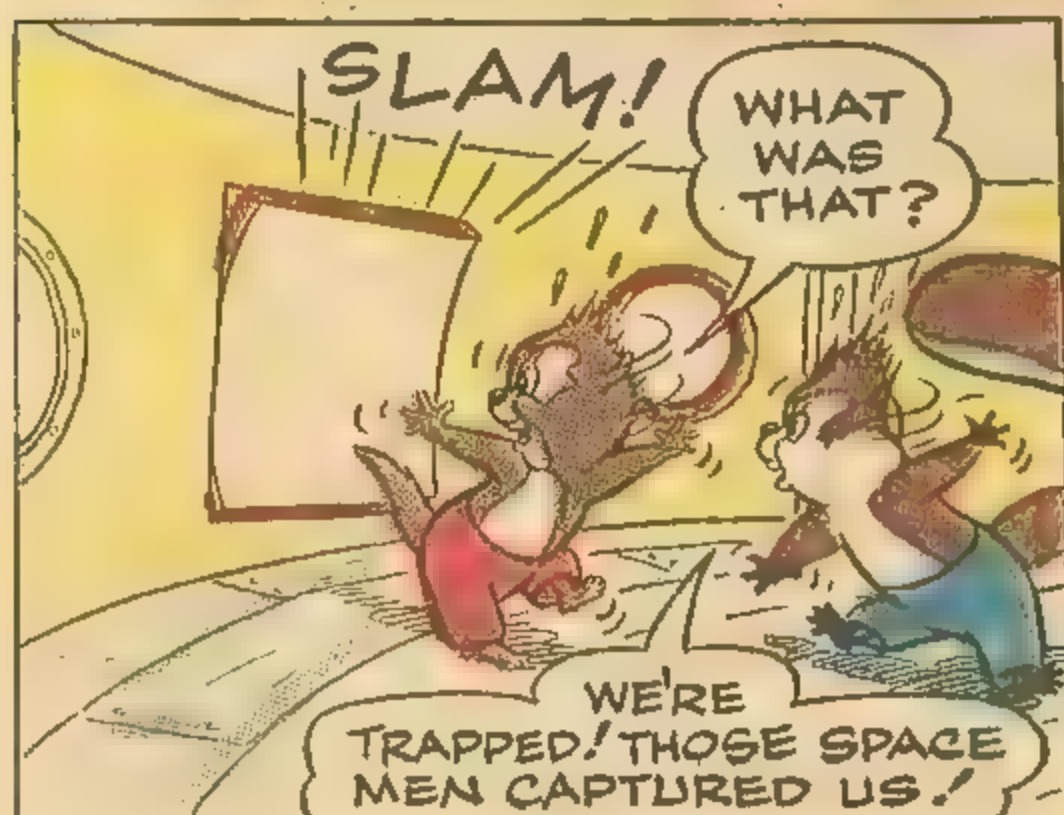
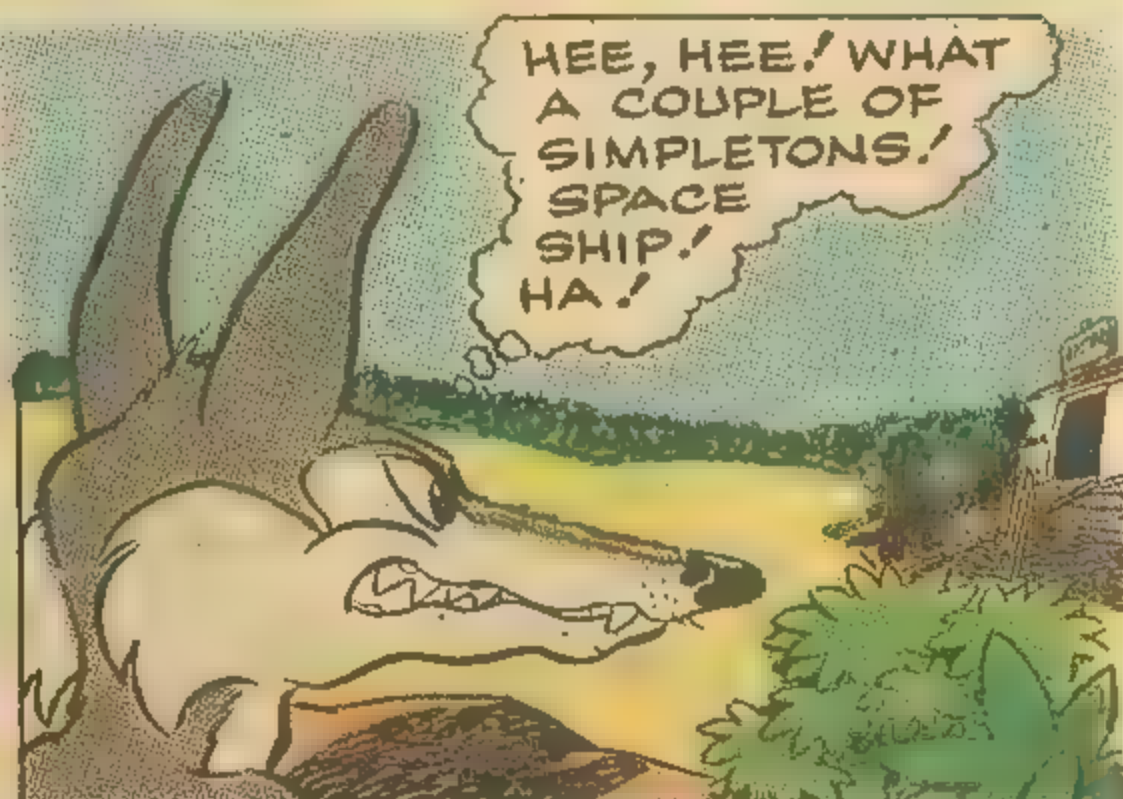
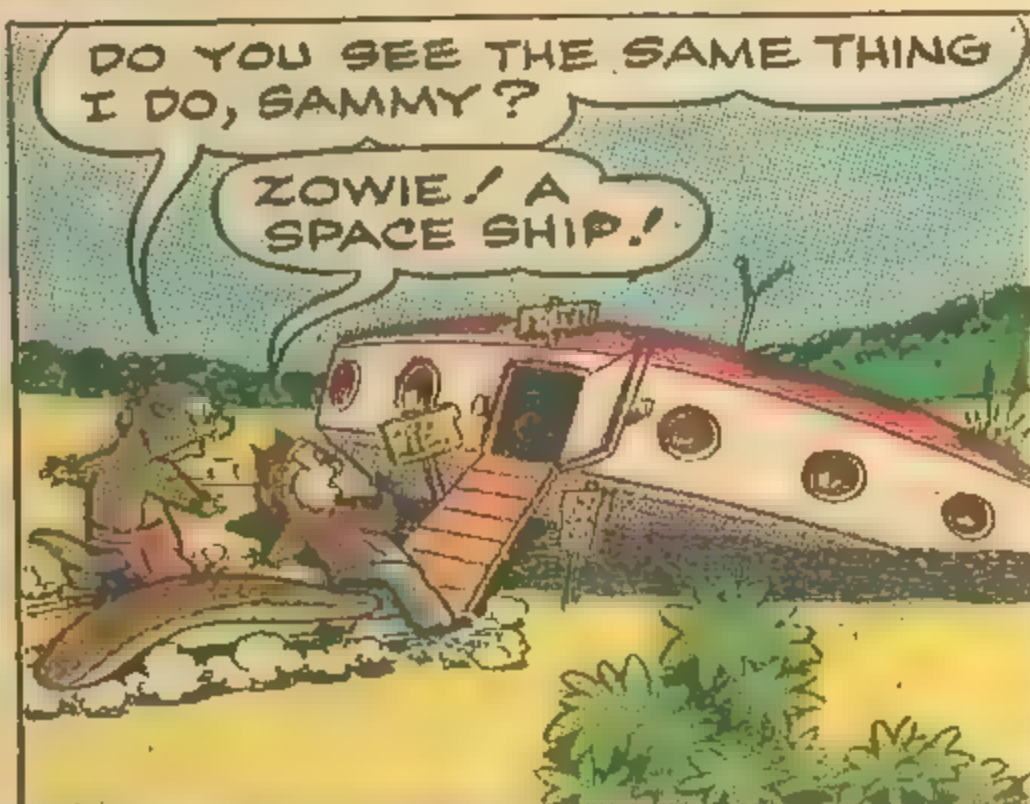
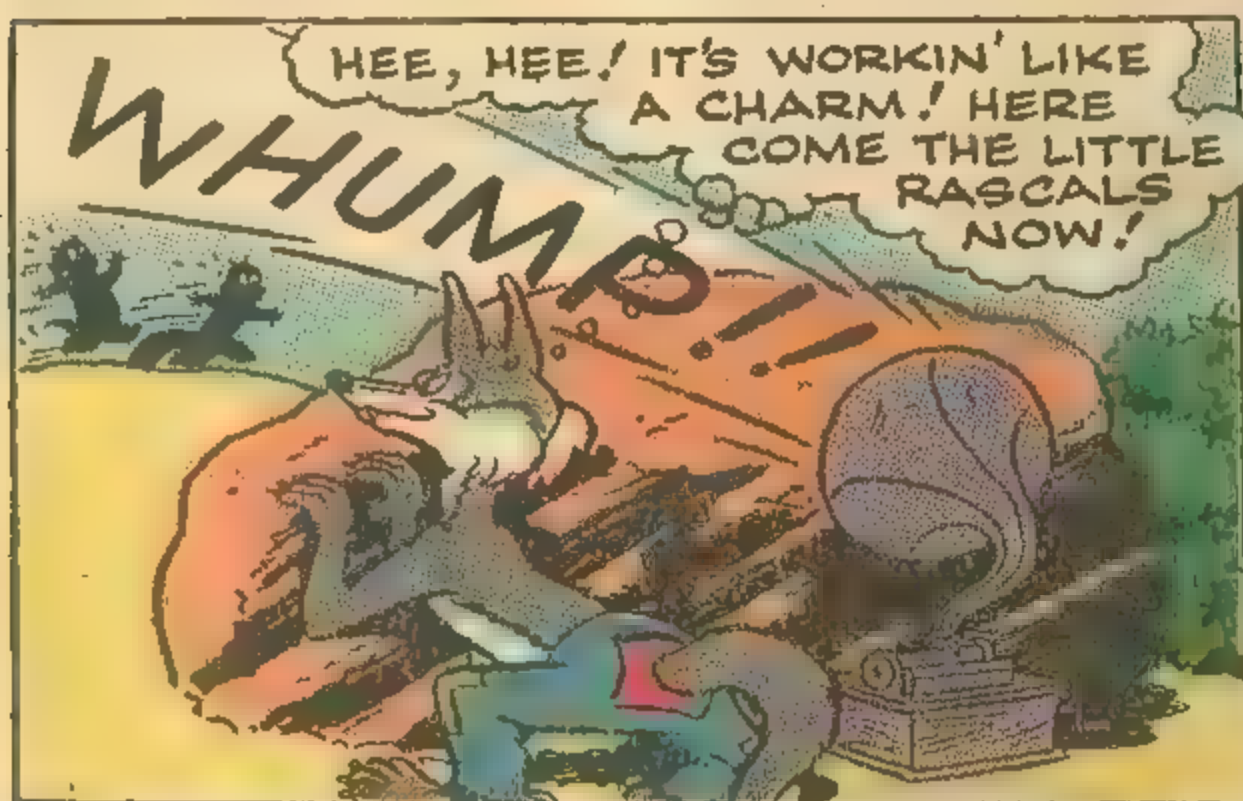
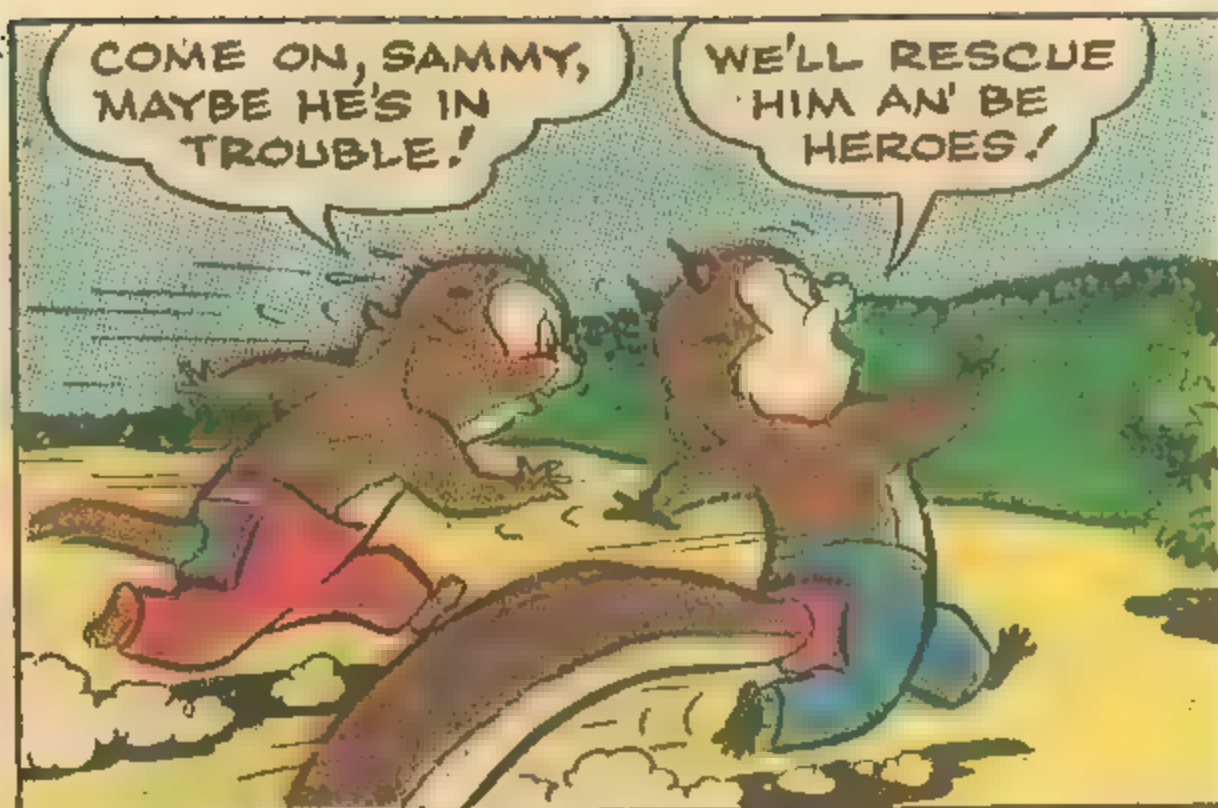
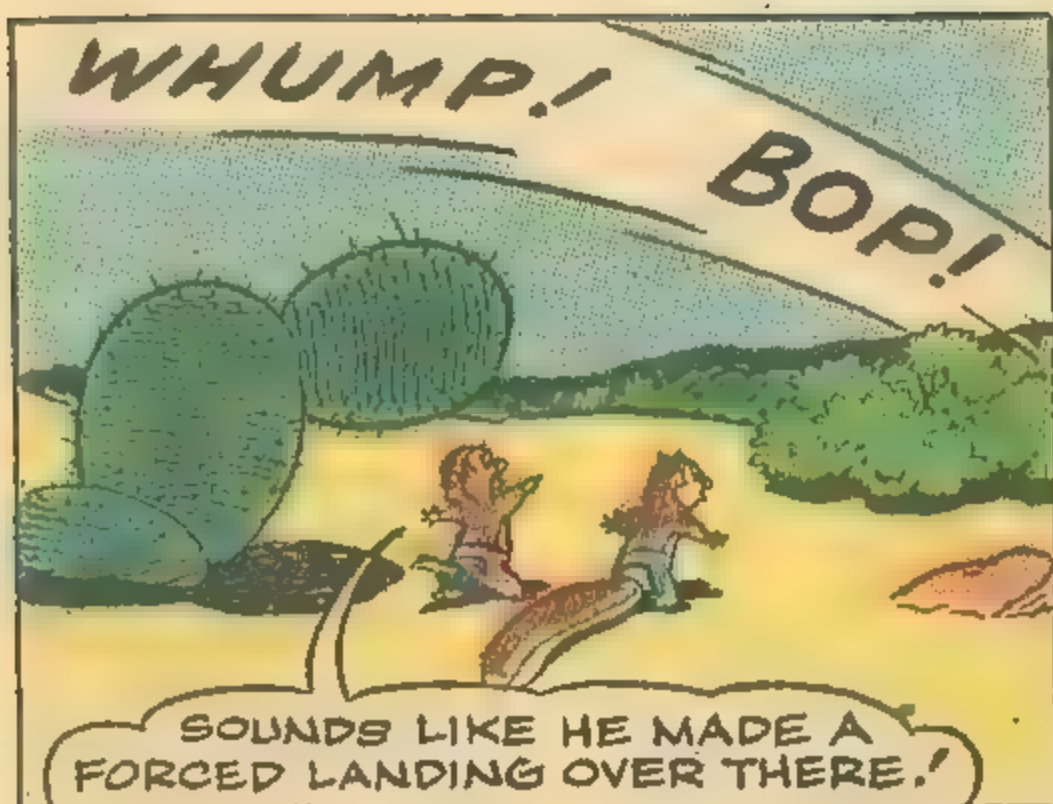
YOU'LL KEEP UNTIL
I CATCH THAT
SILLY PARTNER
OF YOURS!

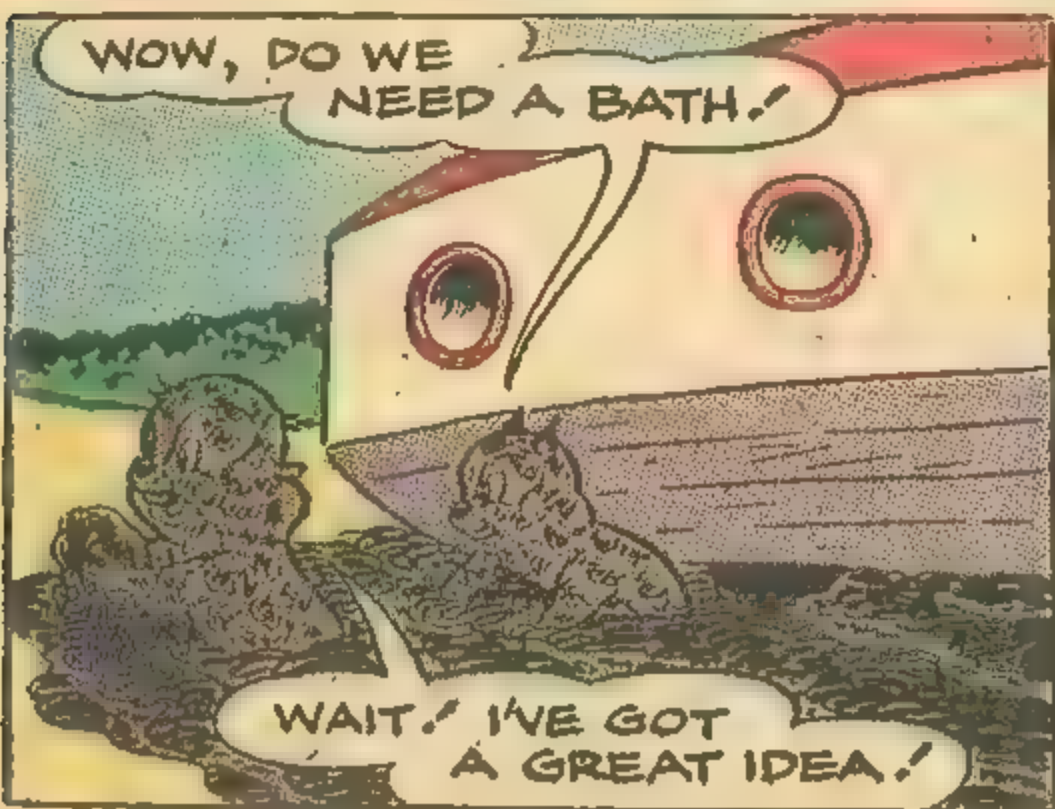
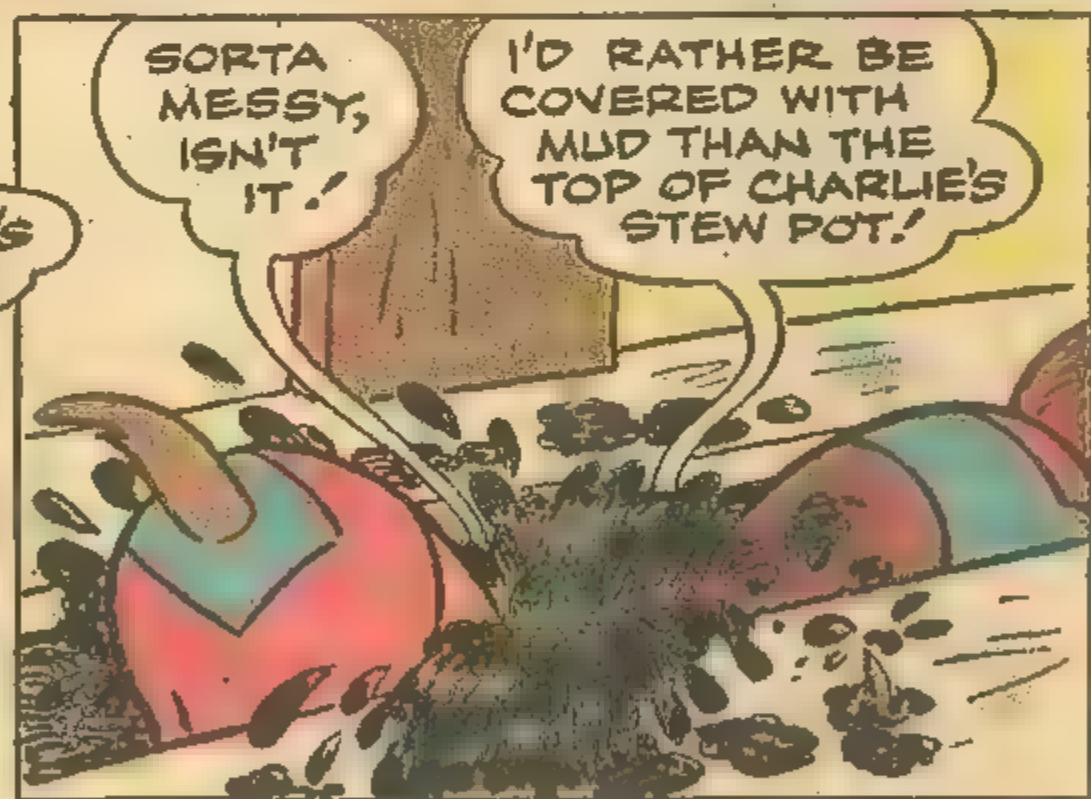
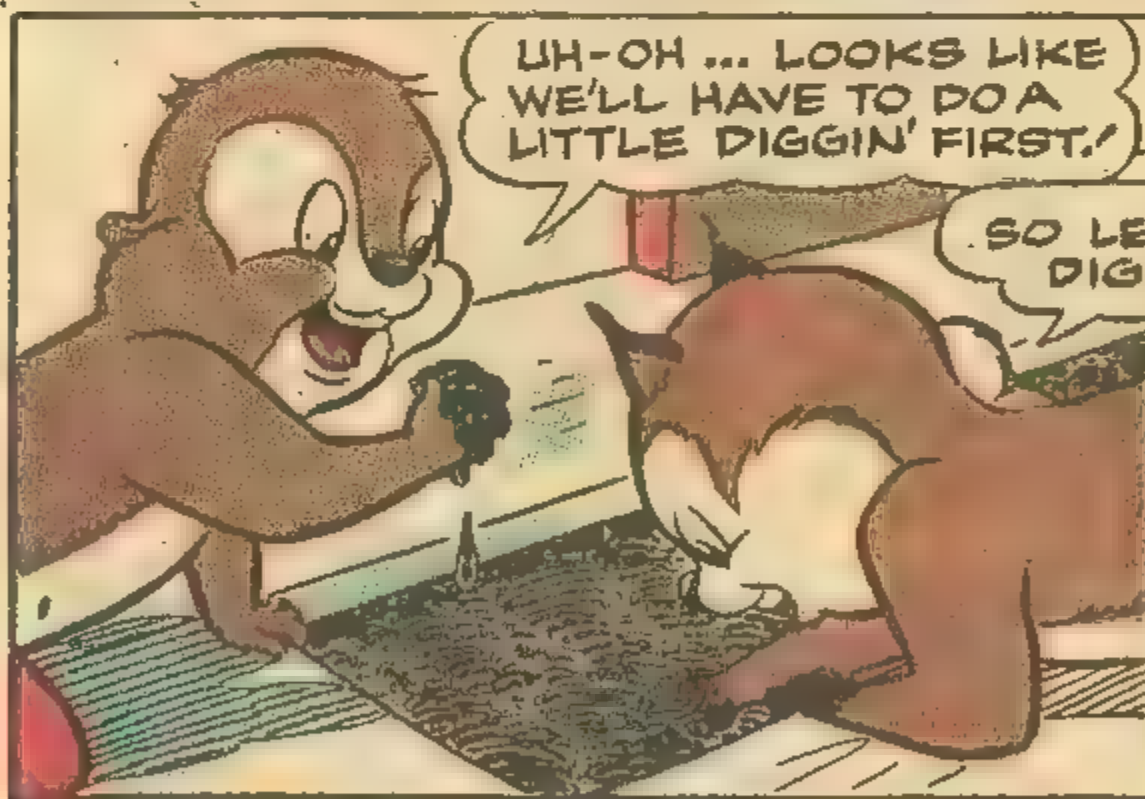
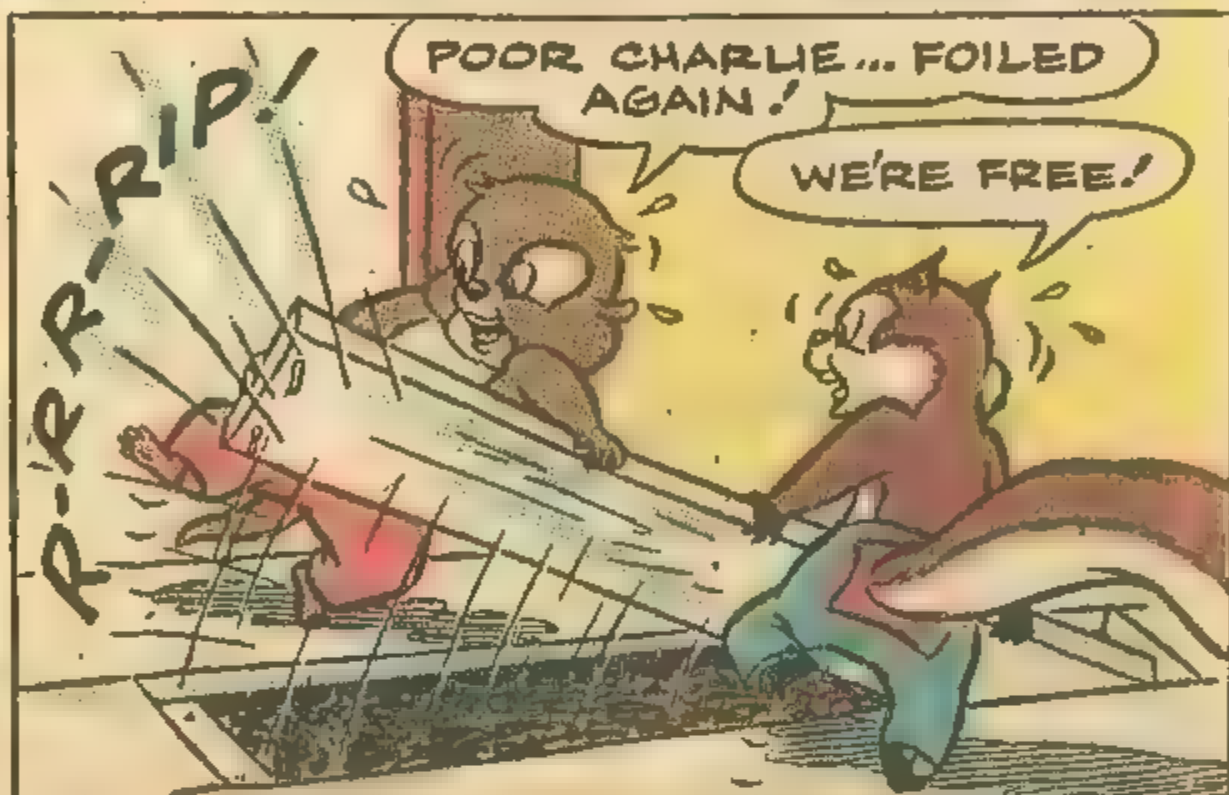
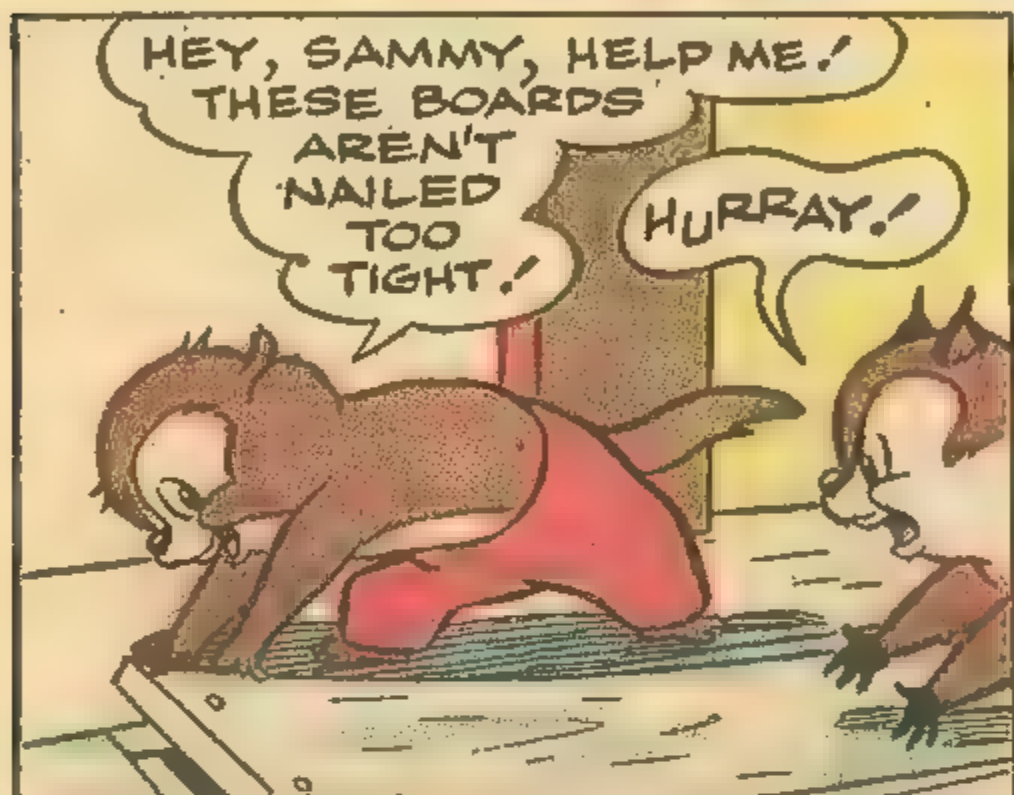
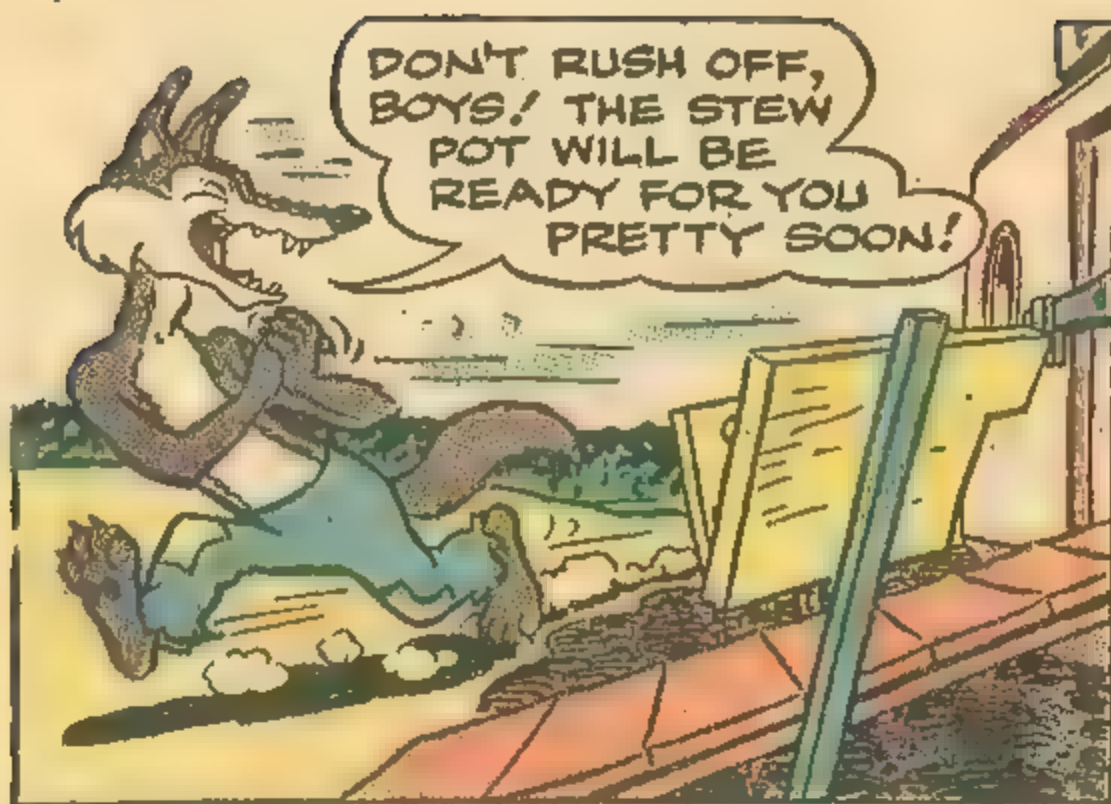
I'VE GOTTA WORK FAST! LET'S
SEE, I'M ABOUT TEN YARDS
AWAY...

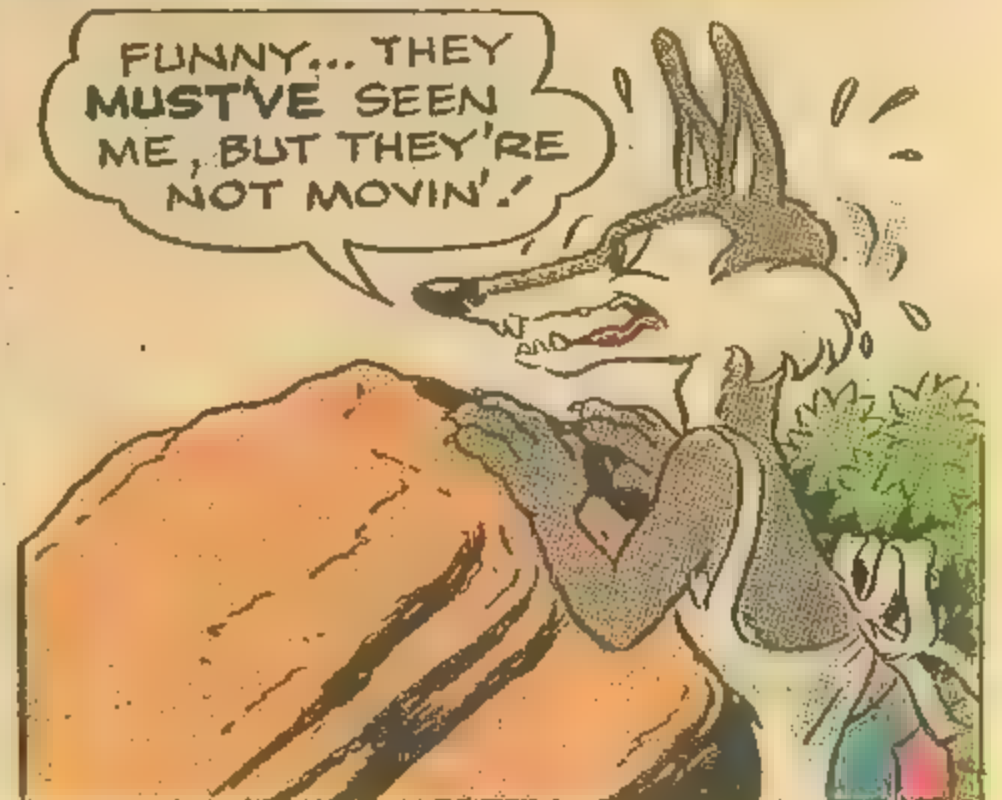
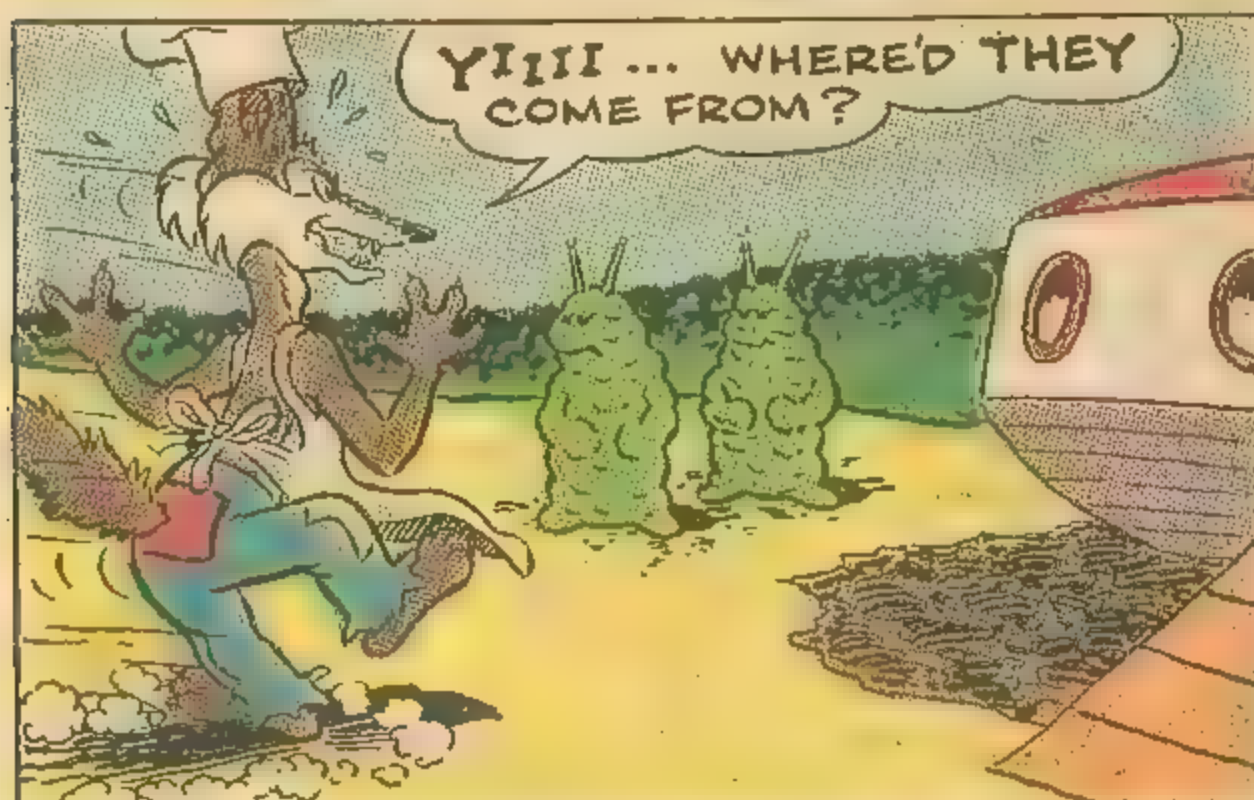
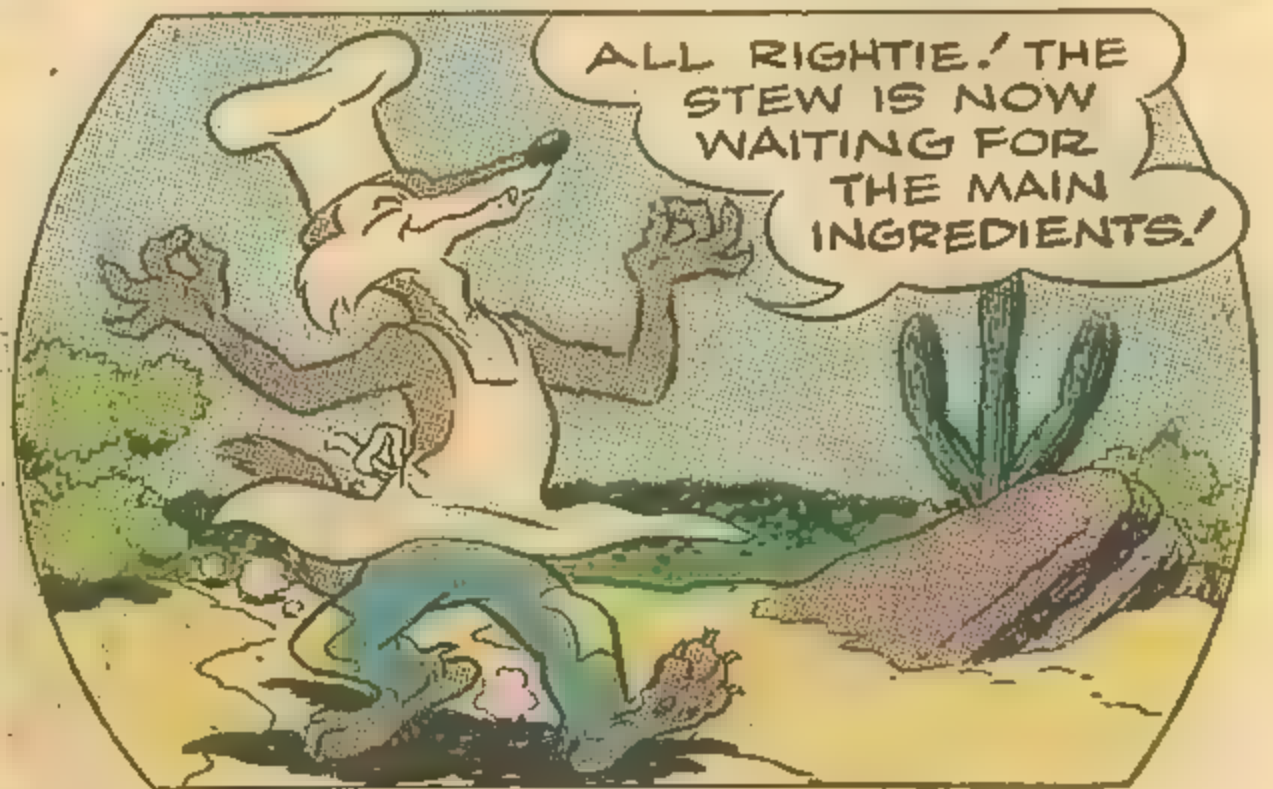
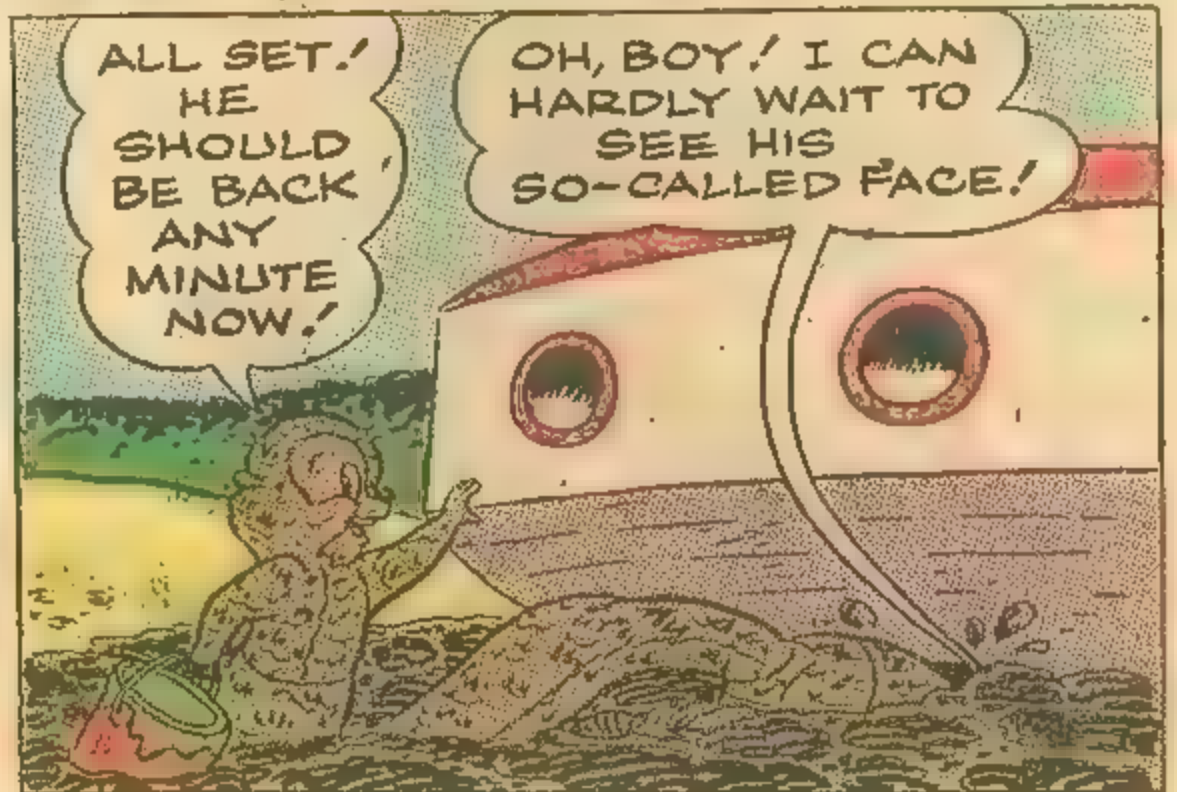
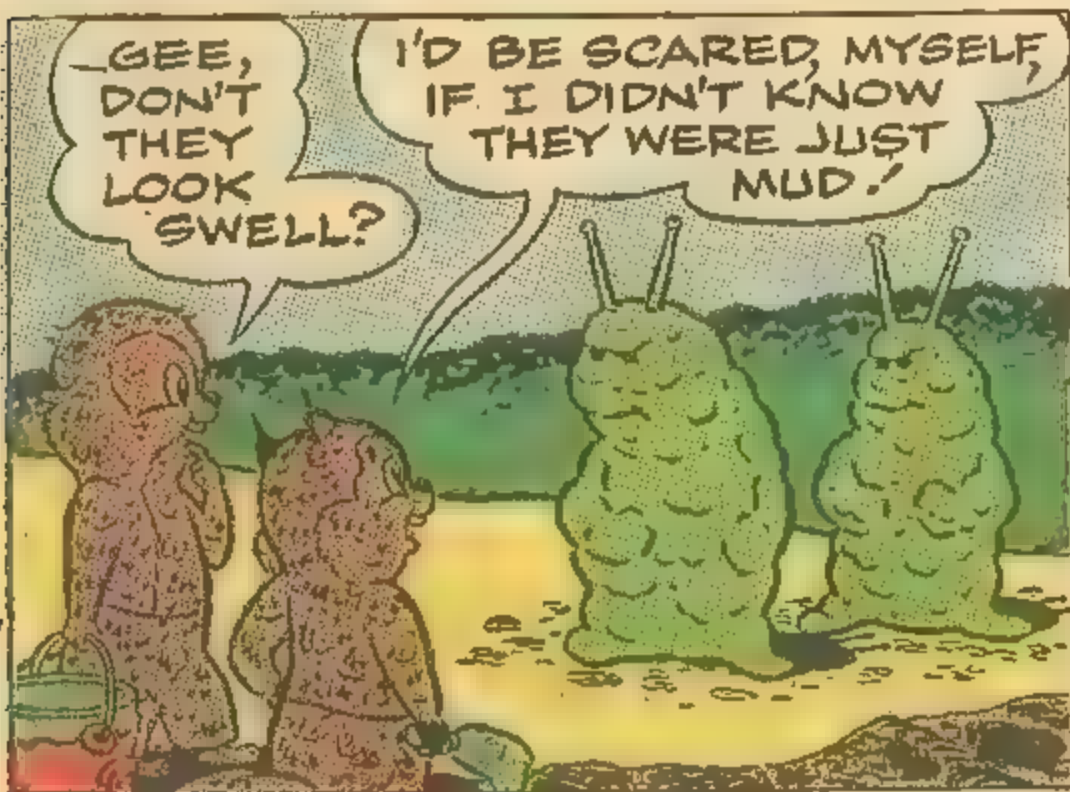
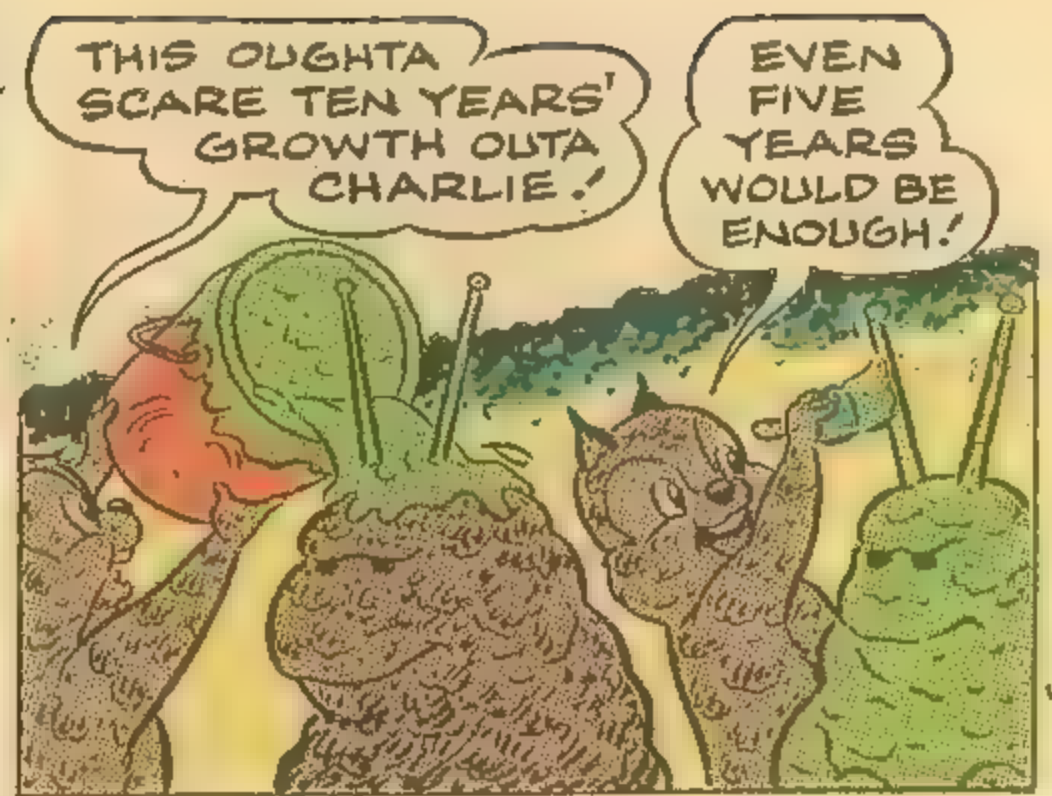
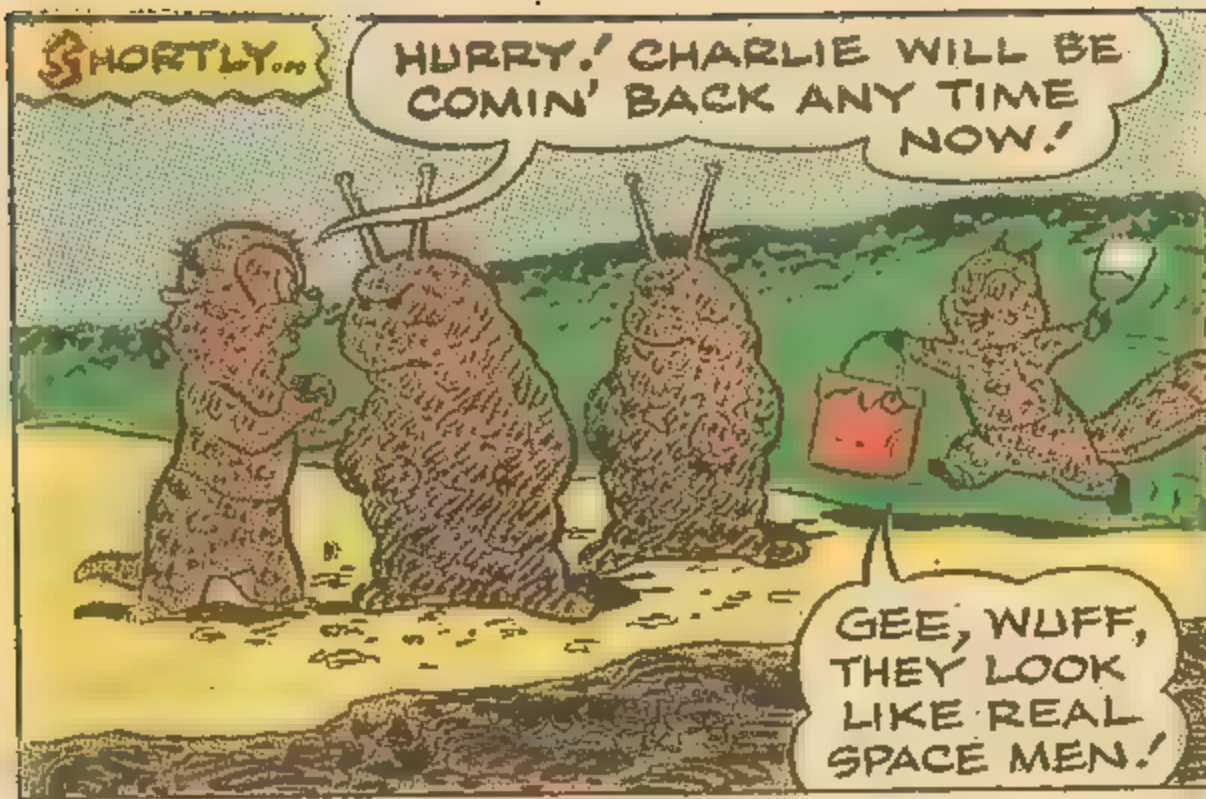
IF I'M FIGURIN'
RIGHT, I'LL
HAVE SAMMY
FREE IN A
JIFFY!

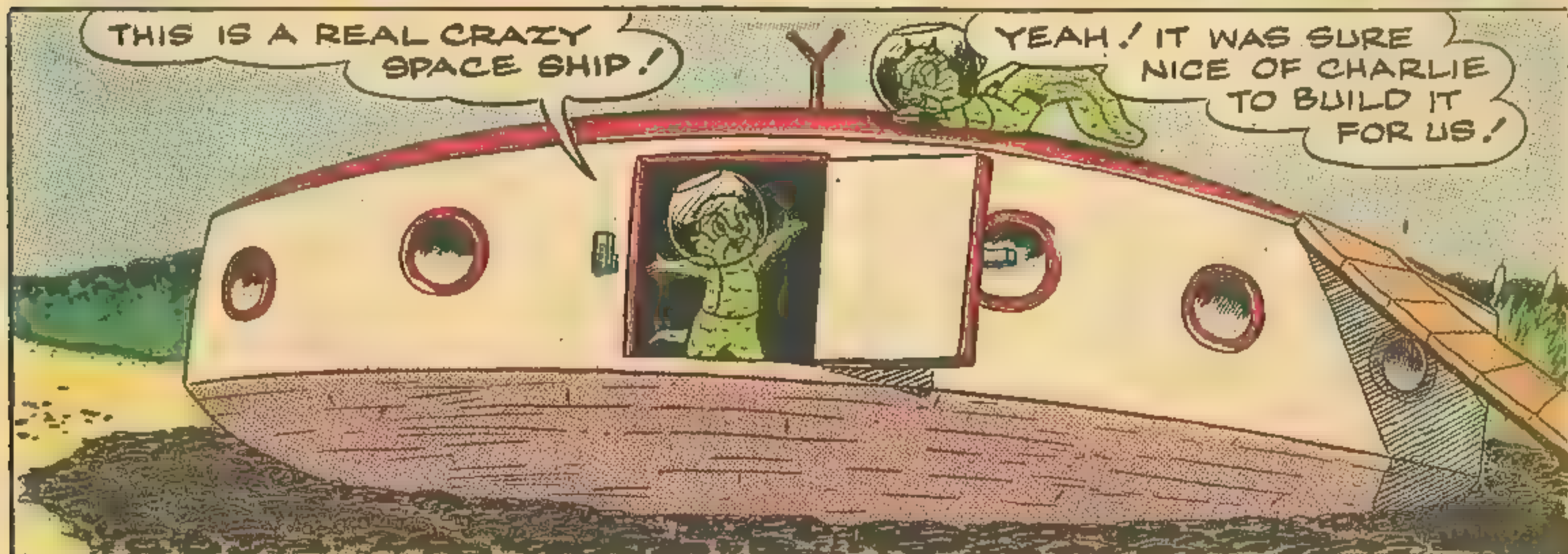
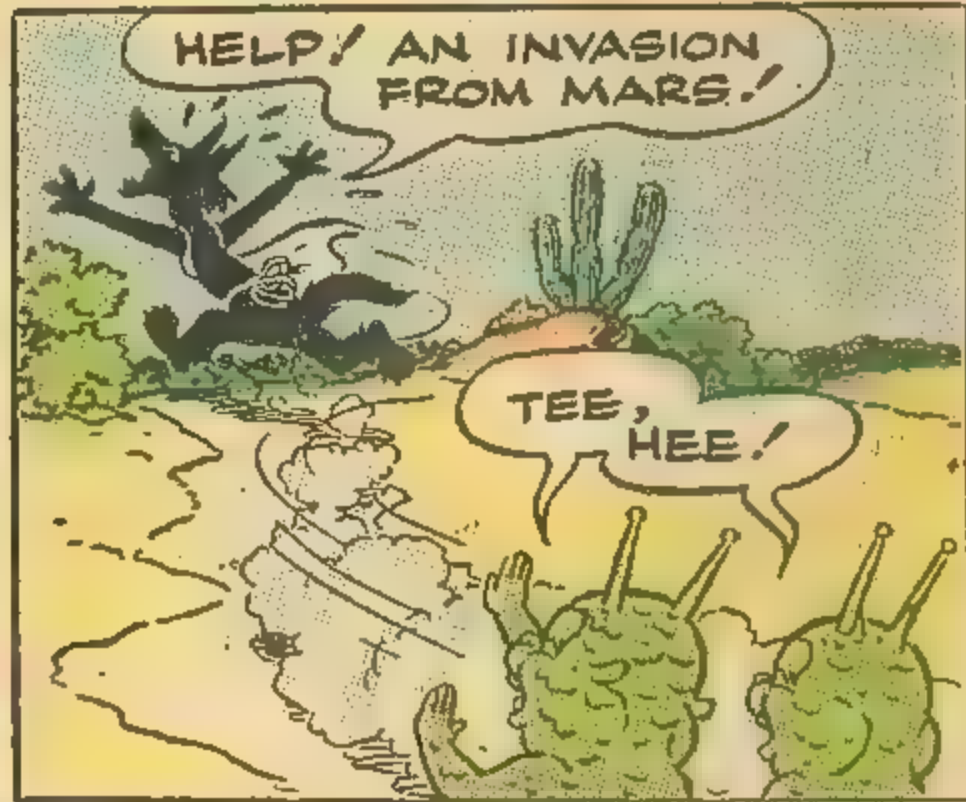
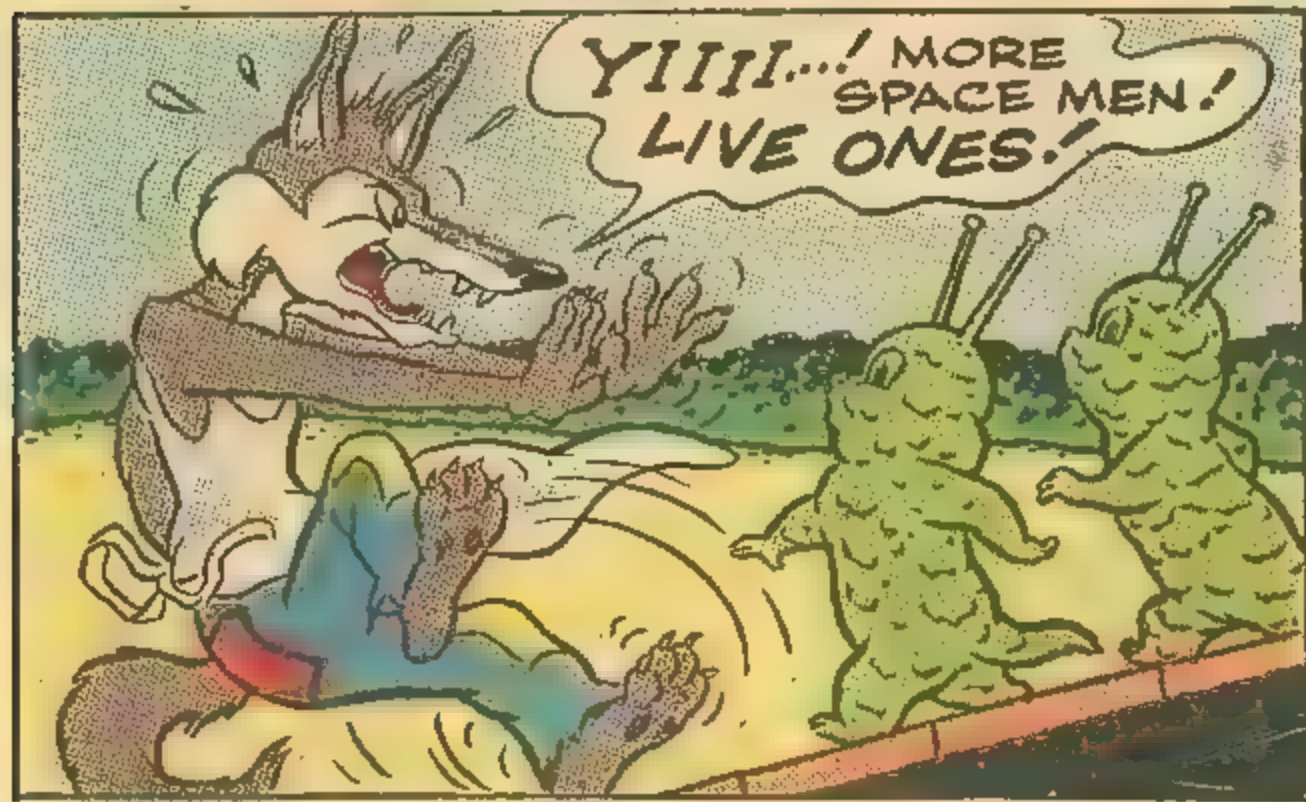
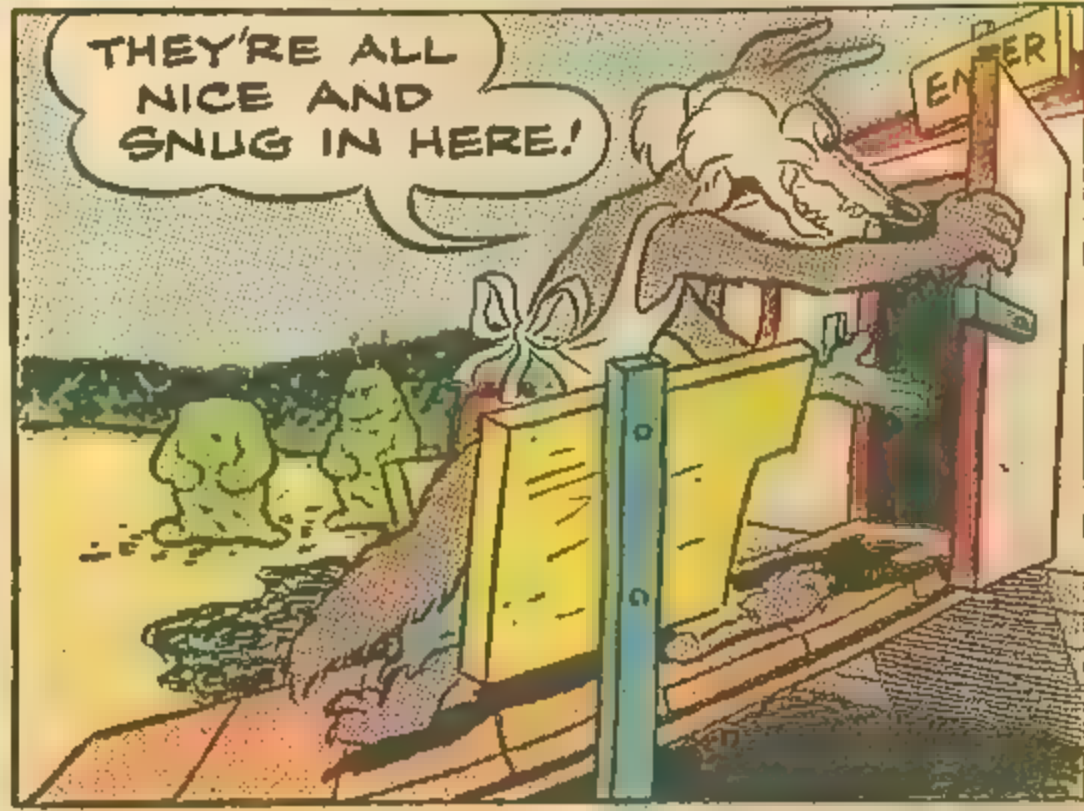
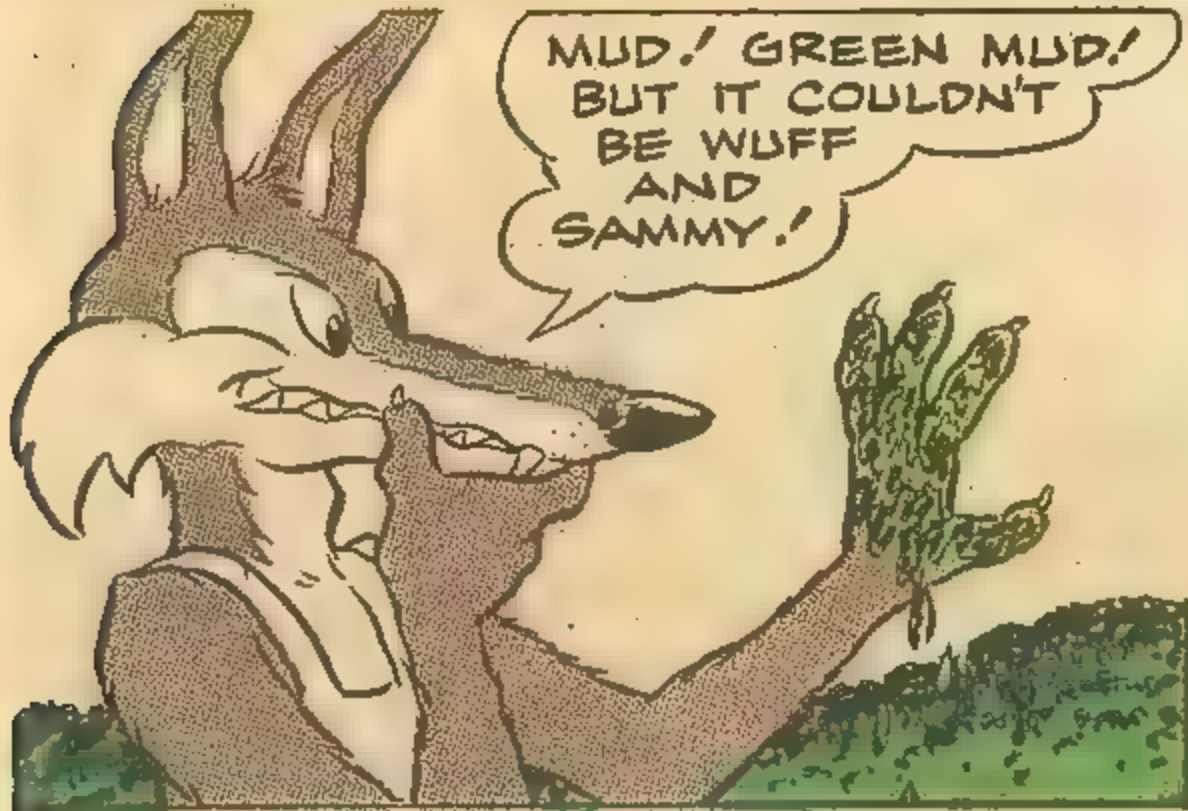
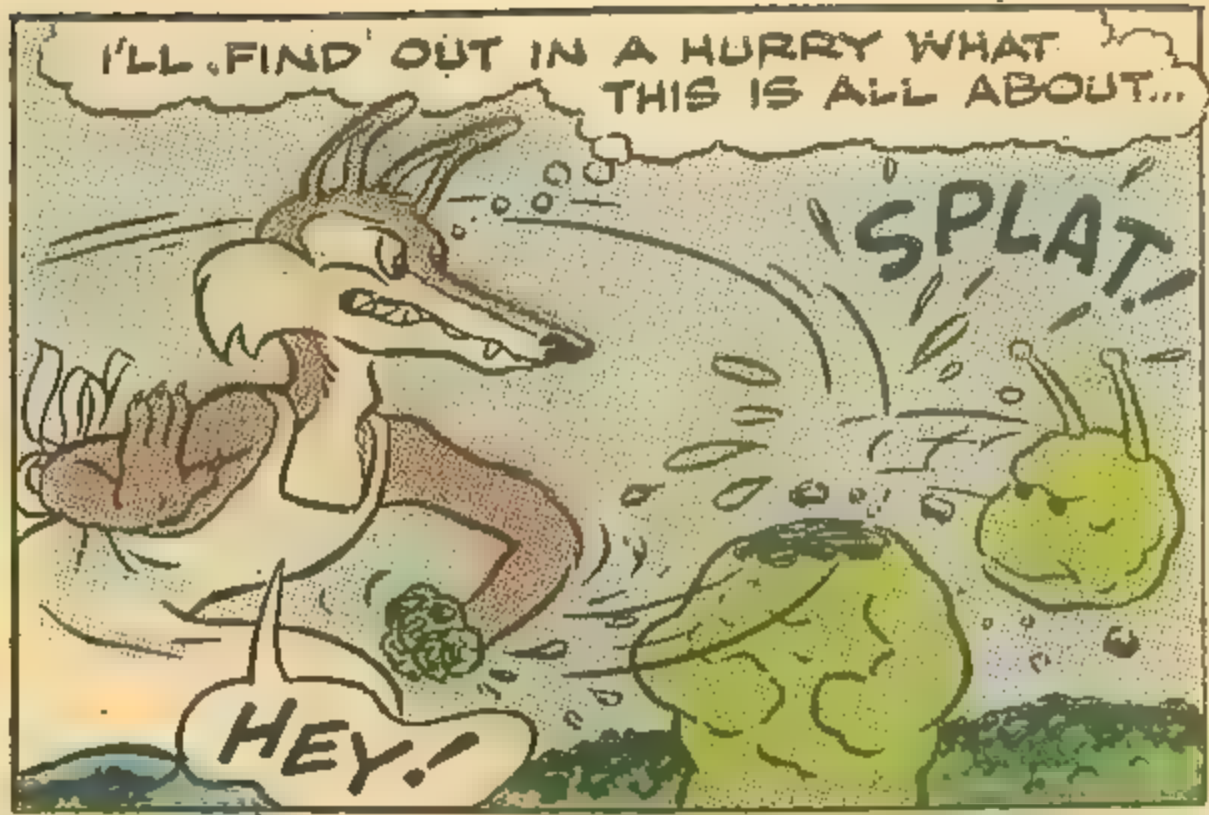
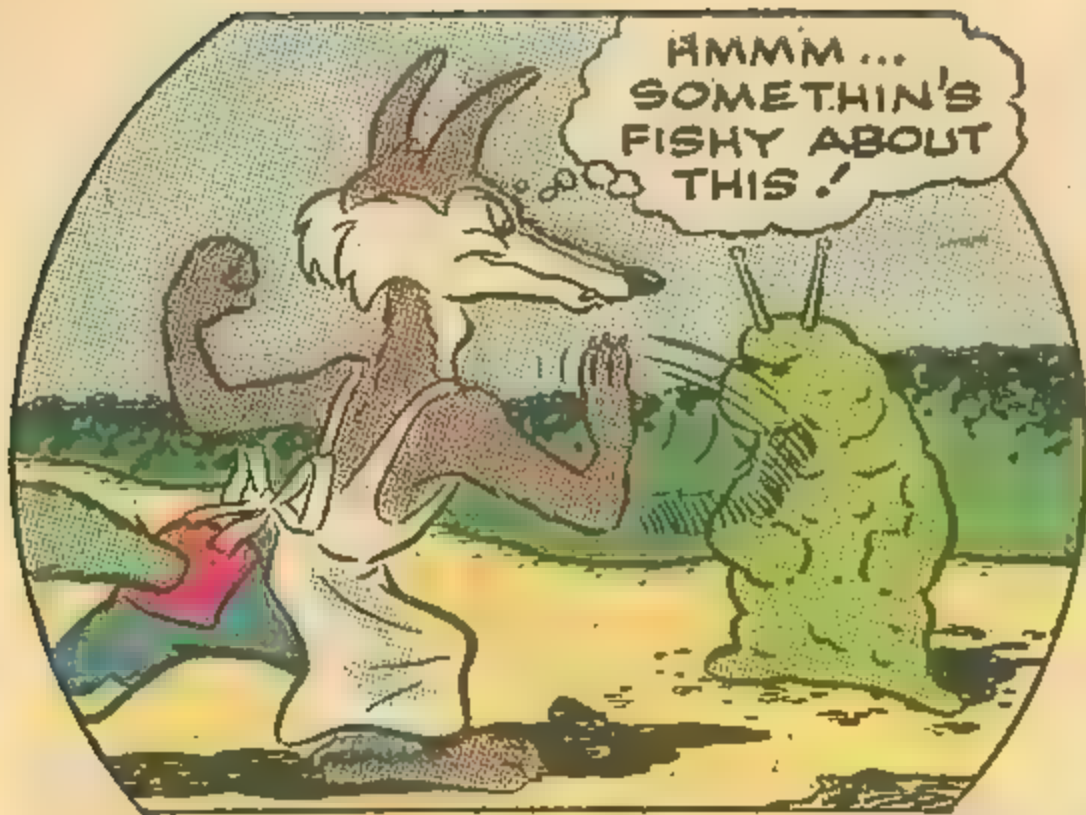
I SHOULD
BE GETTIN'
PRETTY
CLOSE
NOW!



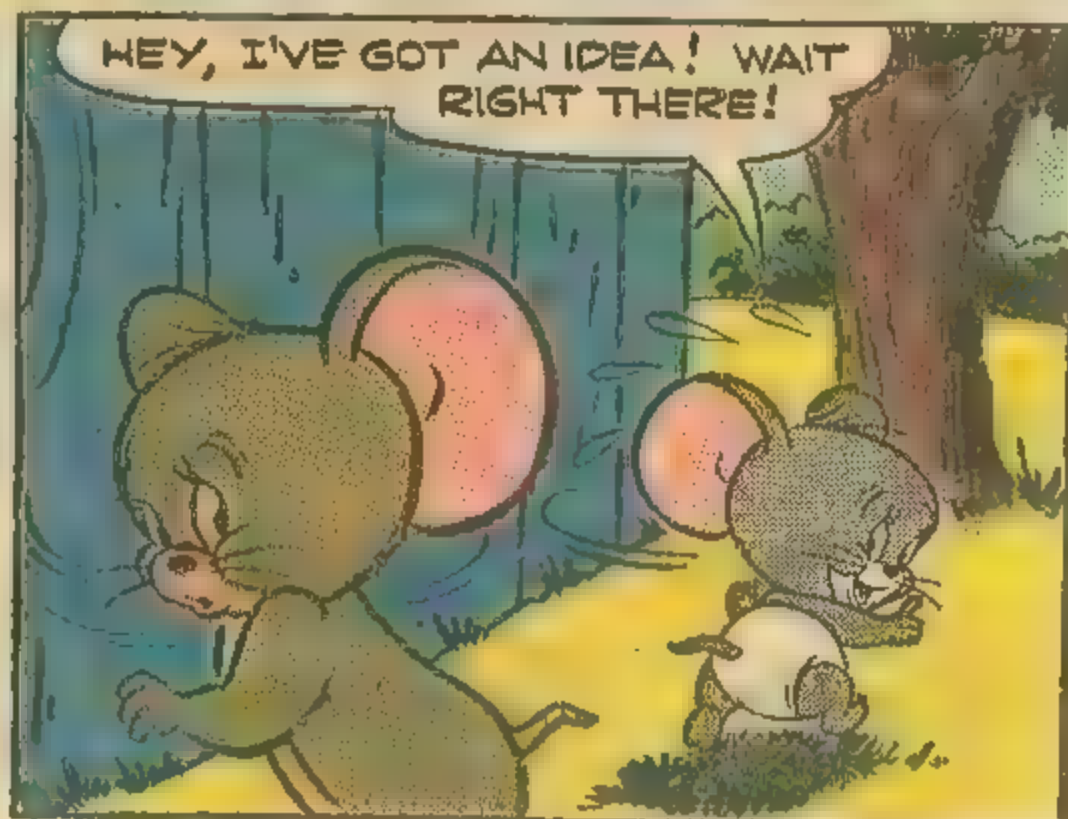
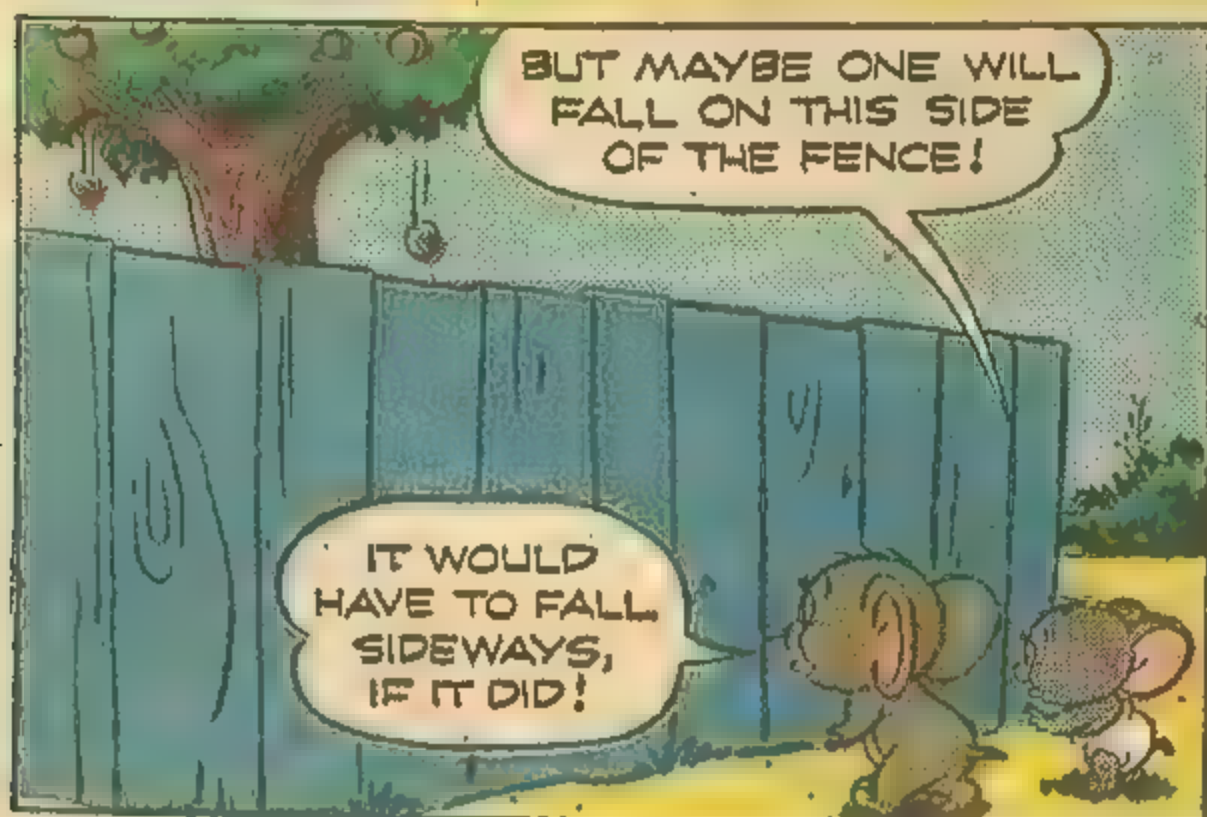
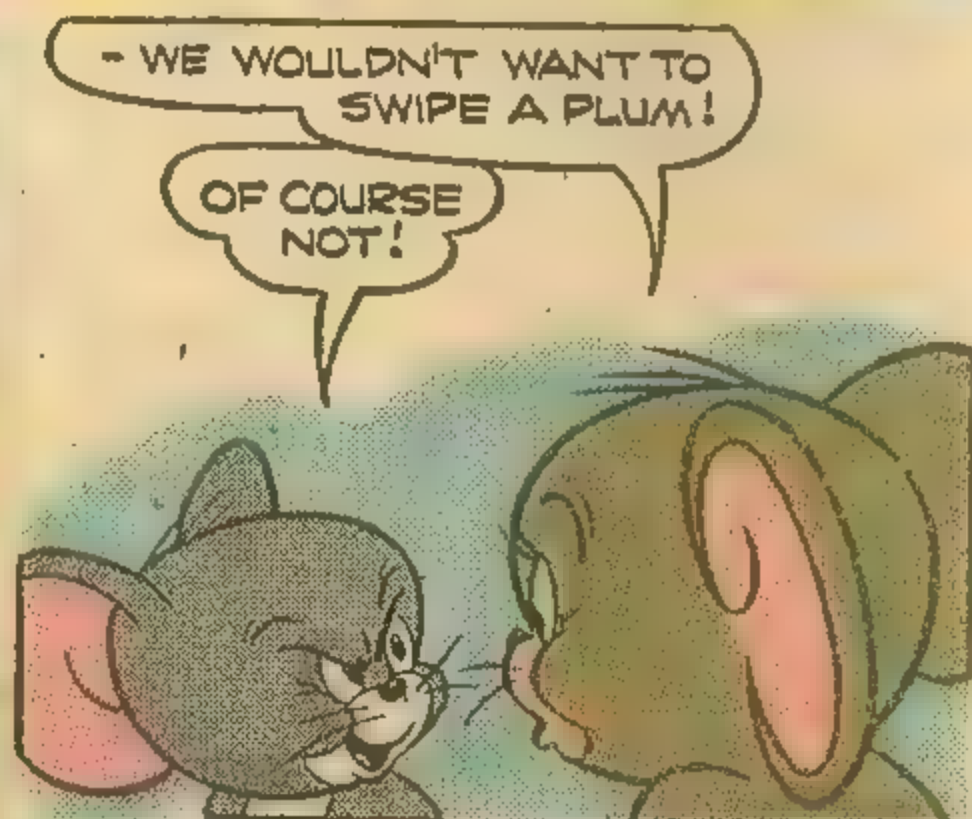
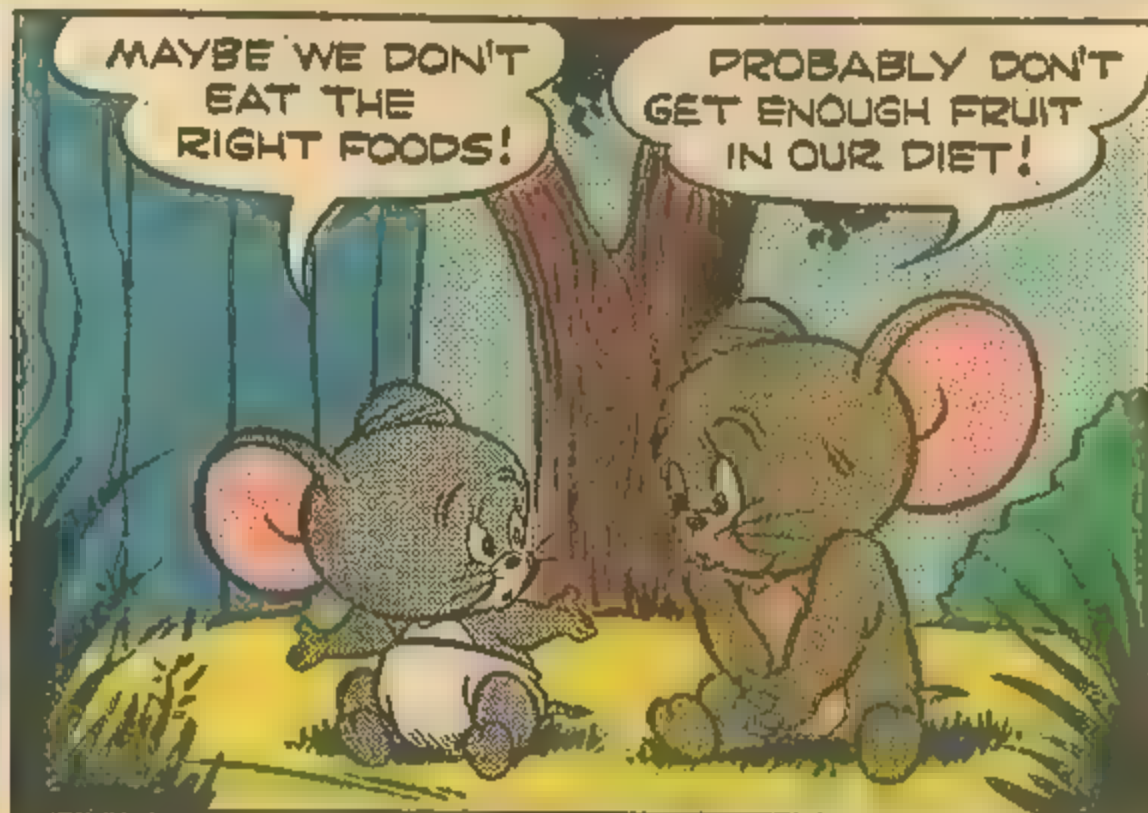
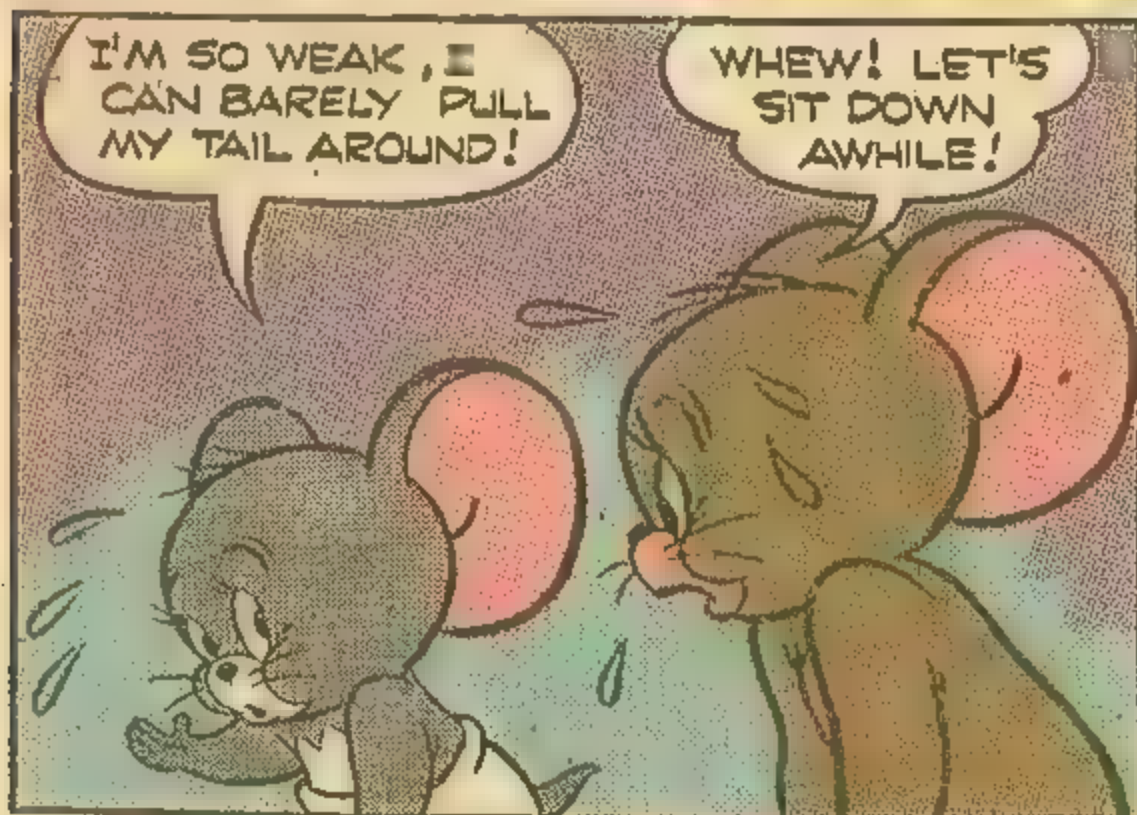
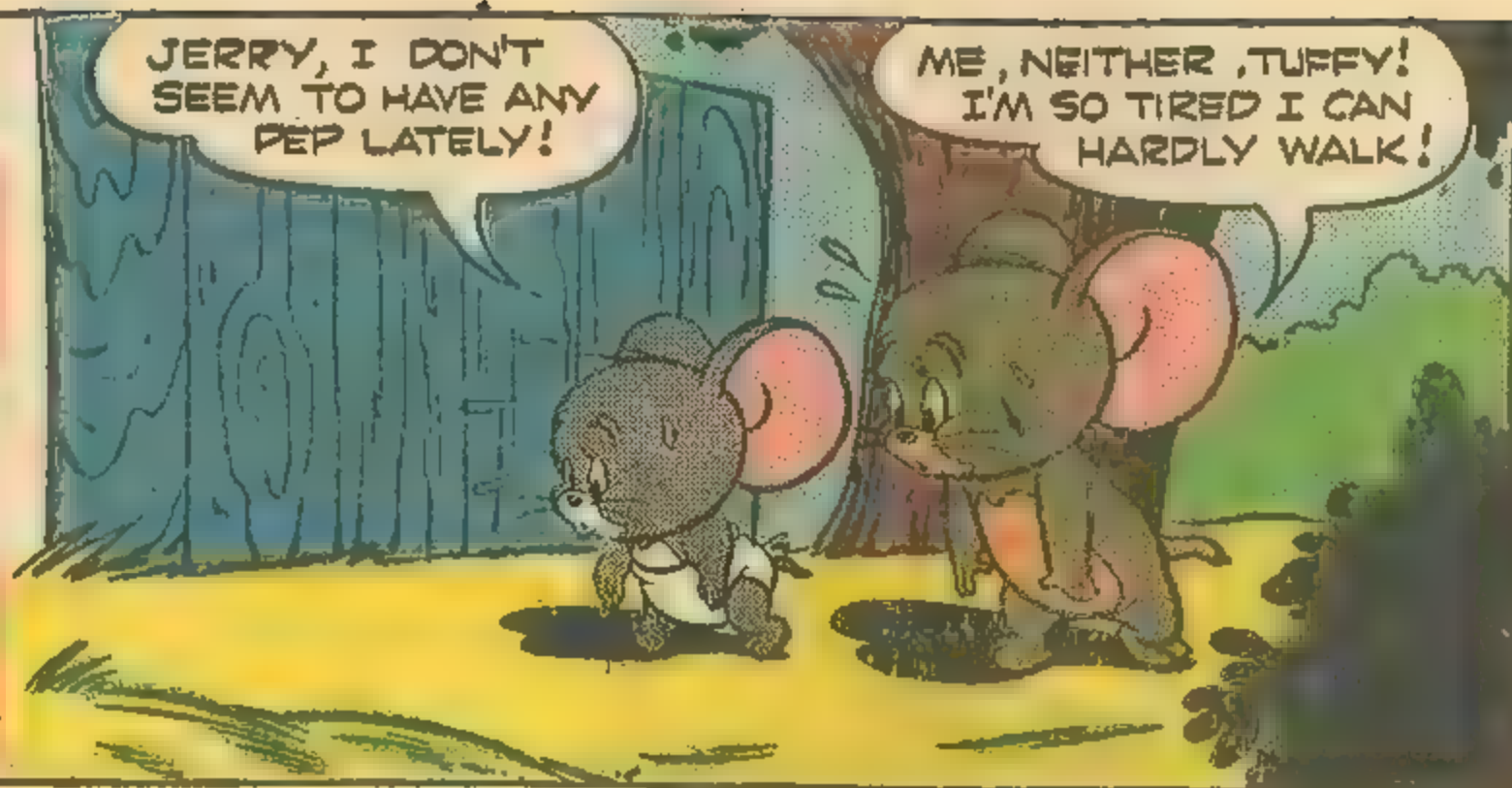


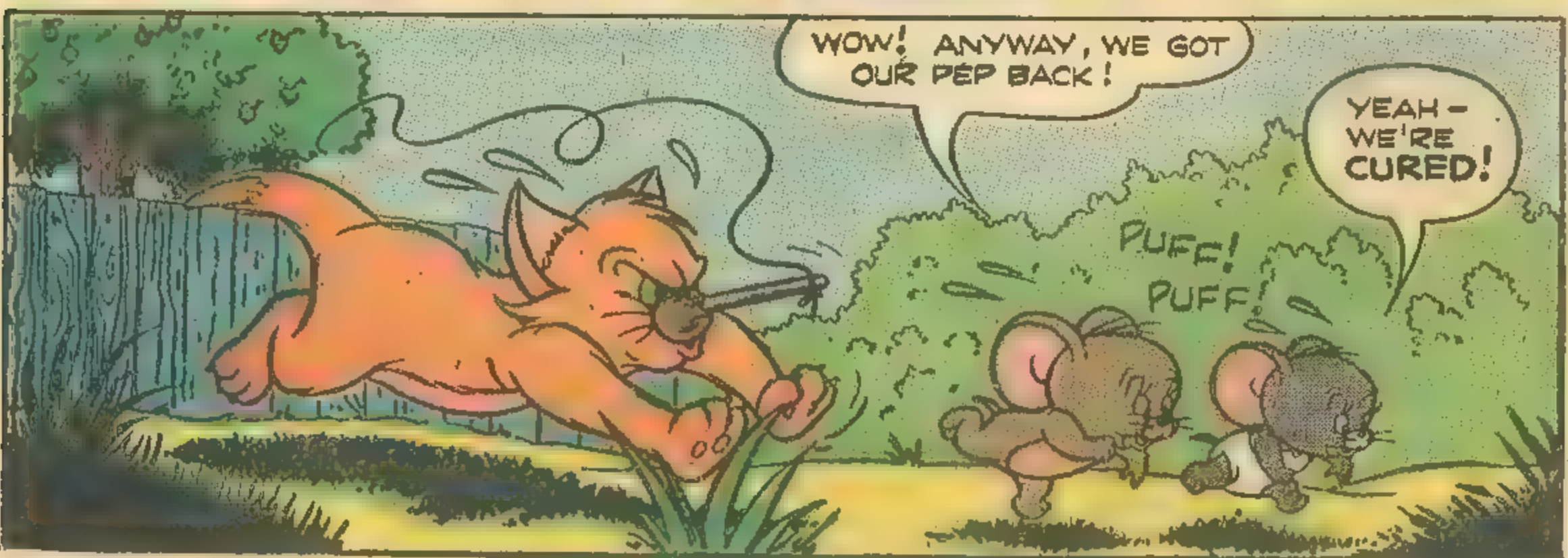
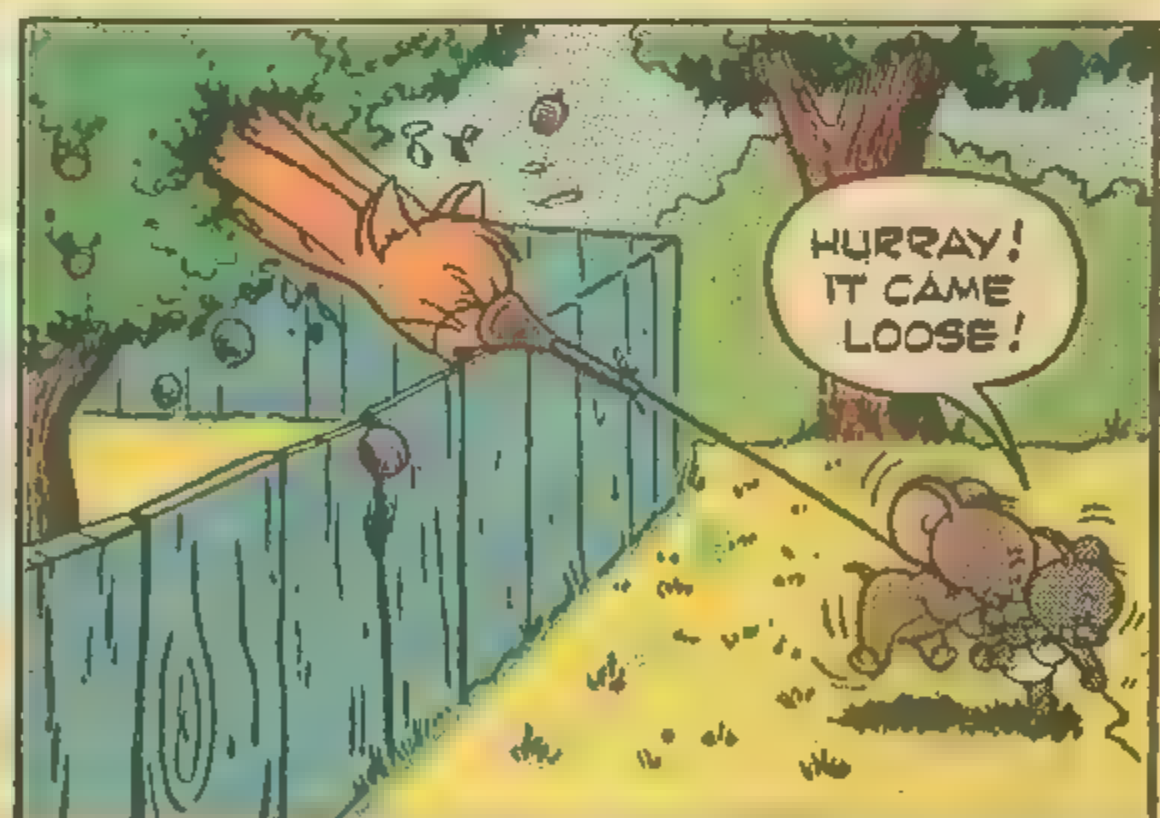
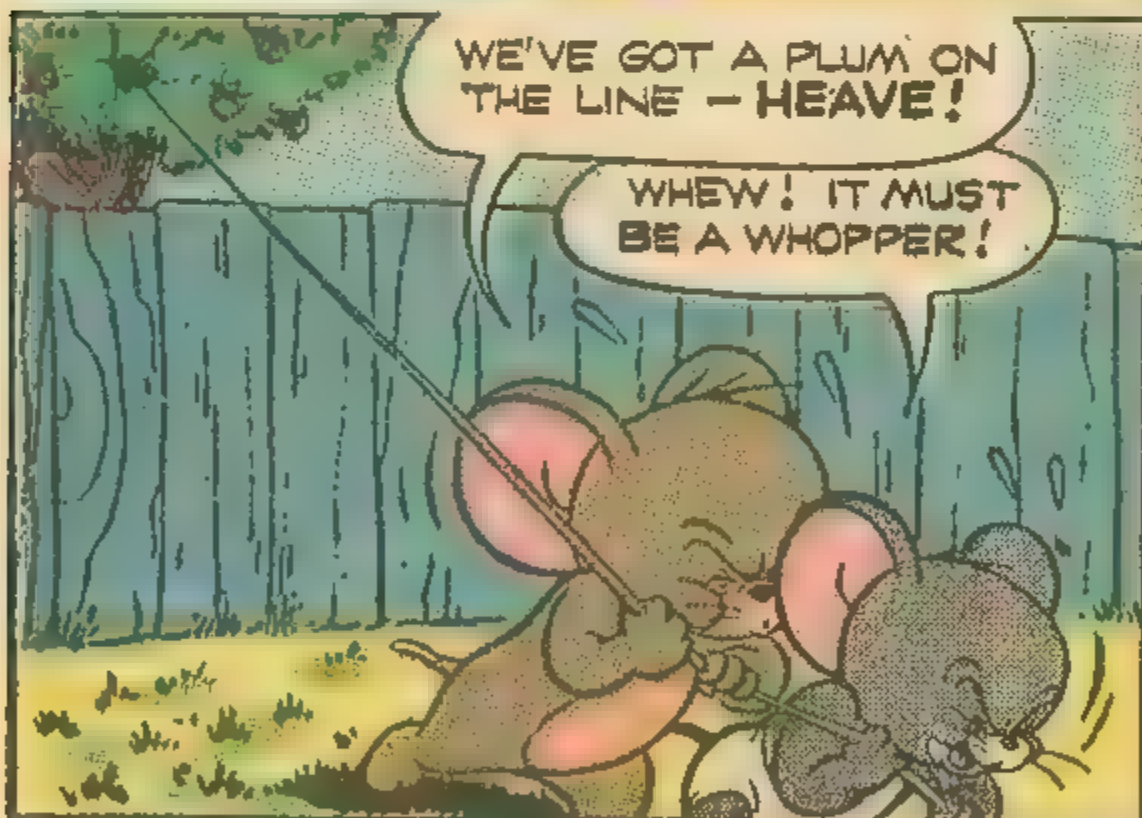
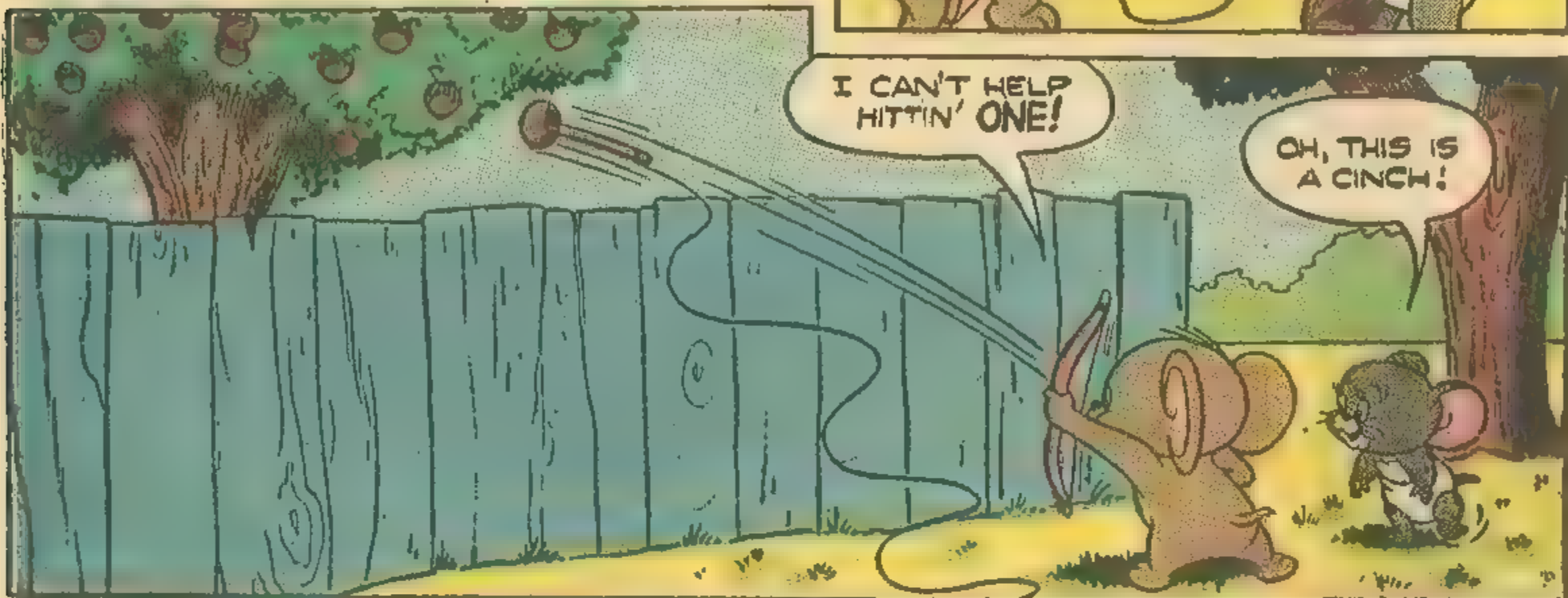
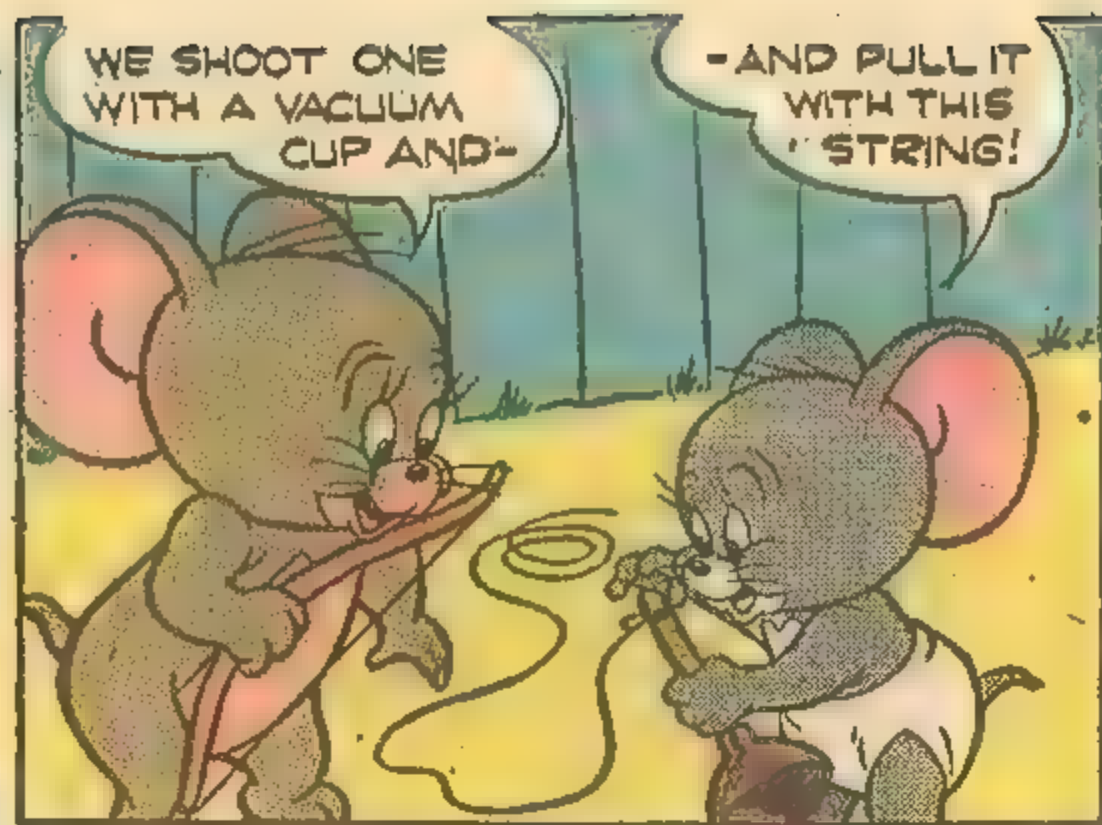
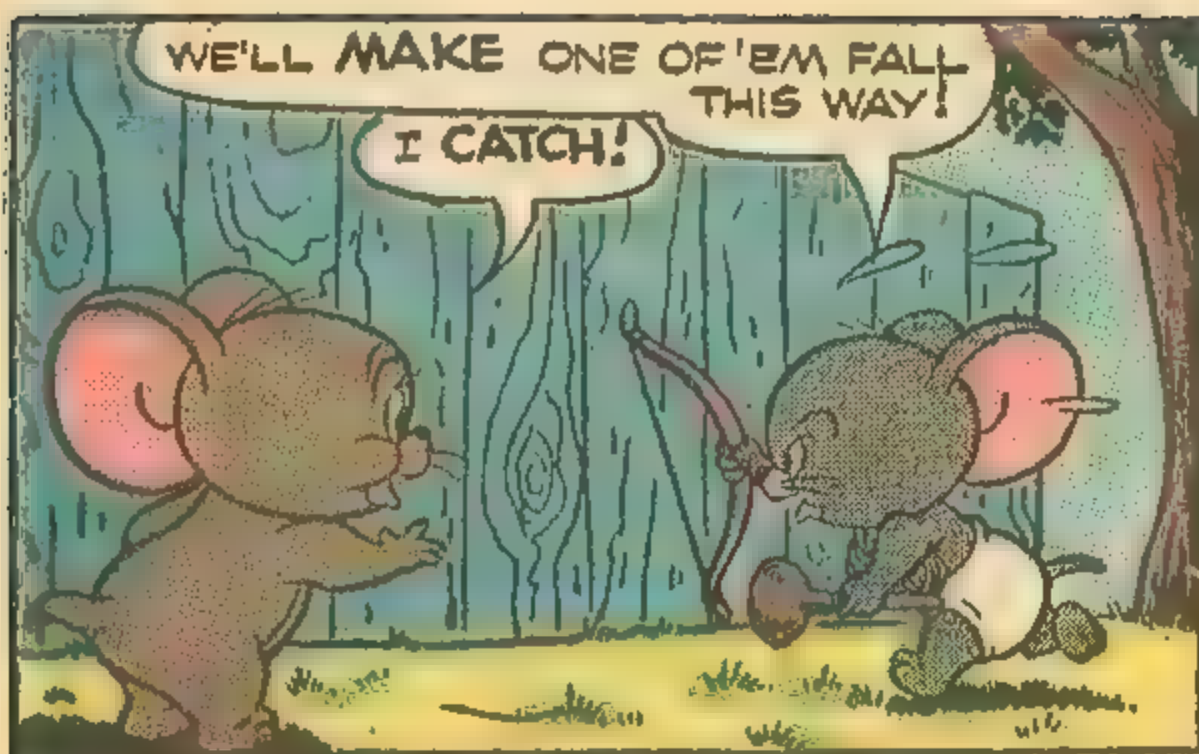






M.G.M. CARTOONS
present
**Jerry
and
tuffy**





M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

Fuzzy and Wuzzy

WHEE!
SCHOOL'S
OUT!

LISTEN, ALL YOU
KIDDIE KUTUP KLUB
MEMBERS! LET'S SPEND
THE SUMMER FURNISHING
OUR CLUBHOUSE!

YEAH!

GOOD
IDEA!

(SIGH!) WISH I COULD THINK OF A
WAY TO KEEP FUZZY AND WUZZY
OUT OF MISCHIEF THIS SUMMER!

LET'S GET
WITH IT!

HMM...A TRUCK'S
STOPPIN' HERE!

WE'VE GOTTA HAVE
A WRESTLIN' MAT!

AND A DART GAME
AND...

WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT, BOYS?
IT'S A PRESENT FOR YOU!

KEEN!
MAYBE IT'S A
PING-PONG SET!

TO FUZZY & WUZZY
FROM
Aunt Bertha

IT'S FROM AUNT BERTHA!

COULD BE
A GYM
OUTFIT!

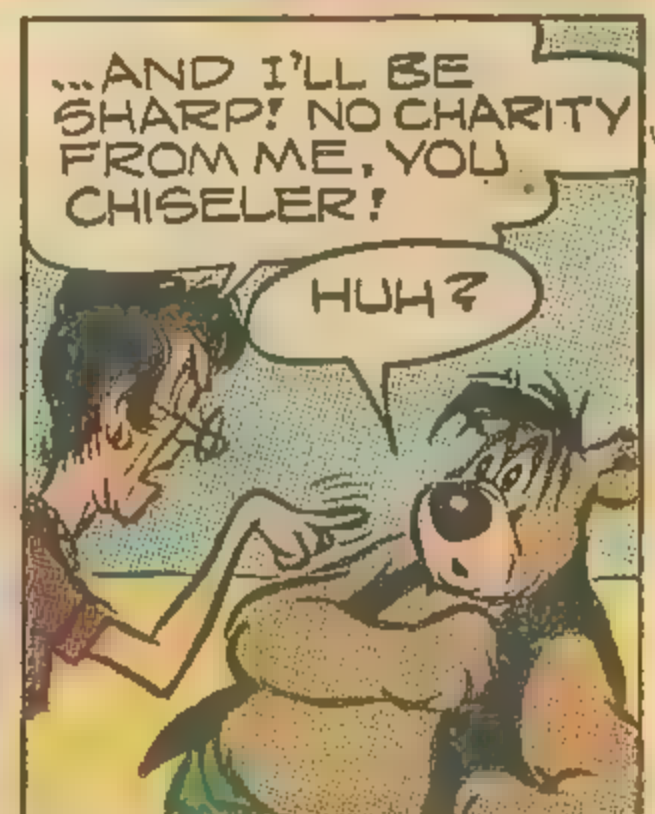
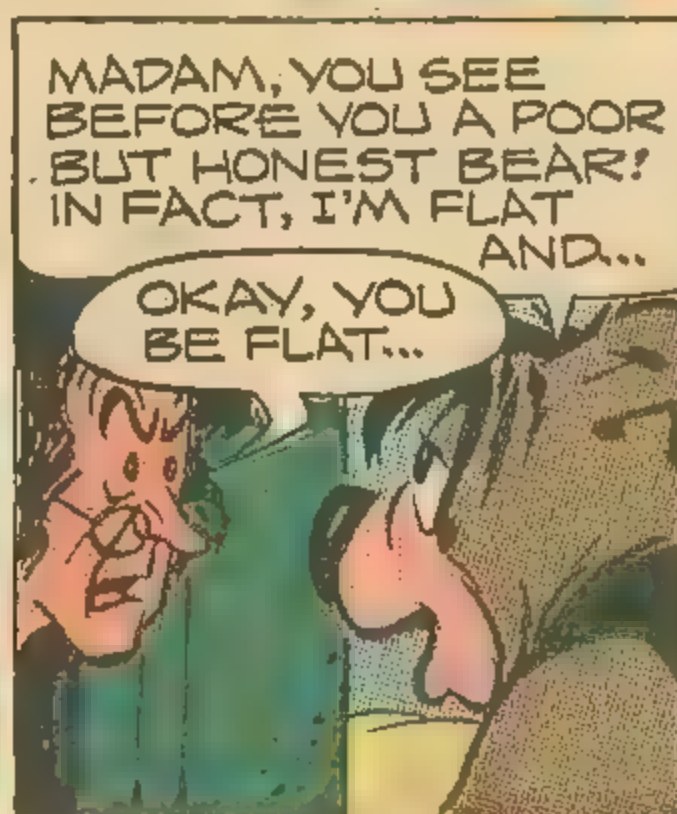
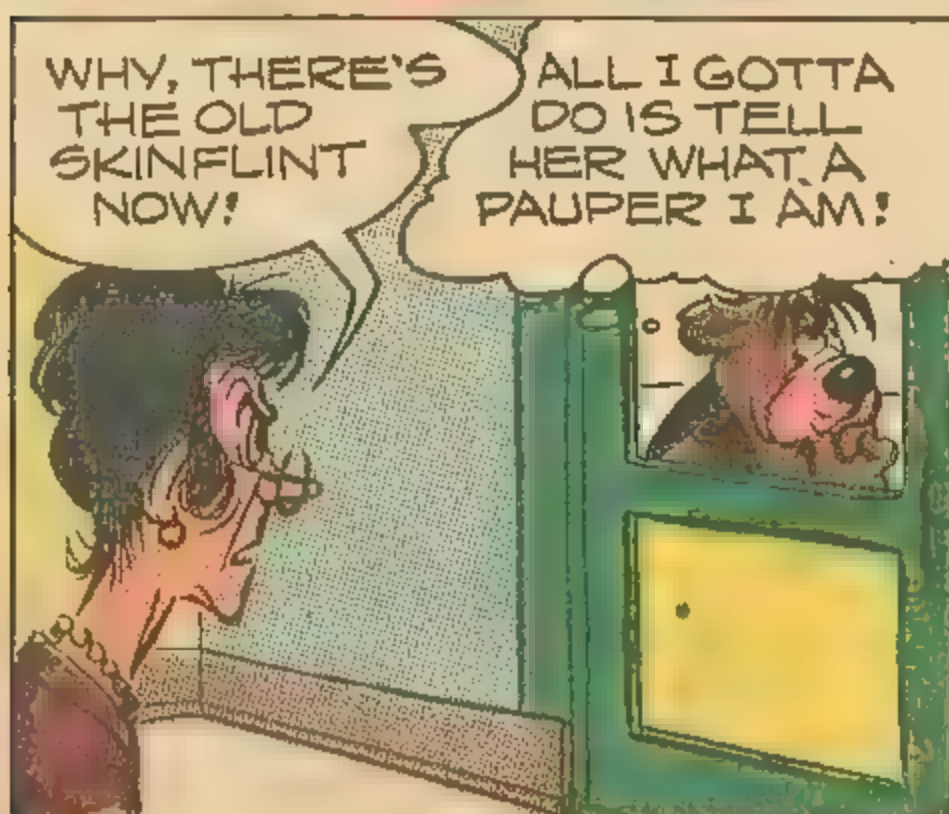
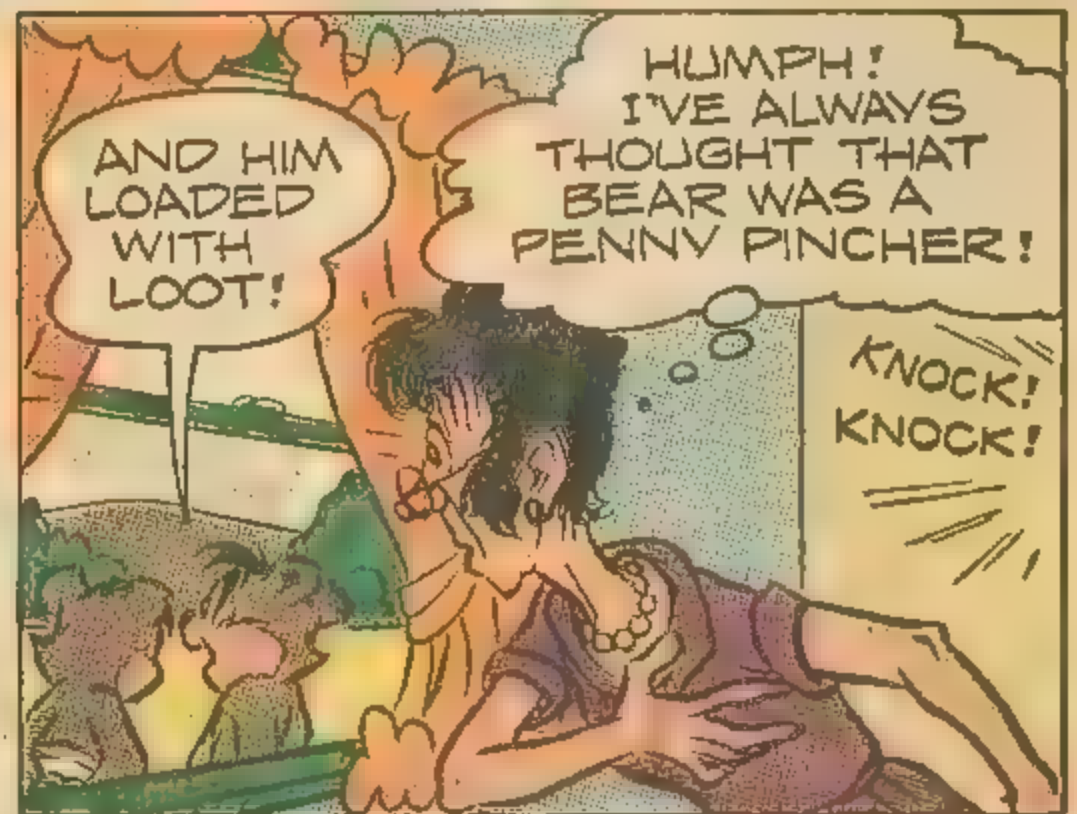
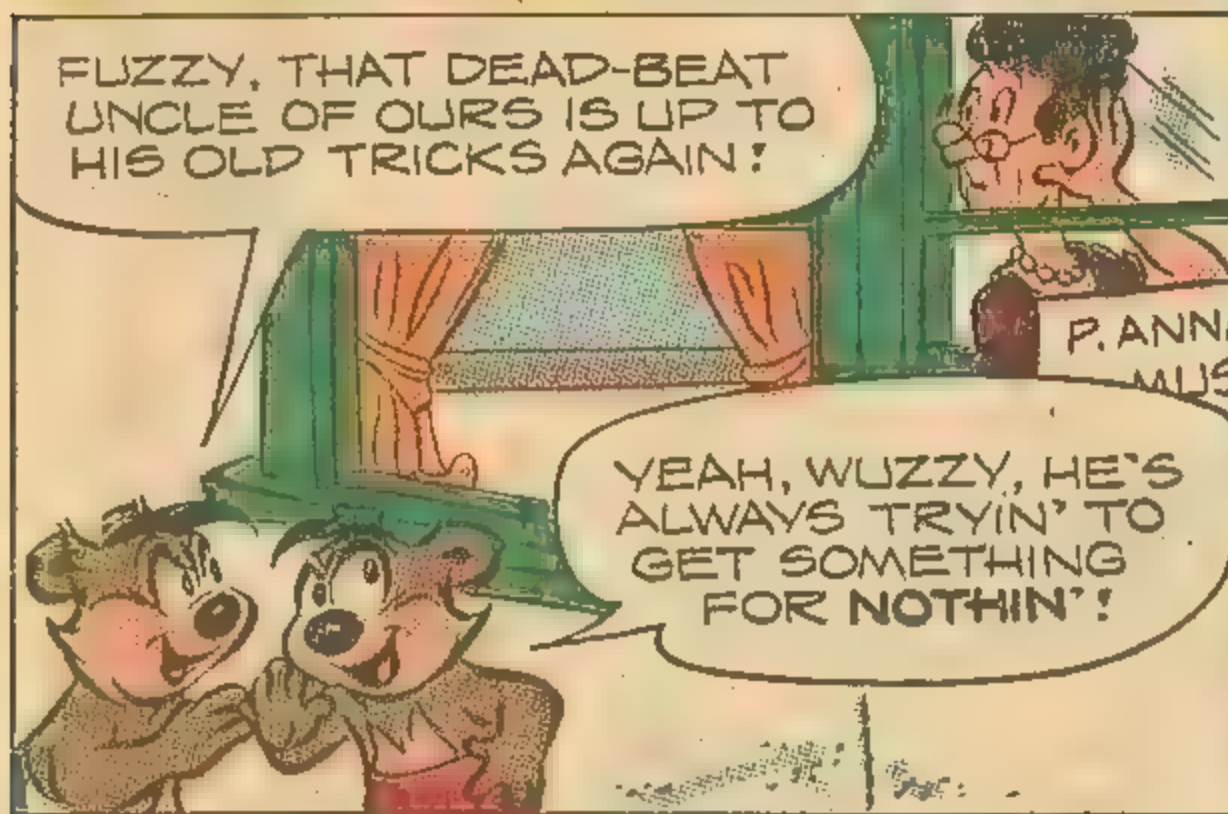
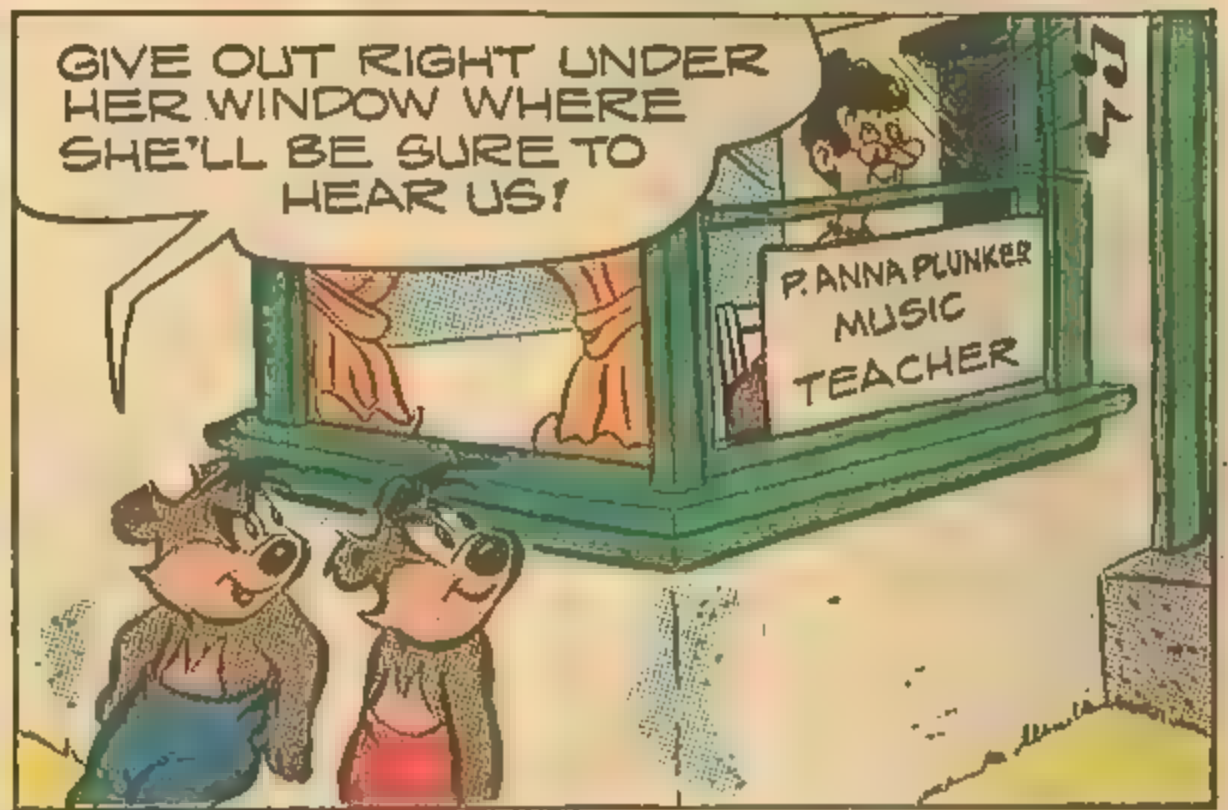
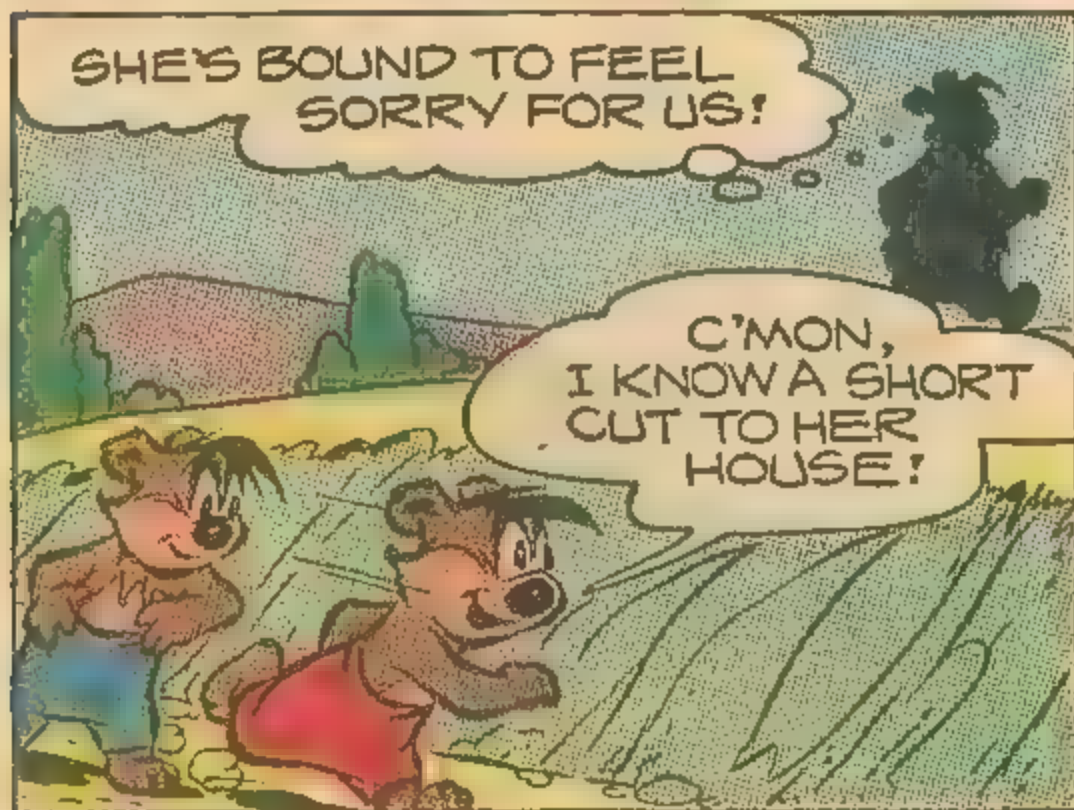
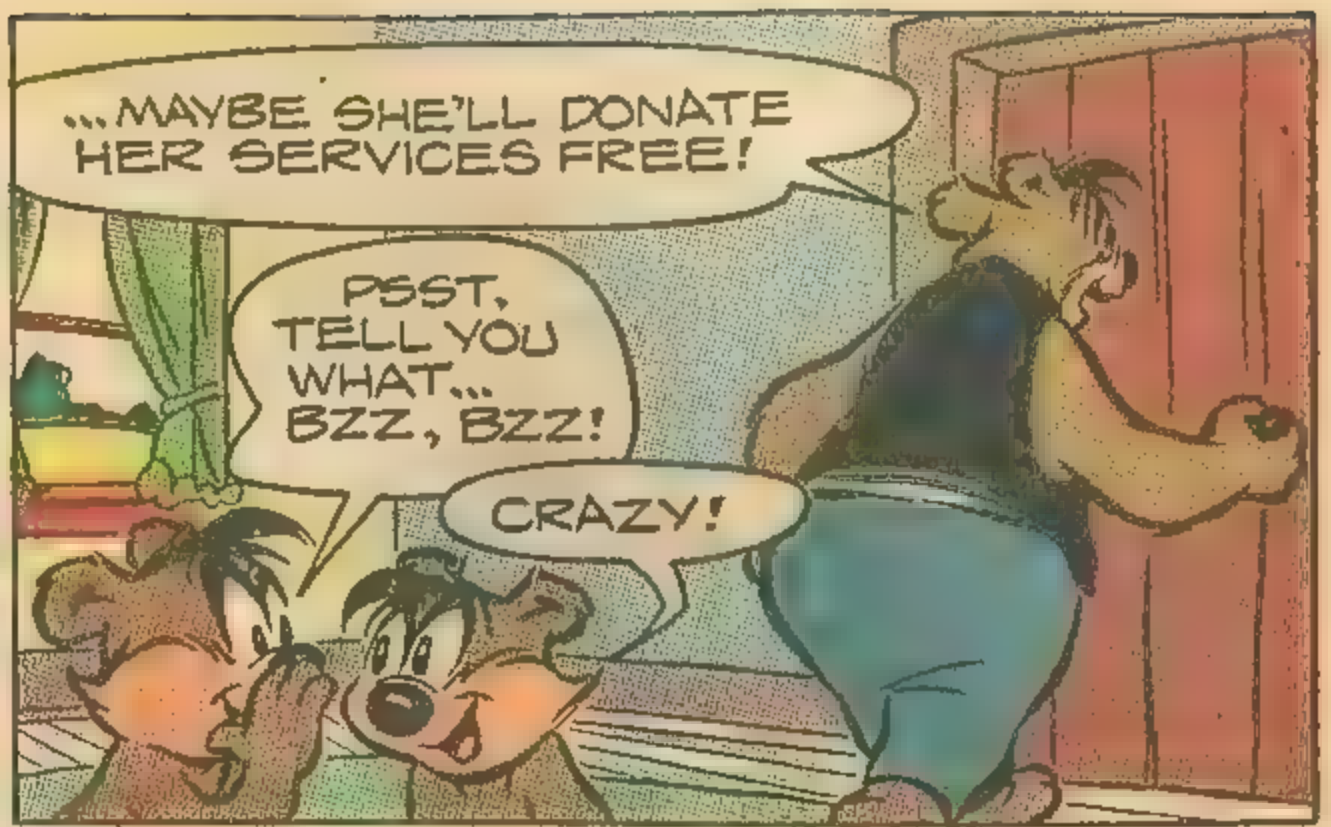
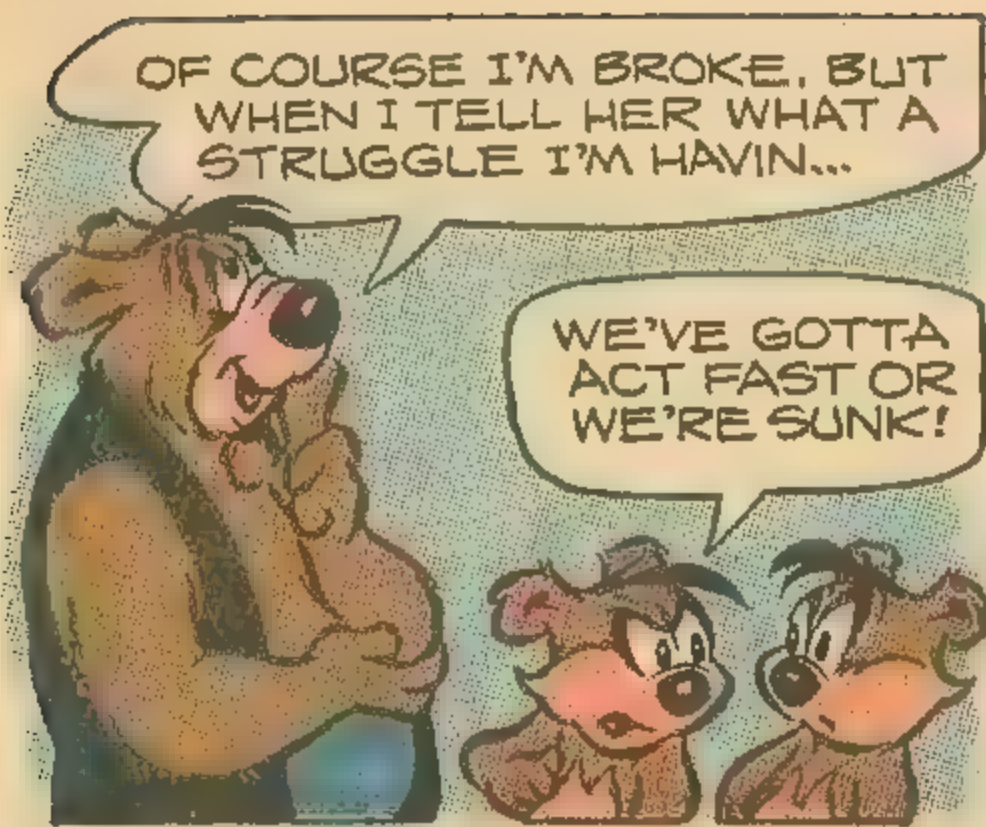
JUST THE THING TO KEEP YOU TWO
OCCUPIED FOR THE SUMMER!

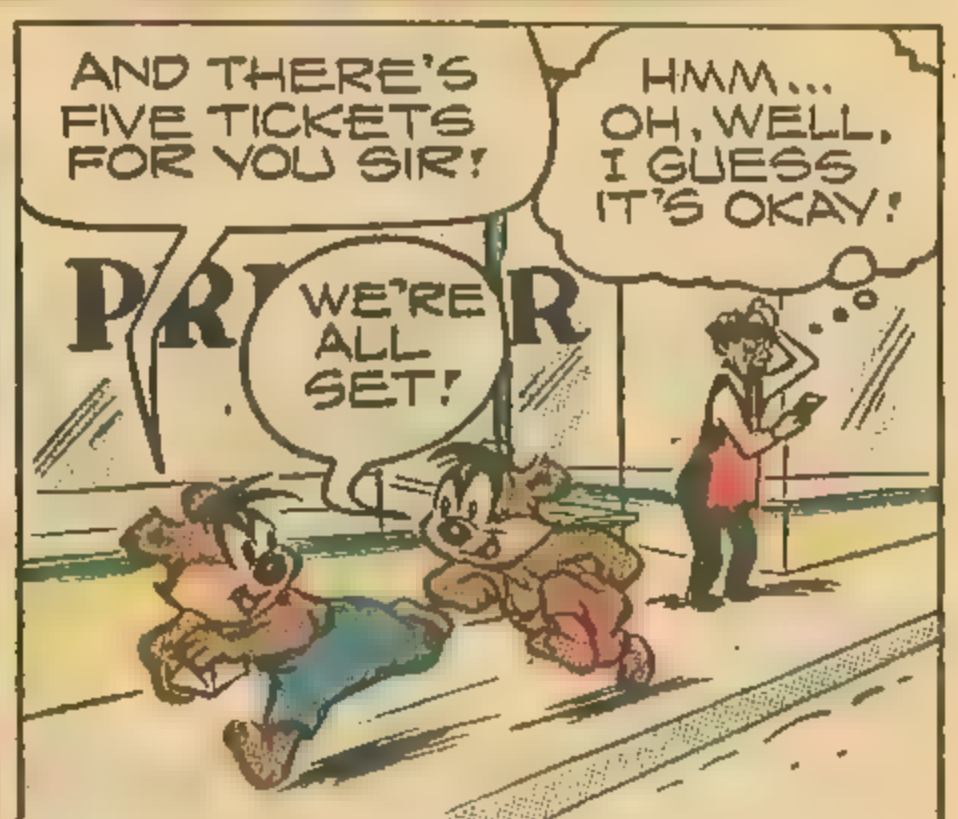
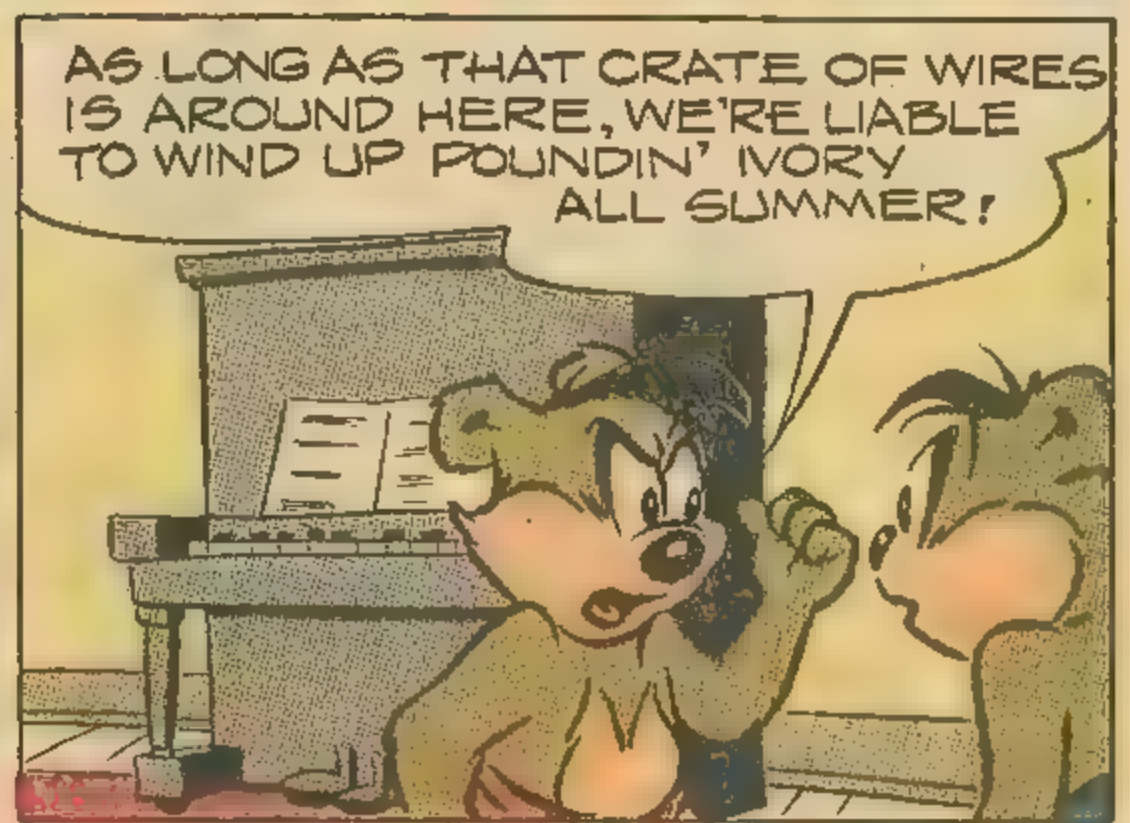
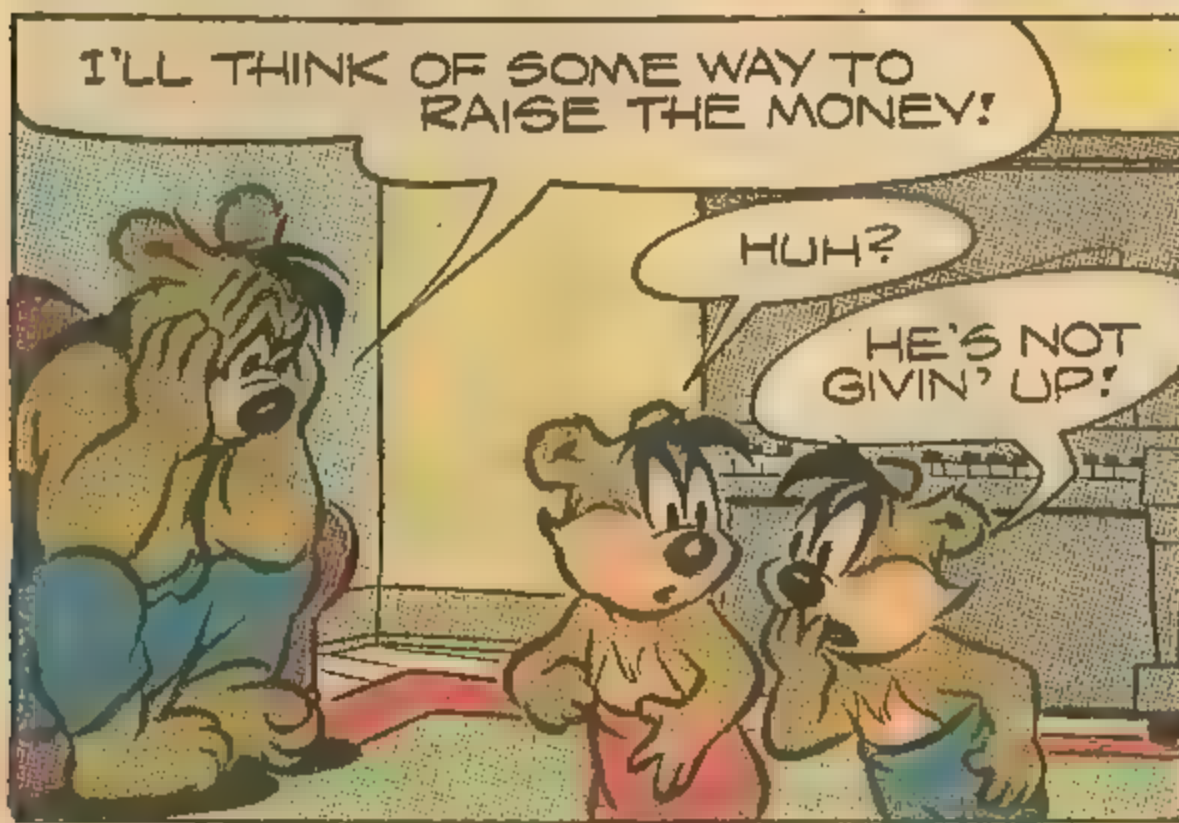
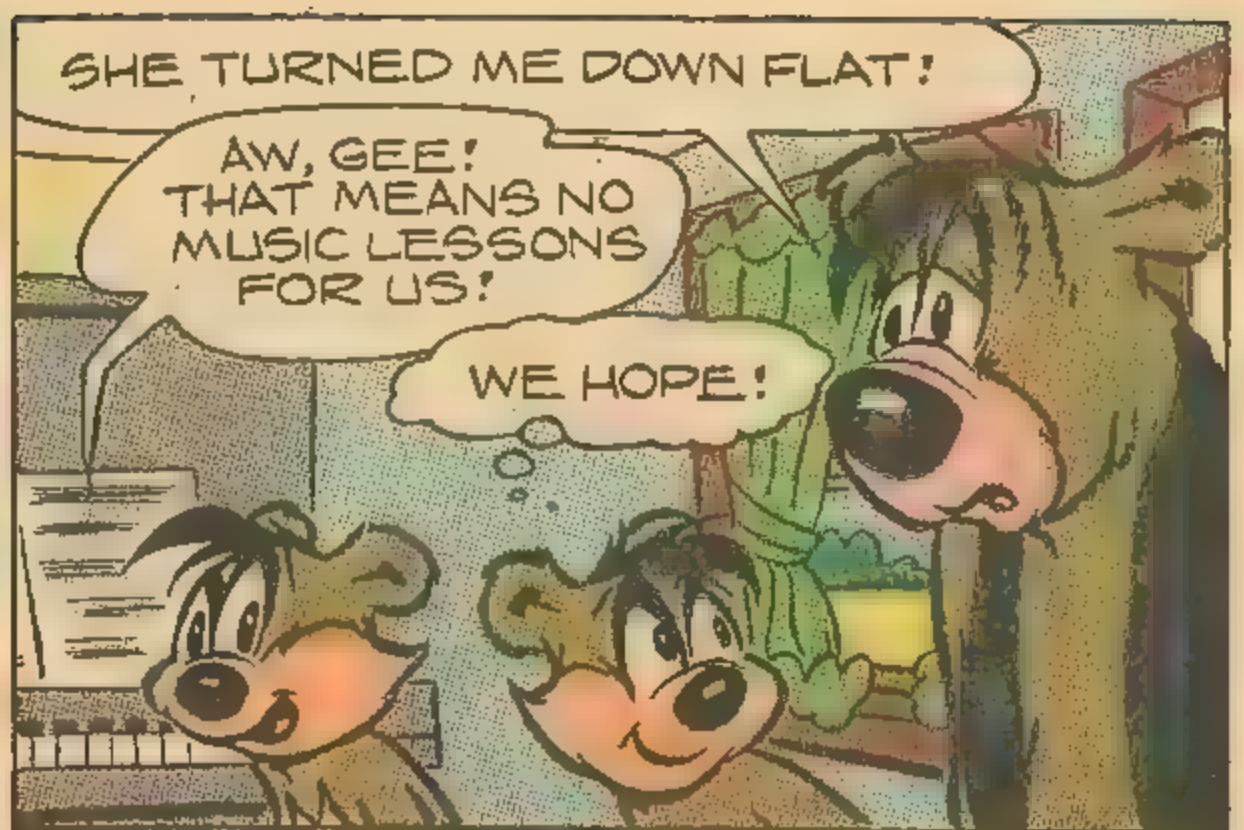
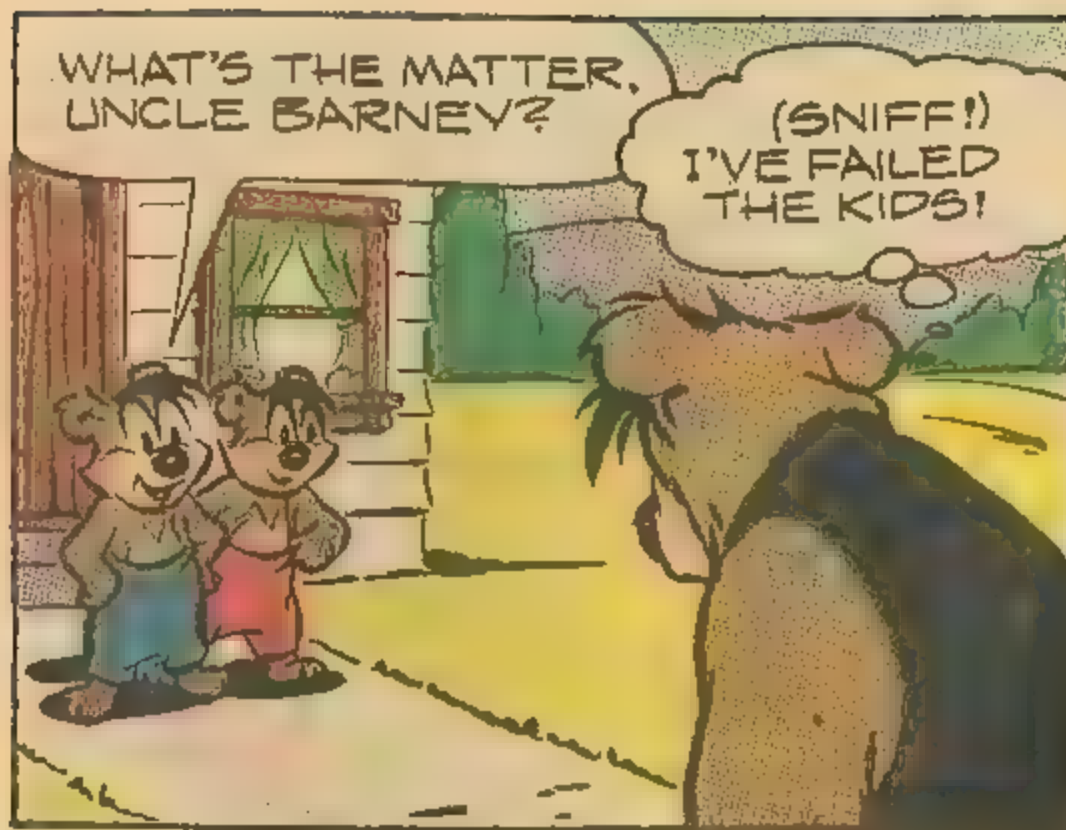
A PIANO!

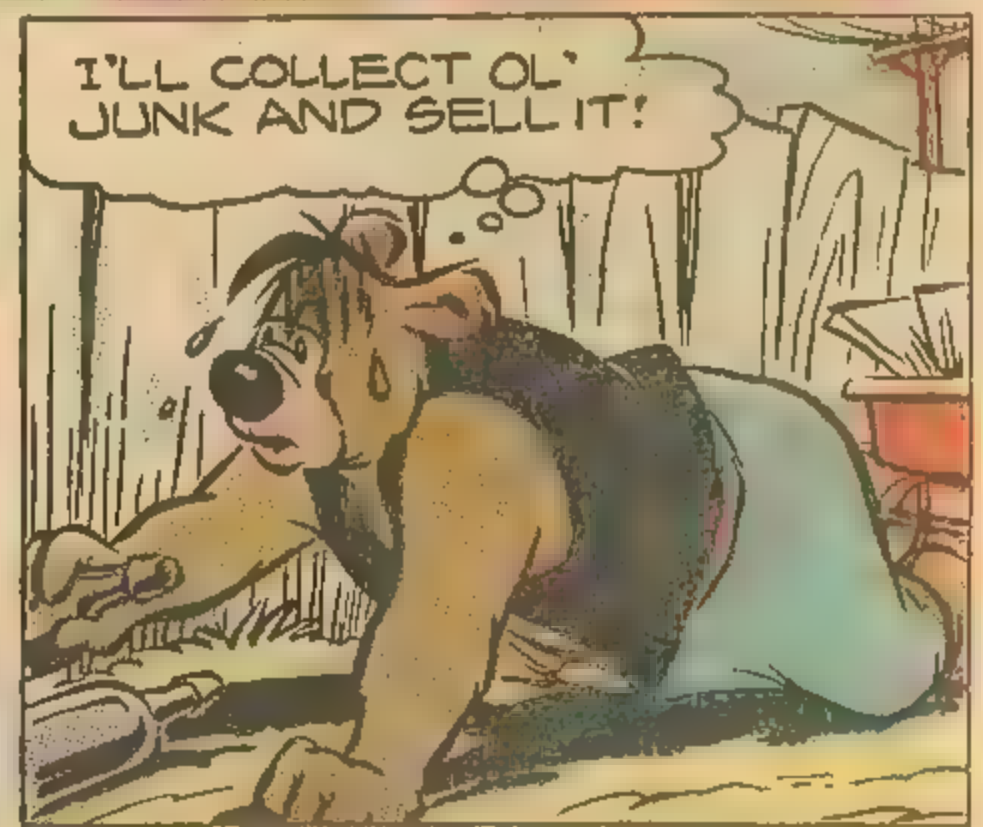
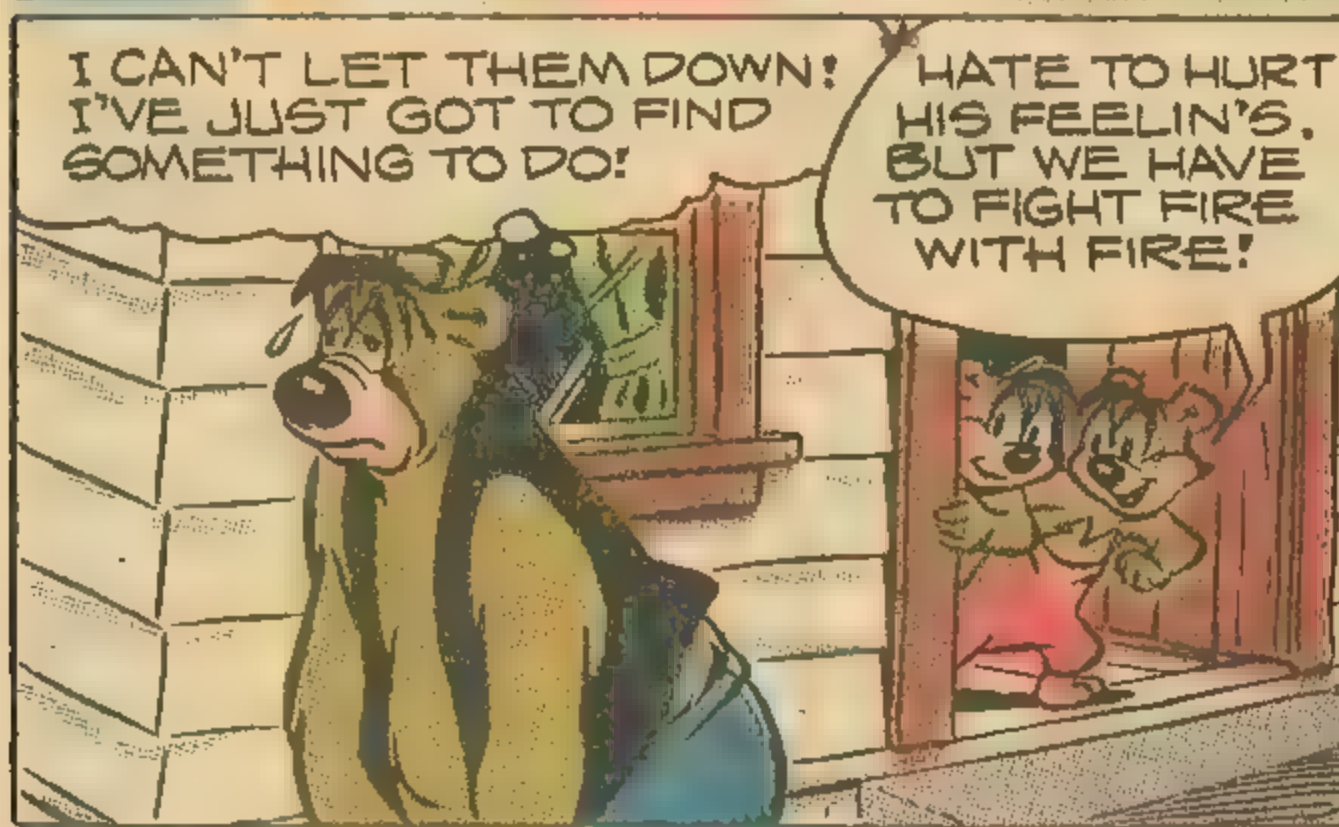
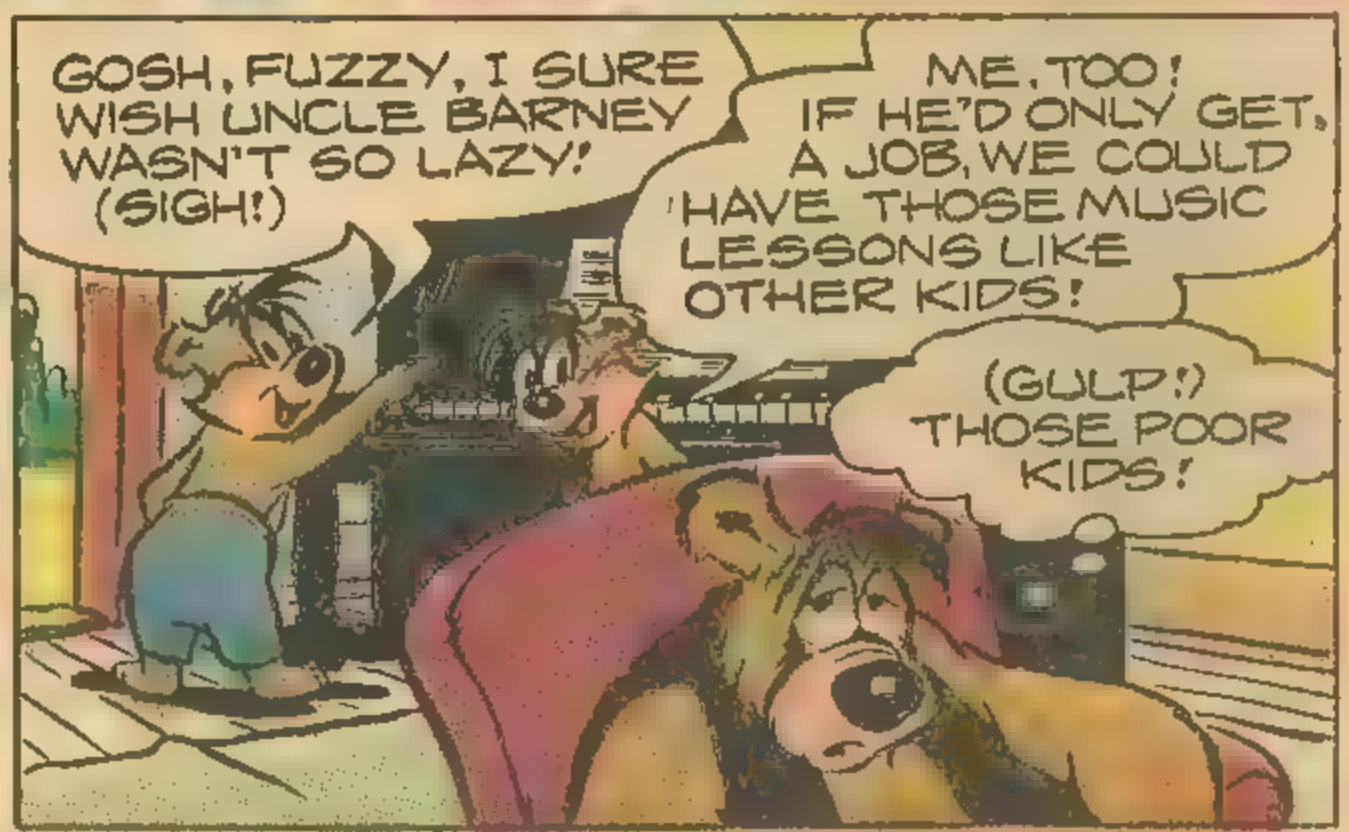
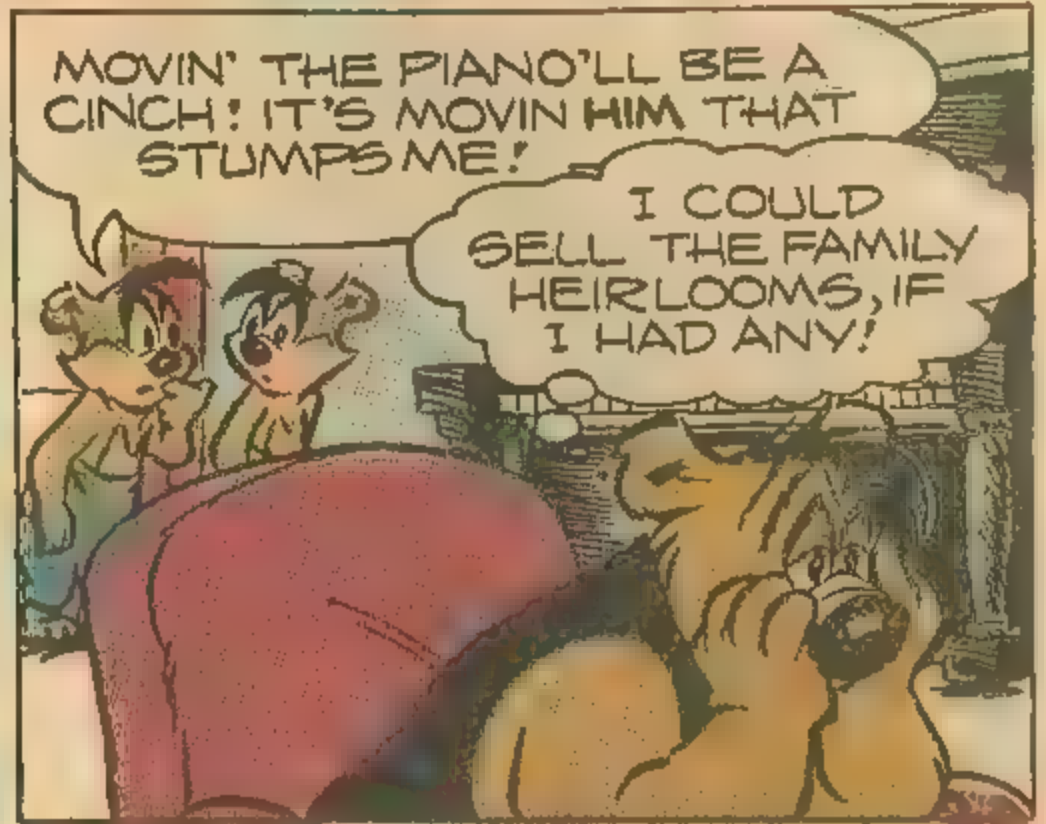
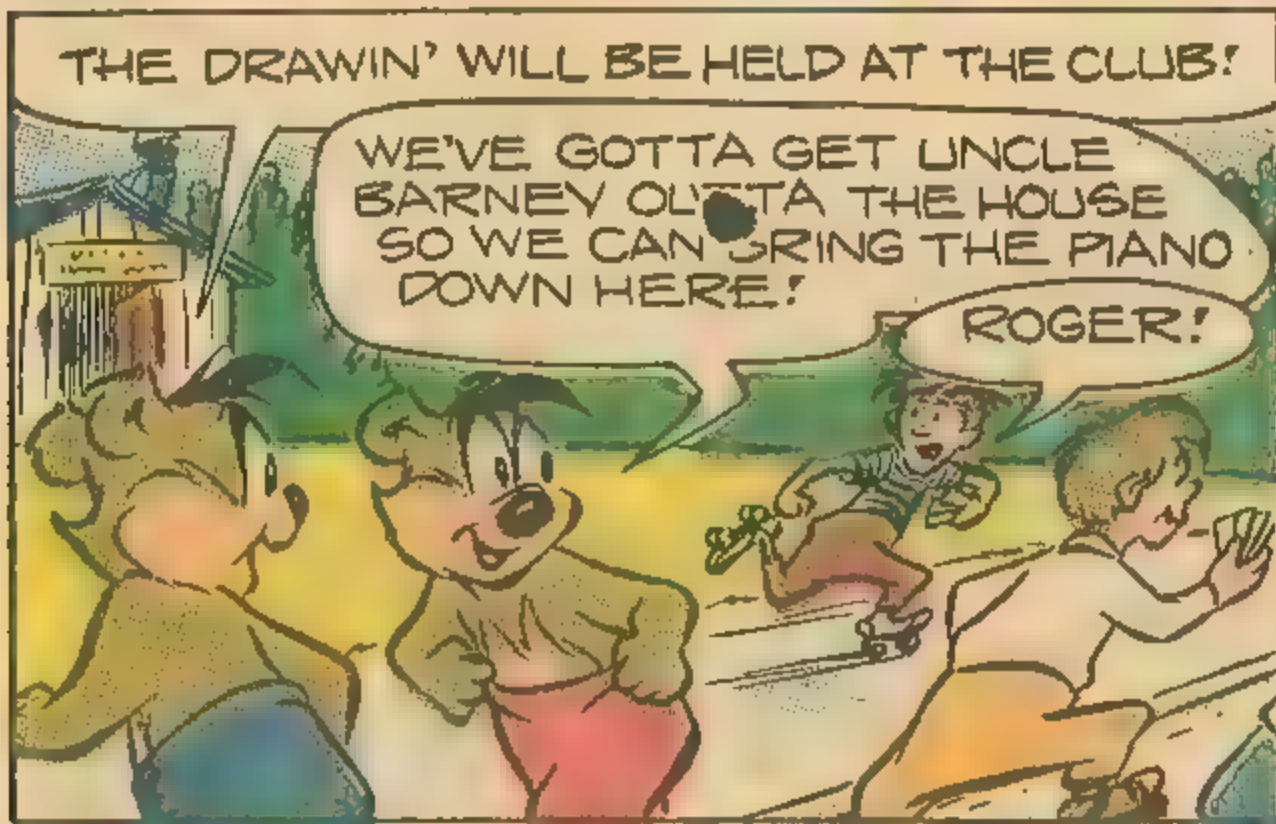
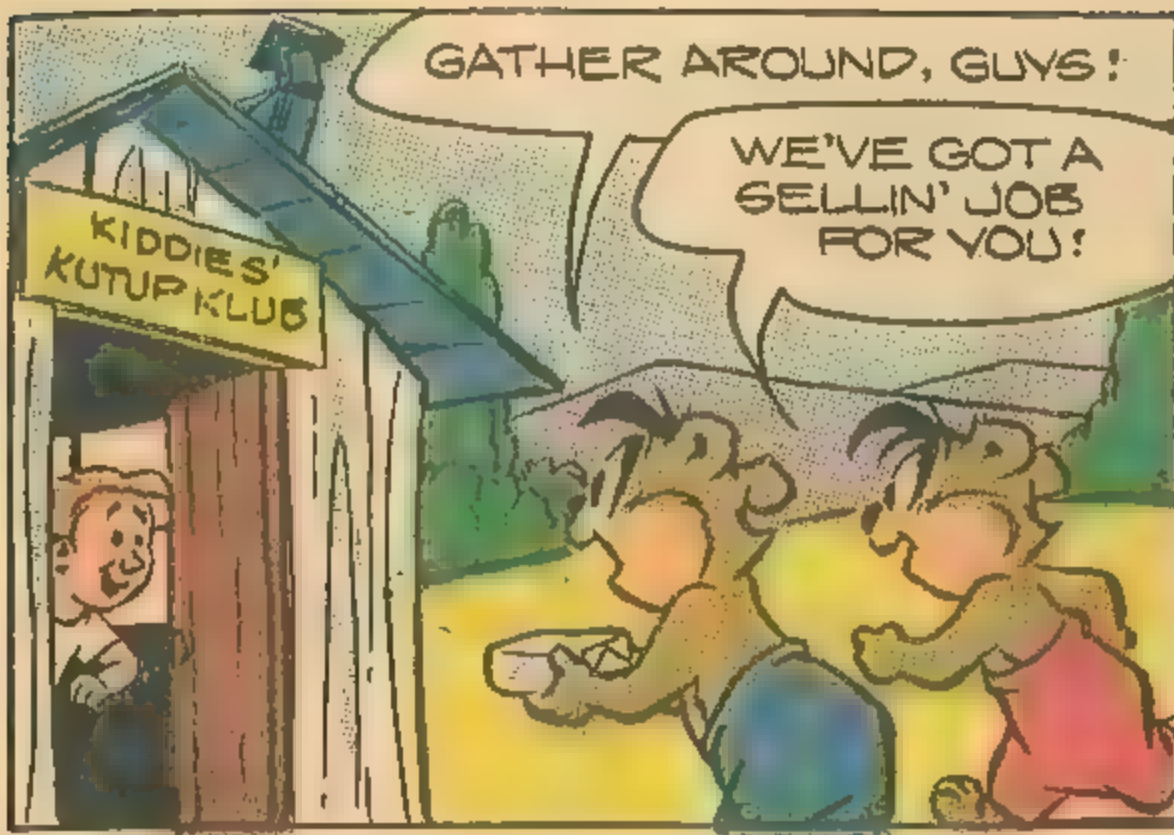
WHO
NEEDS
IT?

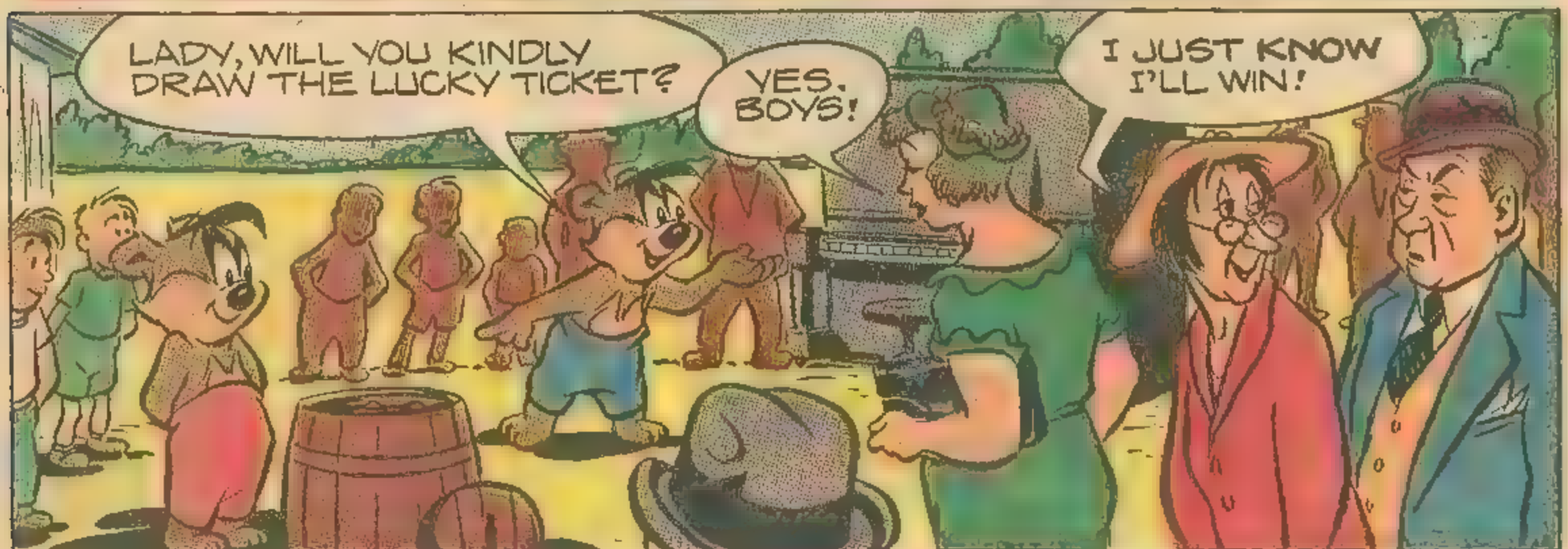
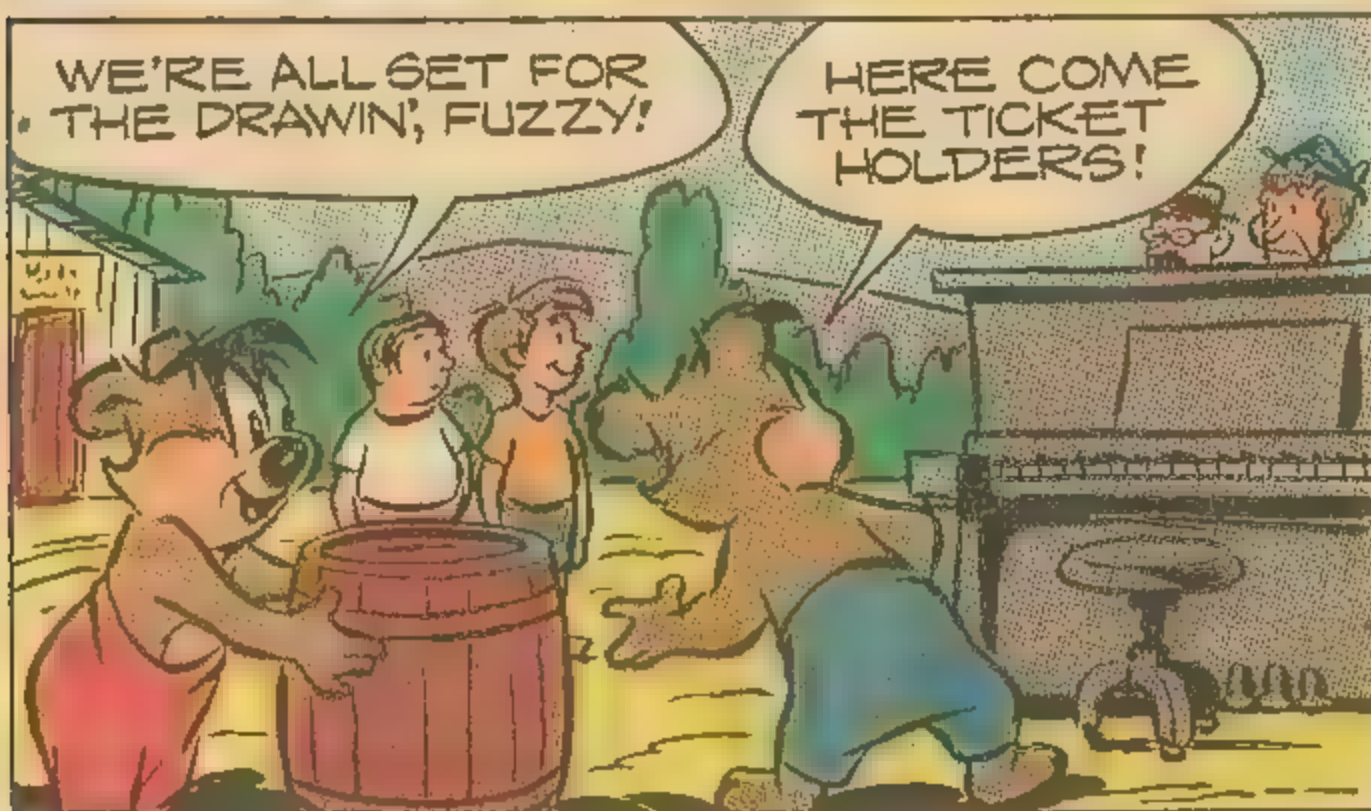
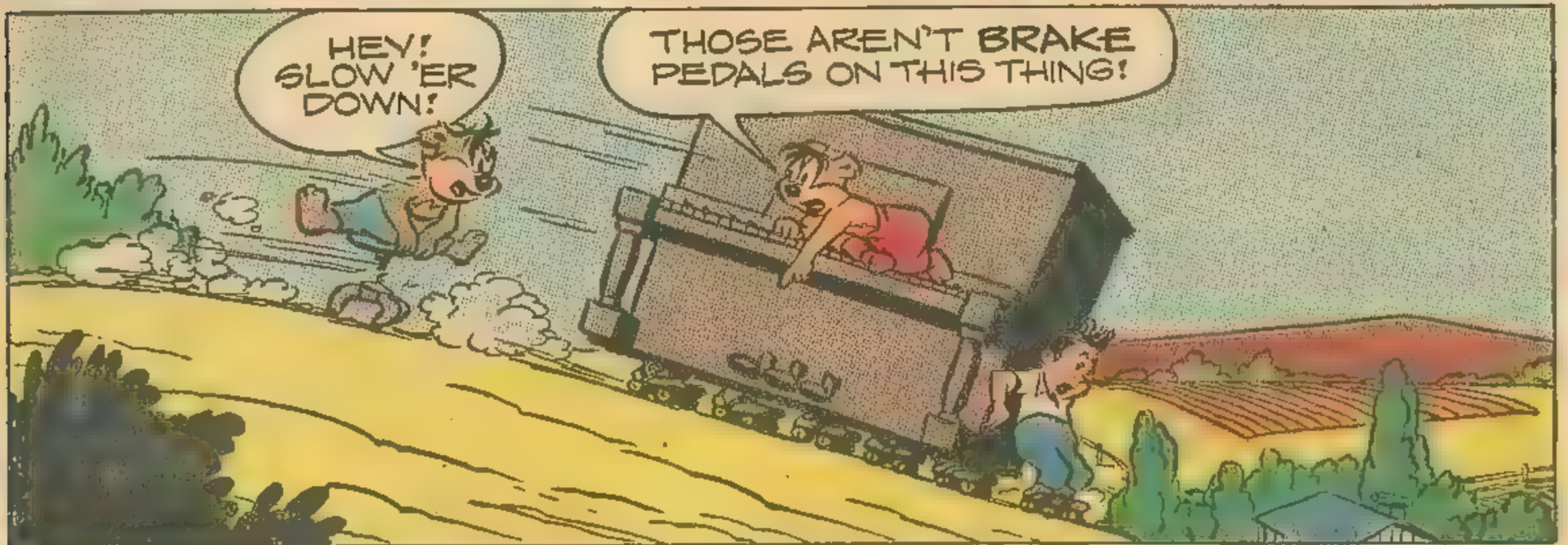
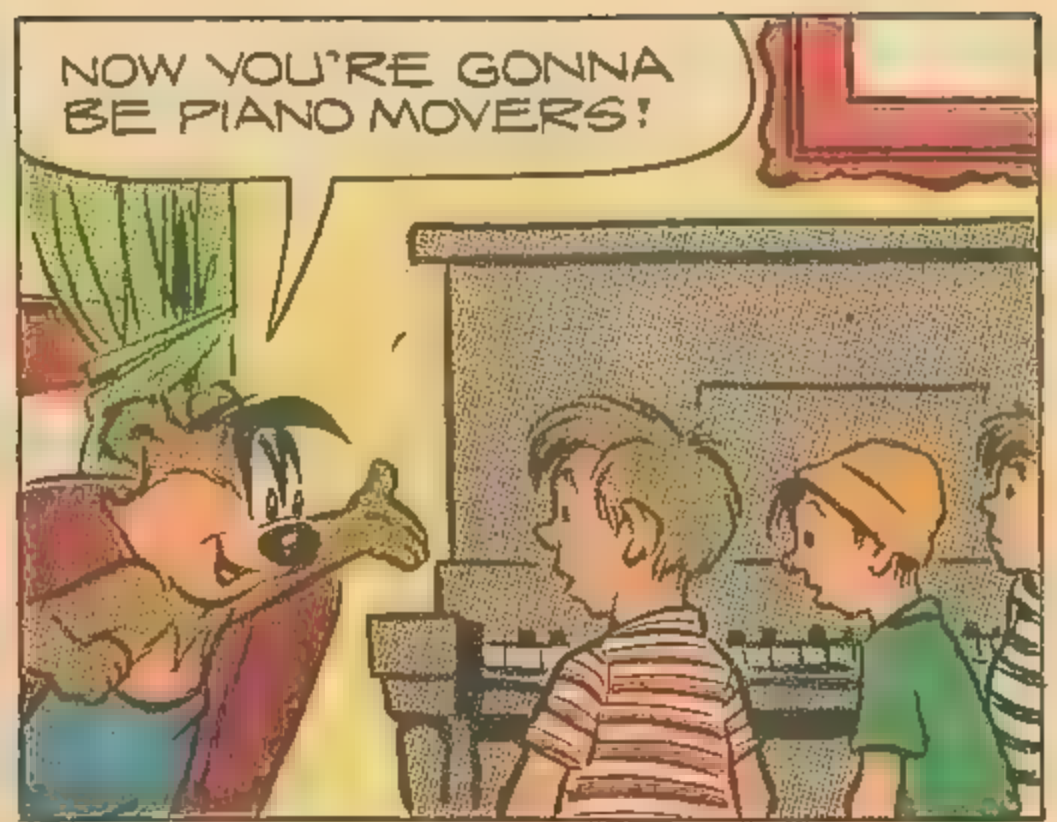
I'LL GO SEE THE PIANO TEACHER
ABOUT LESSONS FOR YOU
RIGHT AWAY!

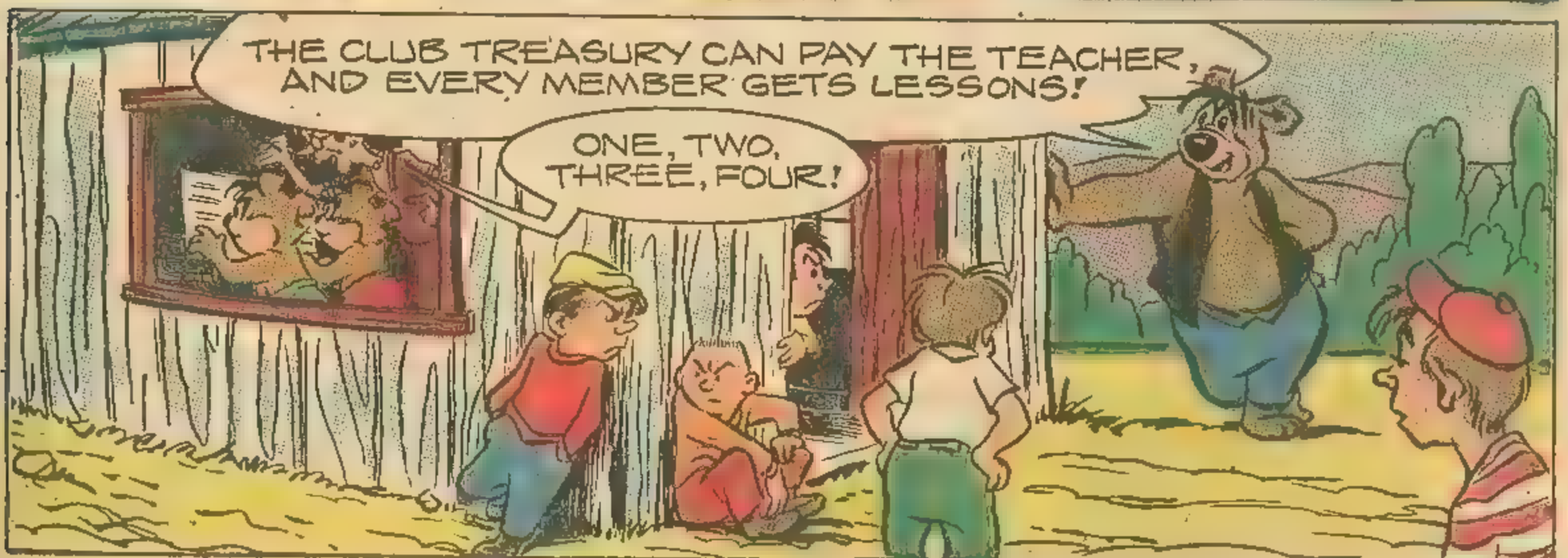
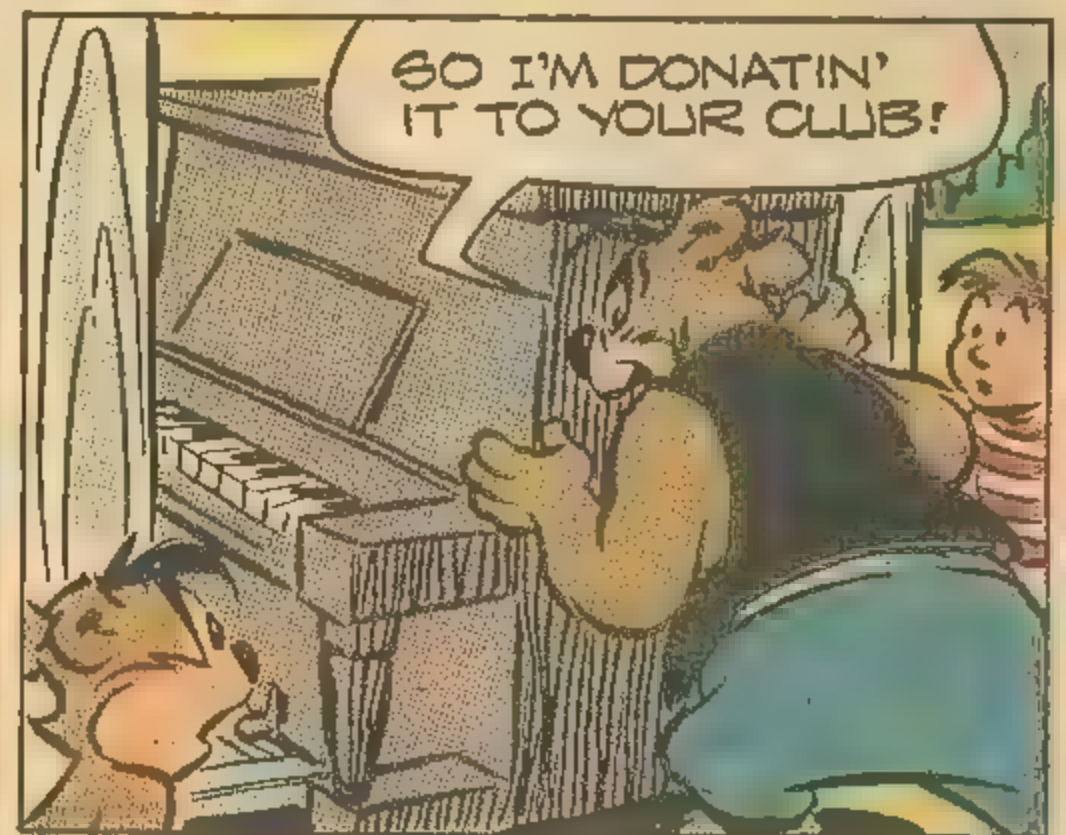
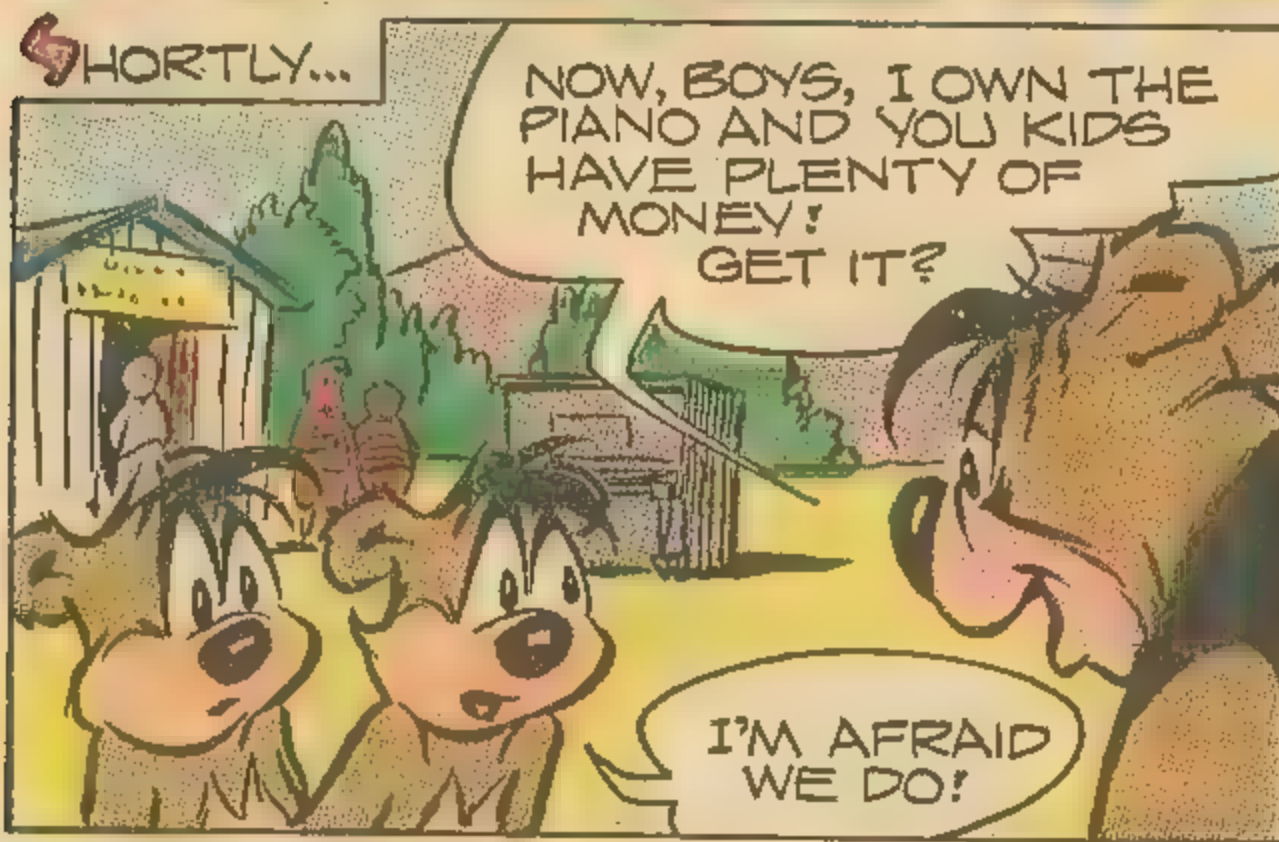
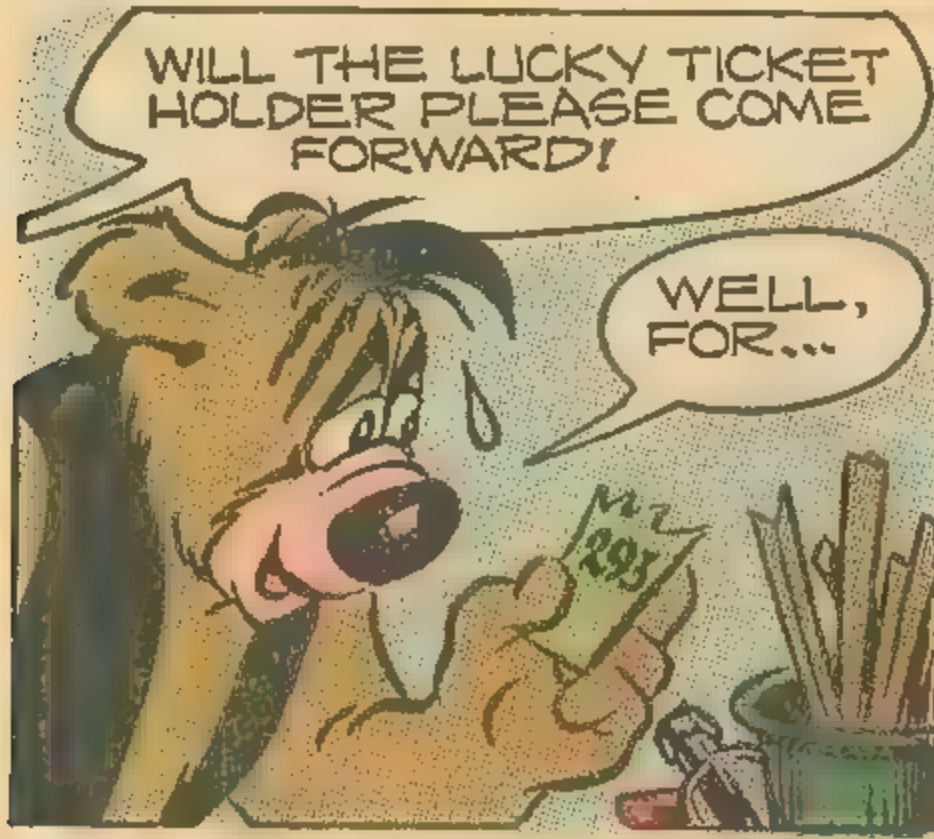
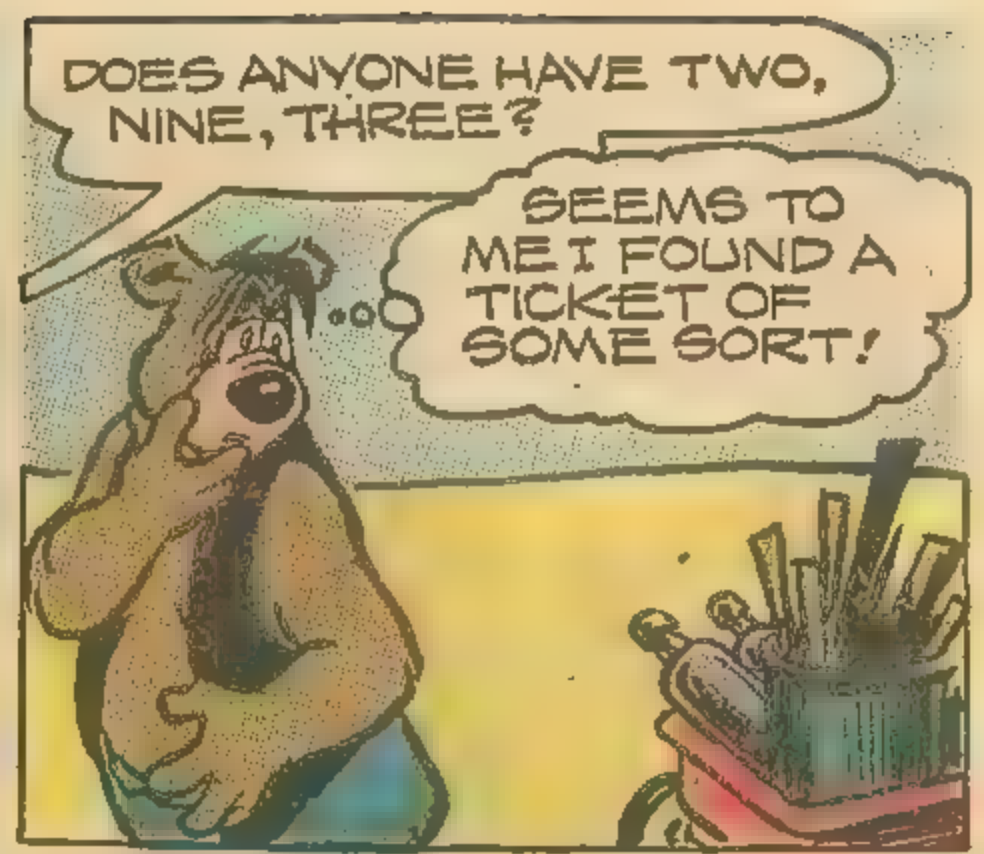
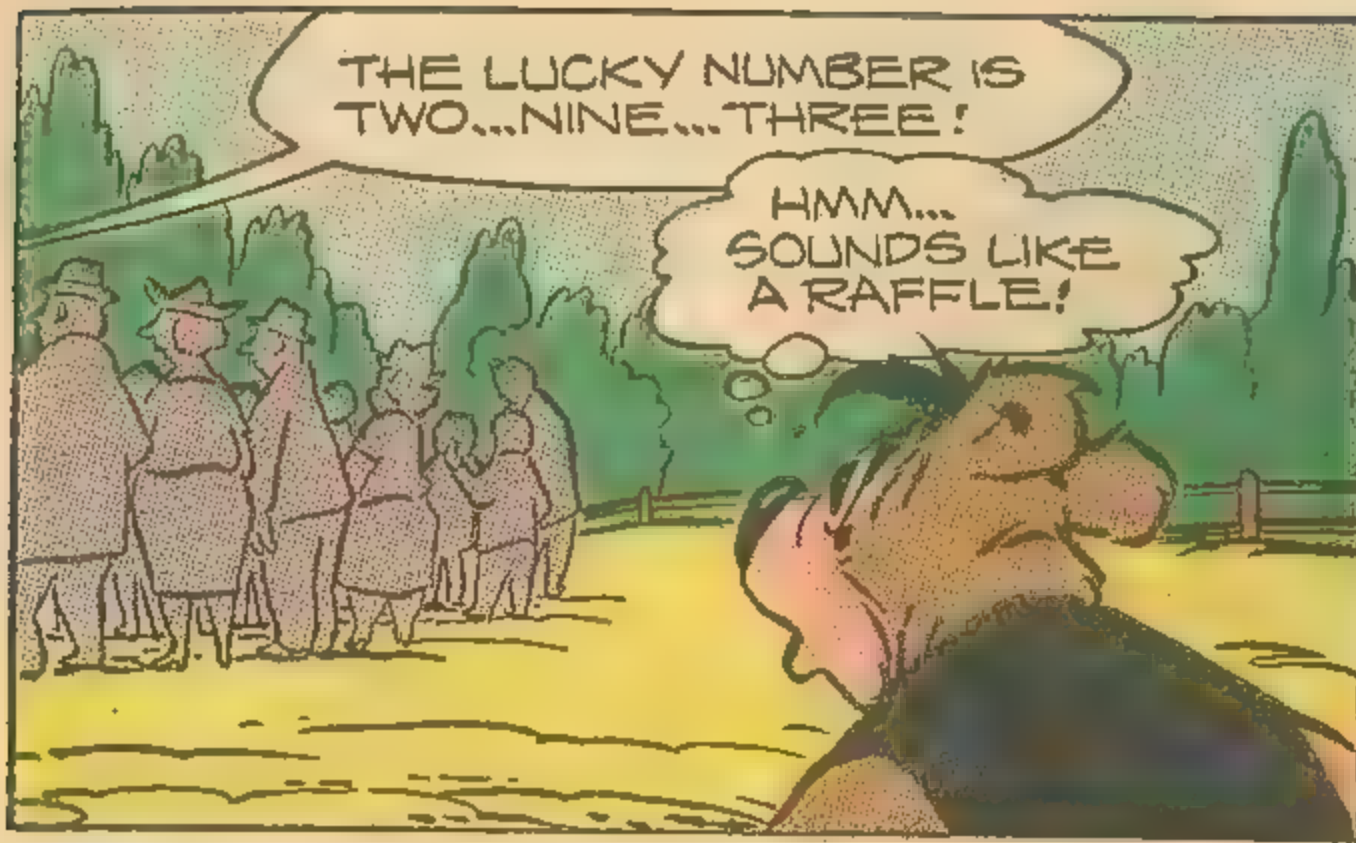
OH,
NO!

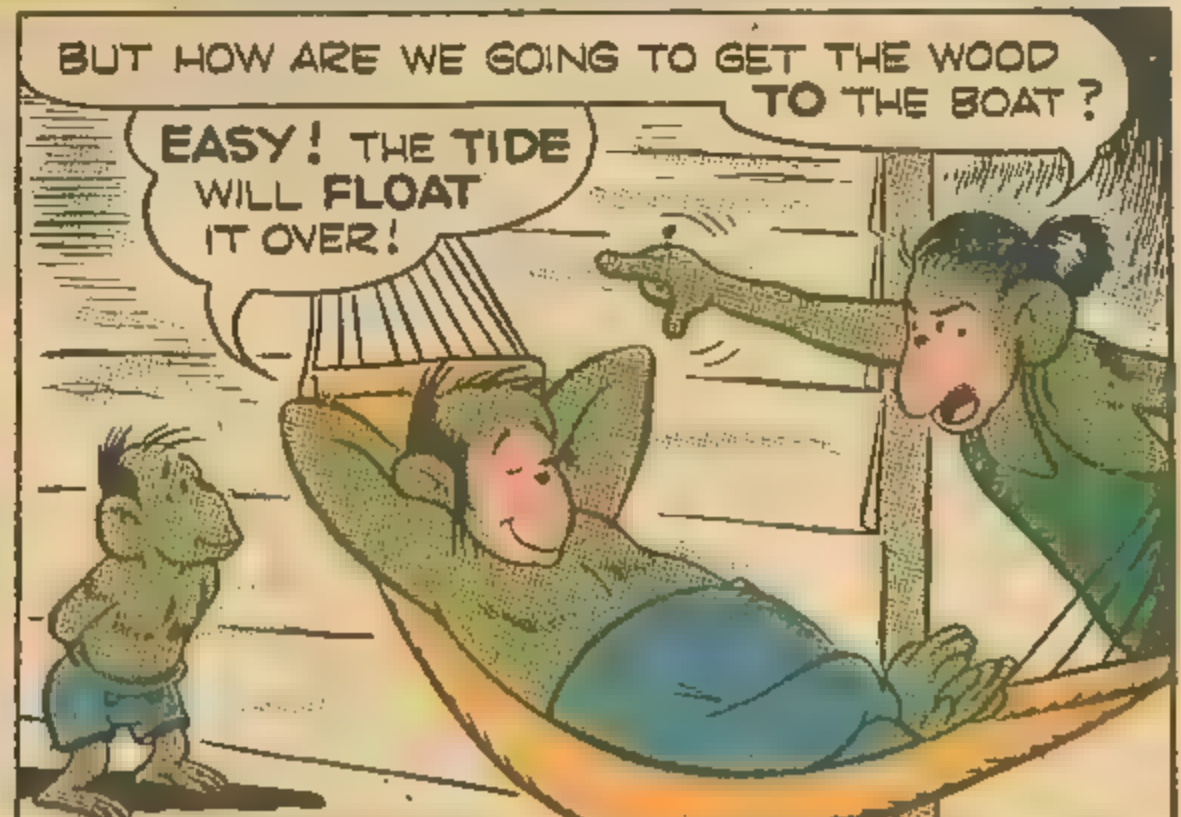
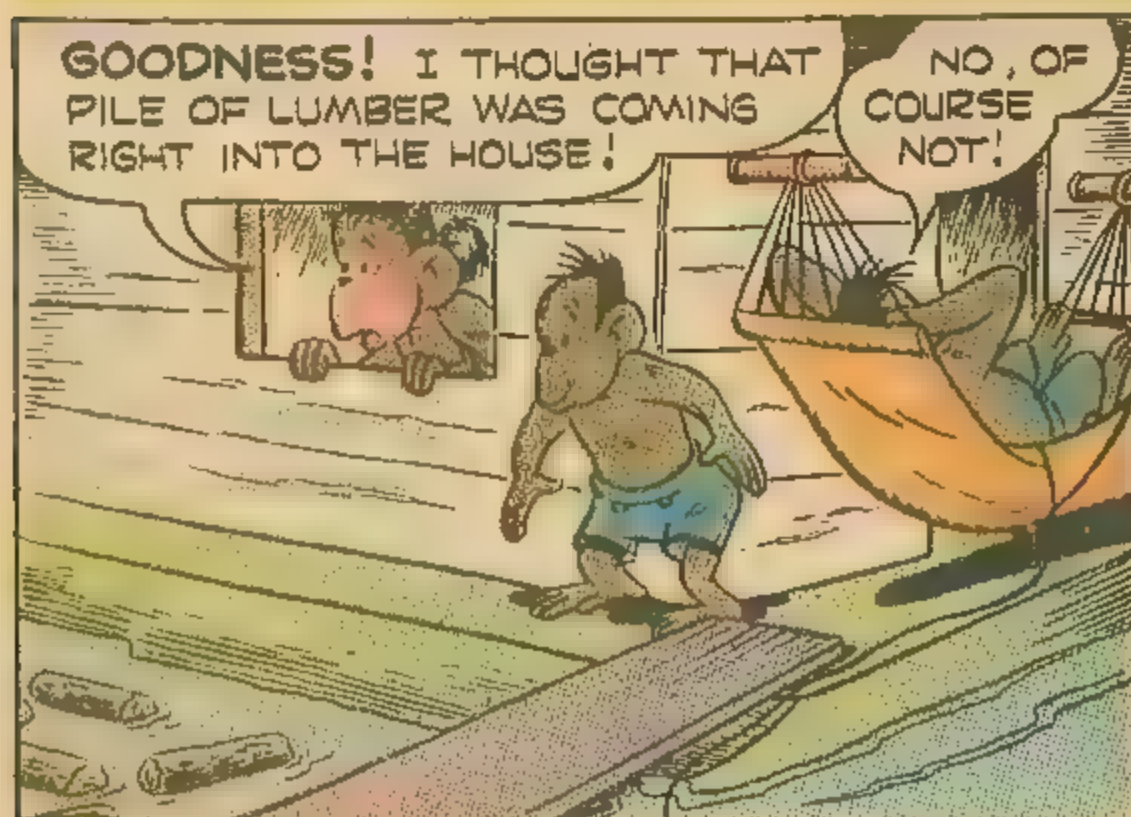
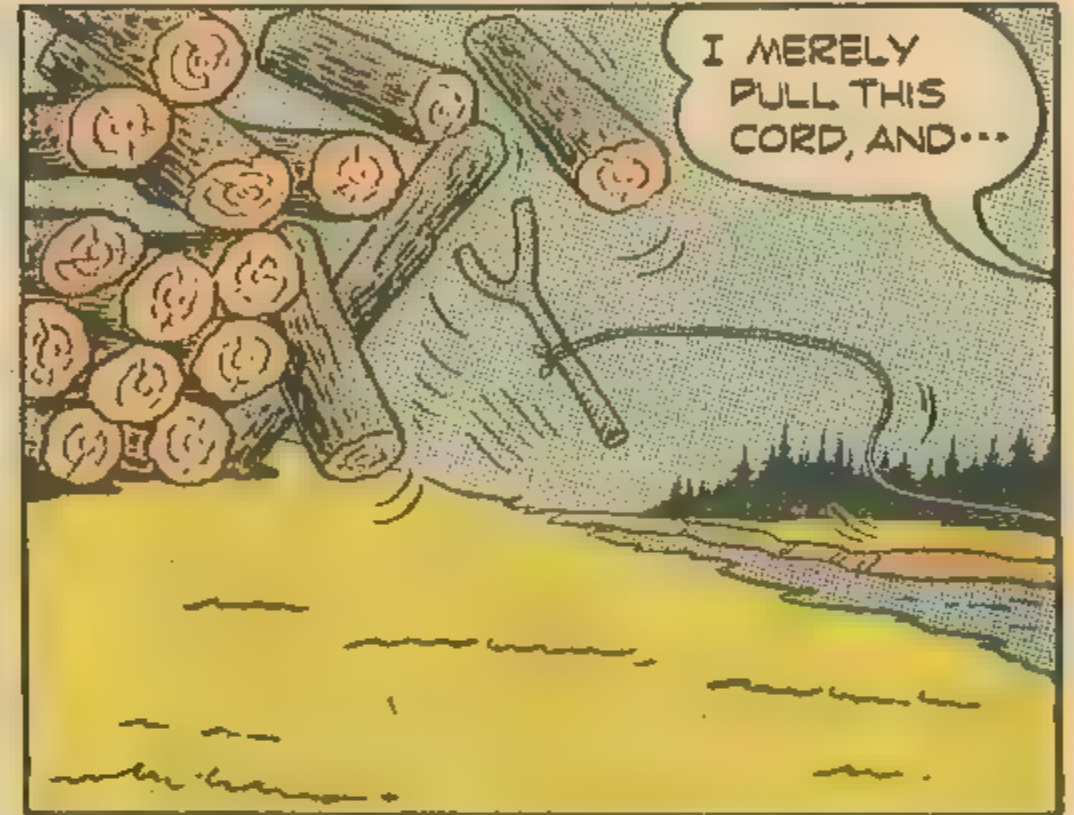
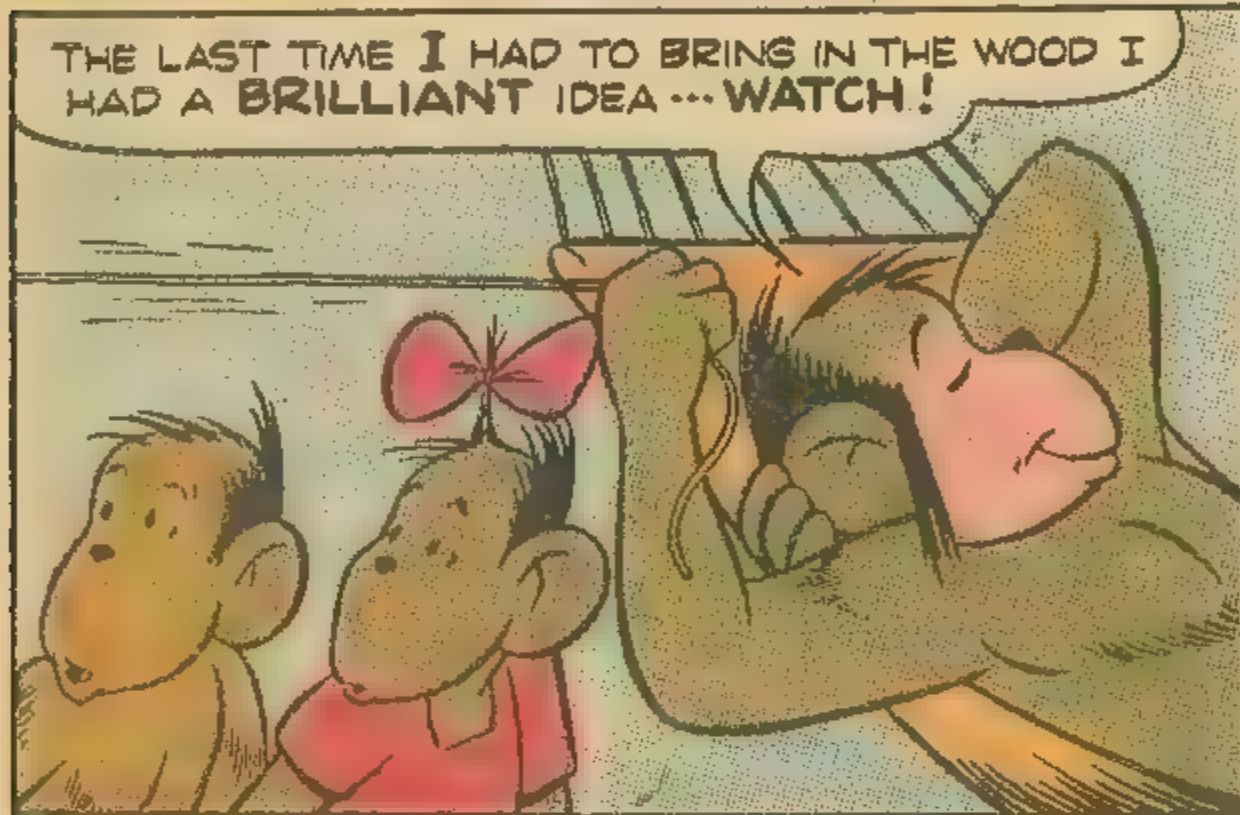
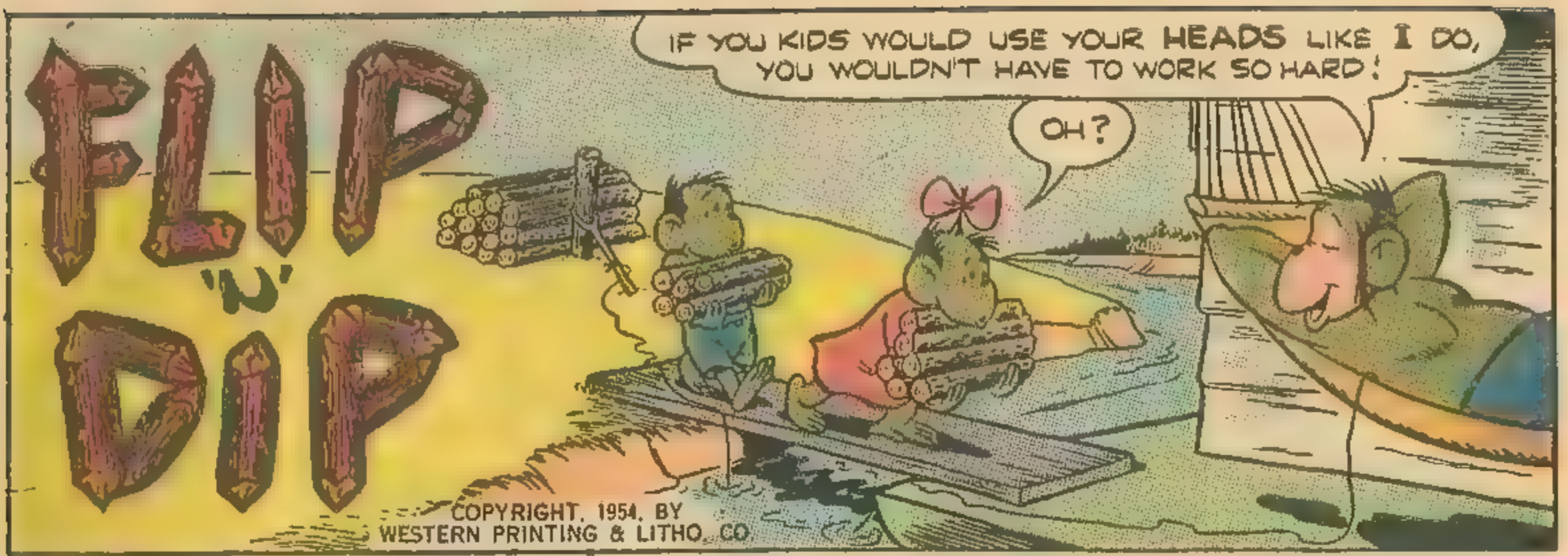


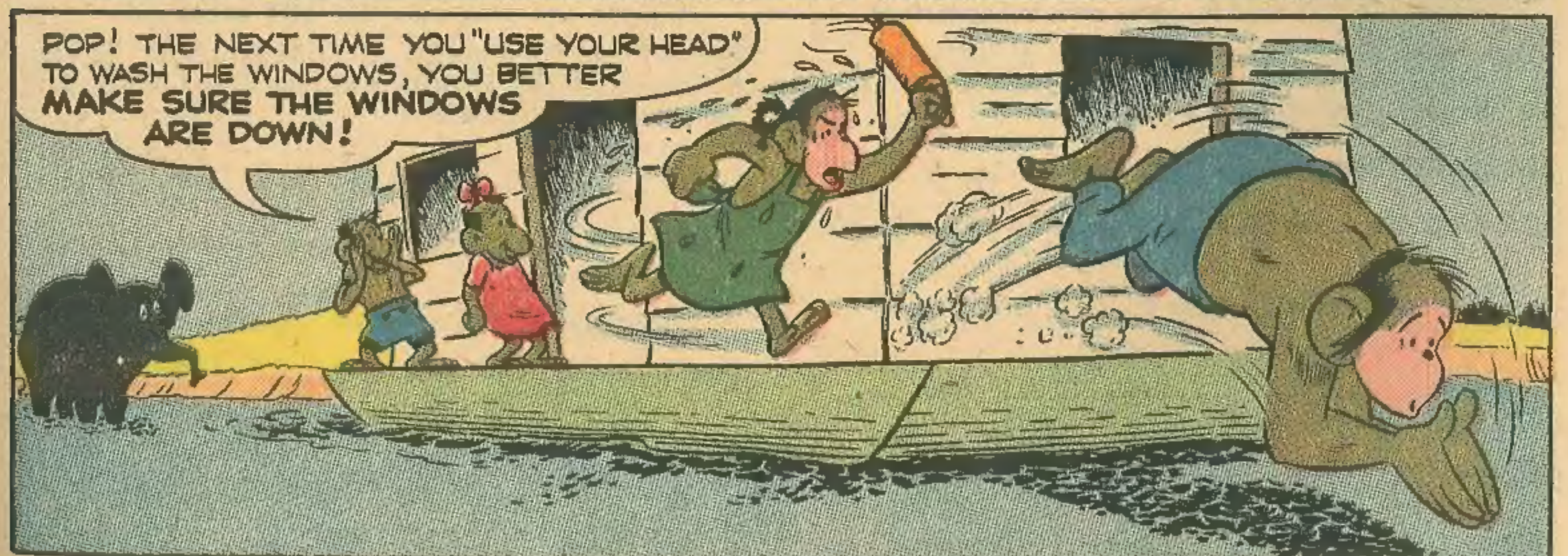
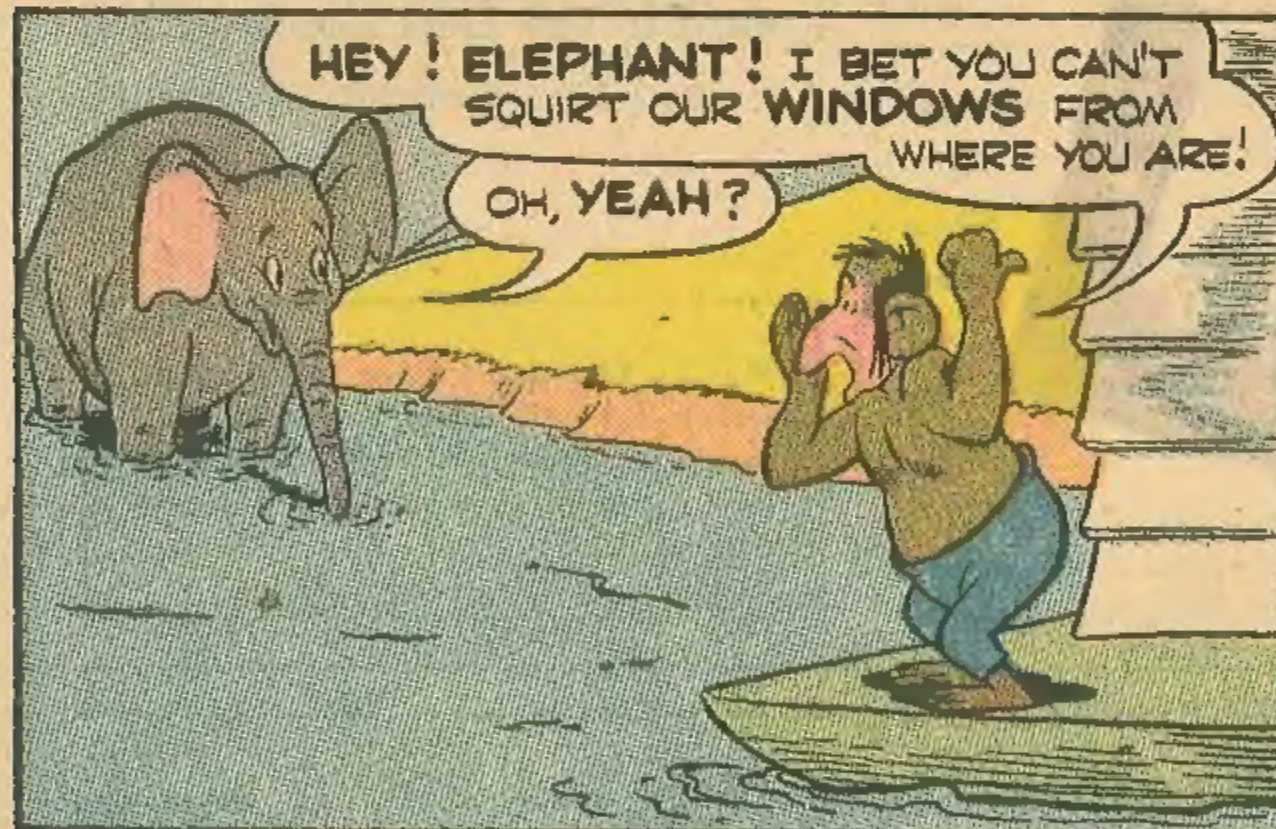
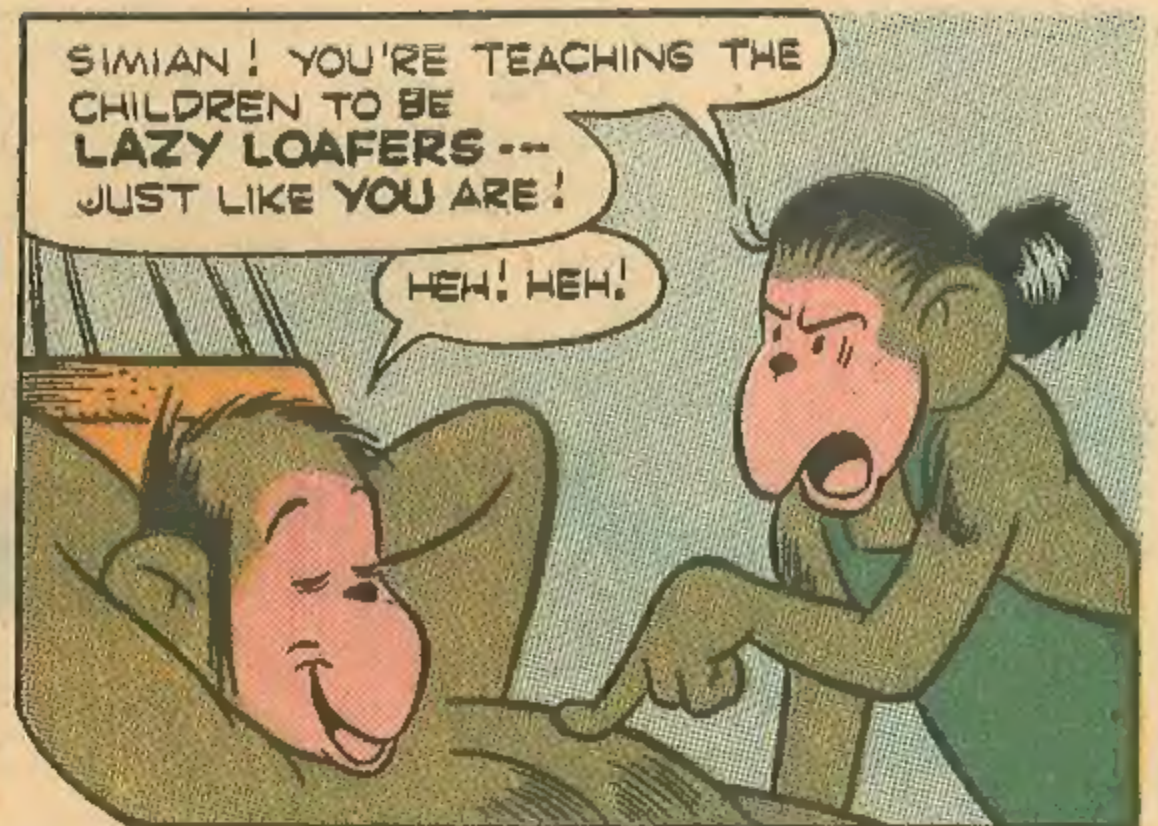


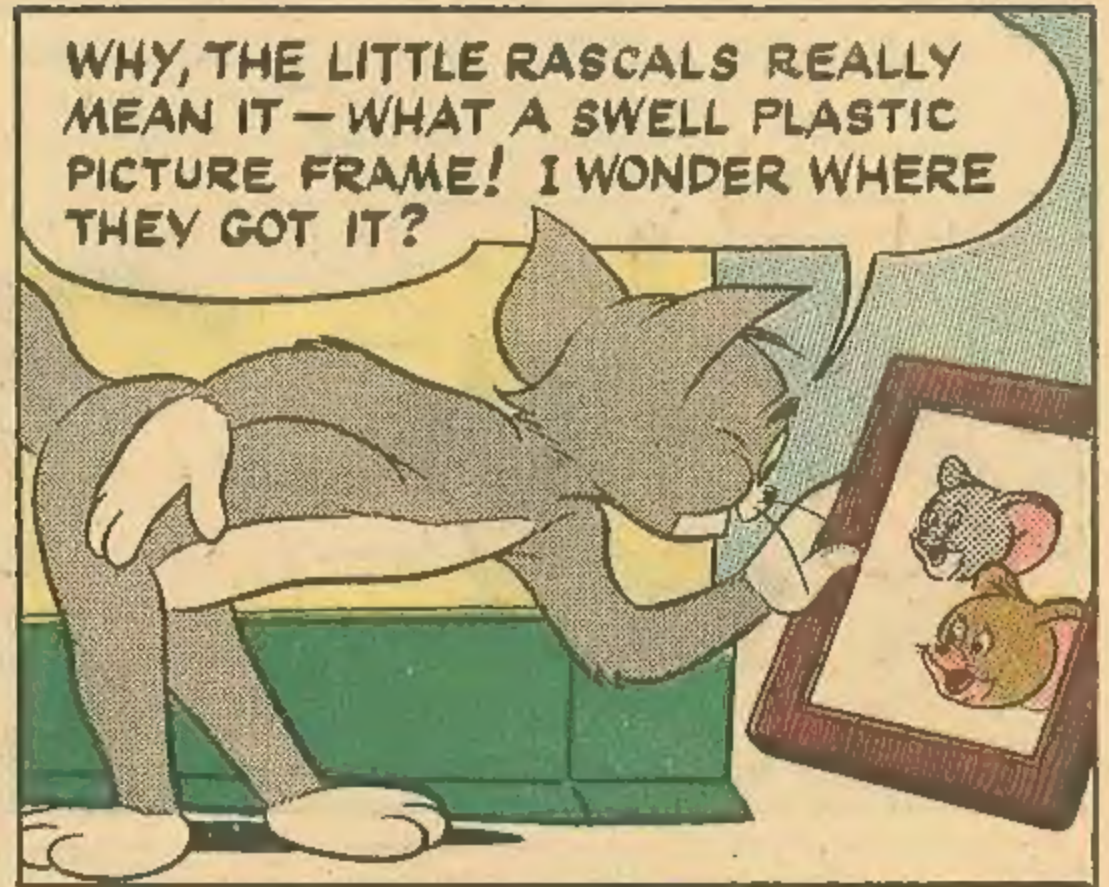












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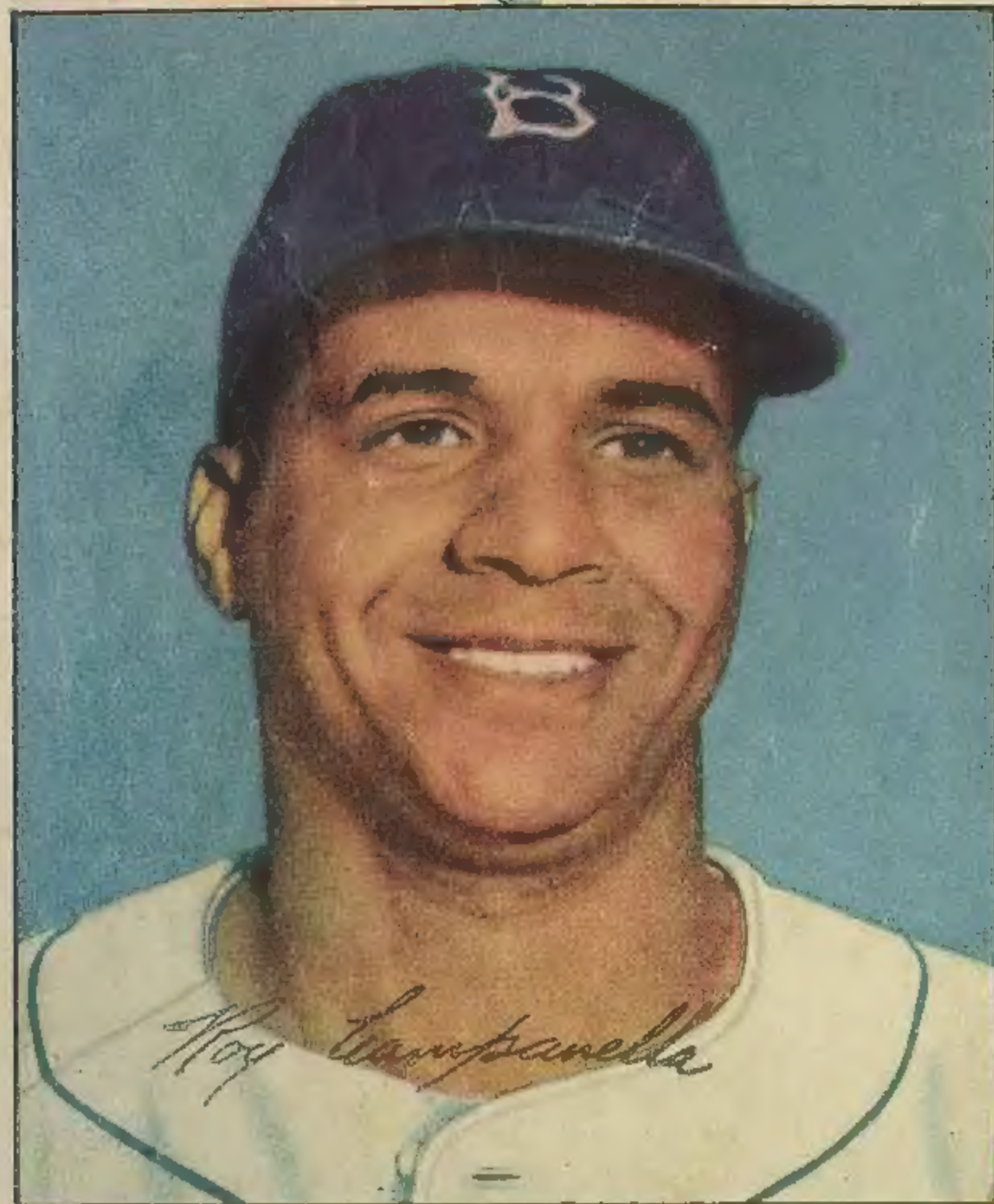
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BROOKLYN DODGER STAR CATCHER



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